THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 15

OCT. 8, 1927

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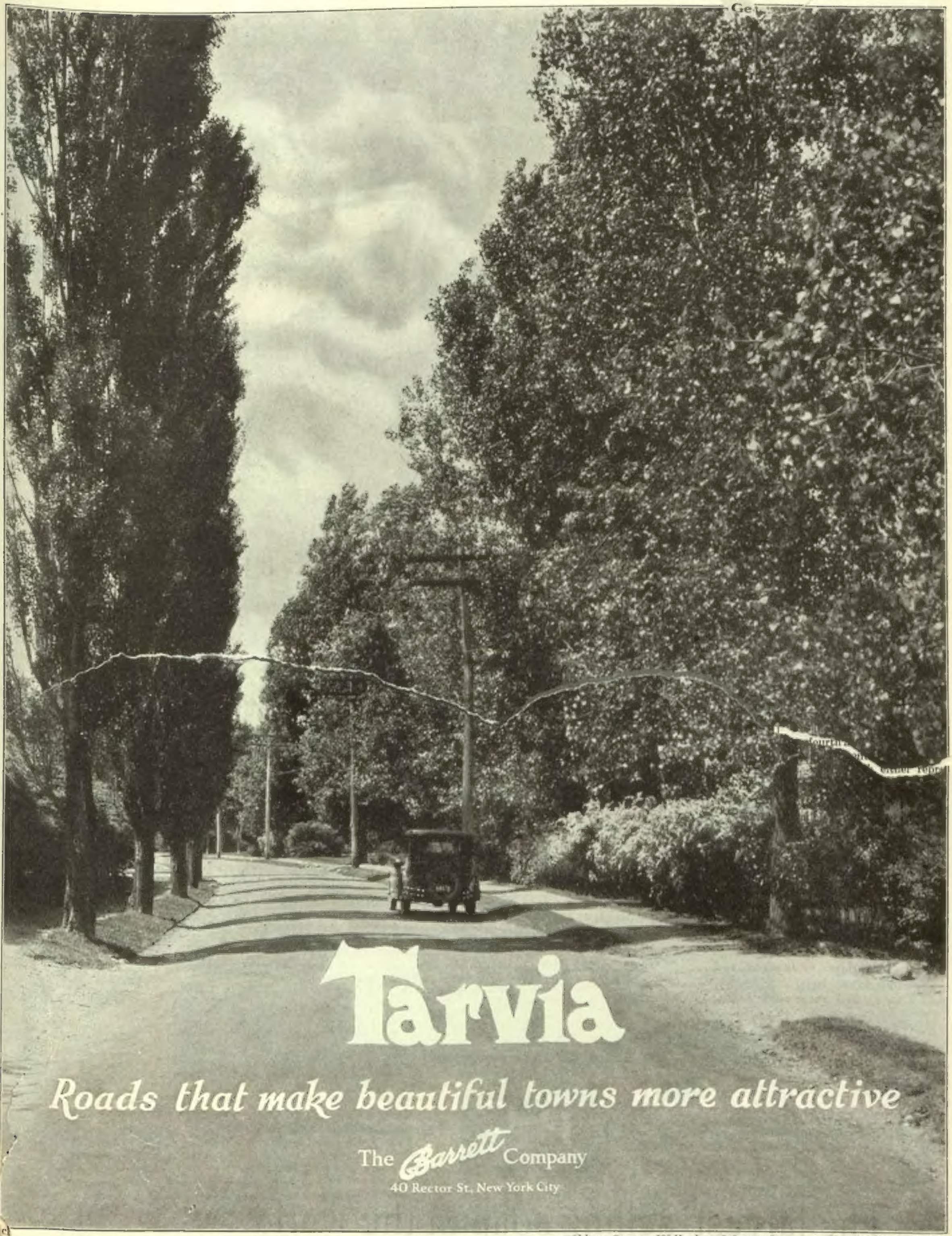

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ACTUAL VISITS TO
P & G HOMES
No. 10

When apple trees are castles and gingham is cloth-of-gold

NOT so long ago we walked up a long flagged walk to a pretty little hom[illegible] lifted the brass knocker on the green pain[illegible]ed door, and by these simple means met a mo[illegible]st charming mother. Acquaintance began by [illegible]ur explaining that we were asking the wo[illegible]men in her town about laundry soap.

"W[illegible]ell, you've come to a good house to talk about soap," Mrs. Barnes* said. "I have such strenuous children I'm sure my washings are bigger than most women's. And I've tried nearly every kind of soap too."

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"Indeed I have!" she exclaimed. "I began to use P and G two years ago and I liked it so much that I've used only P and G ever since!"

"You see, I have three children," she went on. "Nancy is eight, Billy's six, and John is four. Nancy has a genius for leading her brothers into adventures. Only yesterday I found her up in the apple tree being a princess, while John and Billy were two armies down below. By supper time the princess and the armies were all as grimy as possible. Things like that happen every day, so I've decided that it's best to let them enjoy themselves and then I wash their clothes with P and G!

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*Not her real name, of course.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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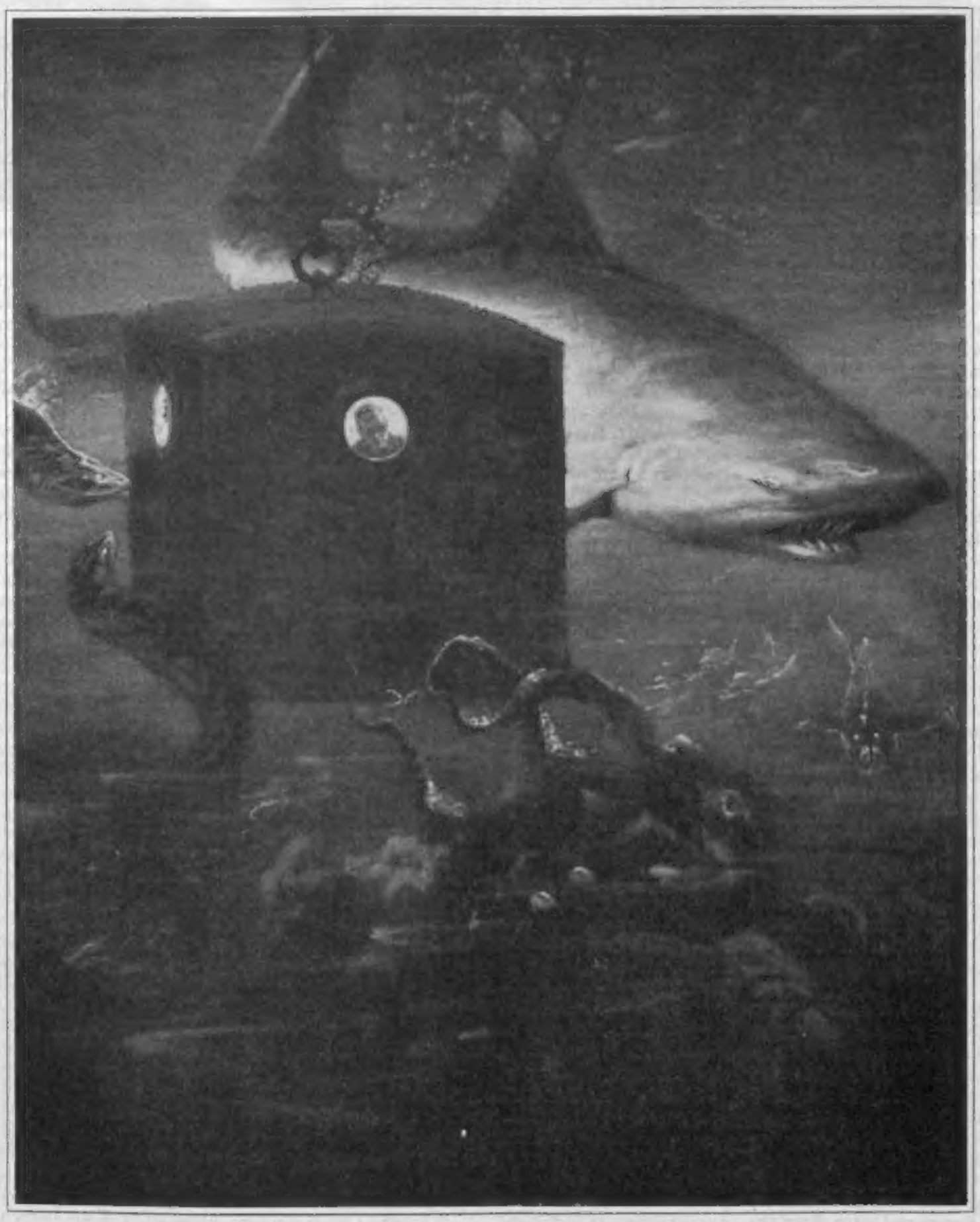
MARACOT DEEP

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SINCE these papers have been put into my hands to edit, I will begin by reminding the public of the sad loss of the steamship Stratford, which started a year ago upon a voyage for the purpose of oceanography and the study of deep-sea life. The expedition had been organized by Doctor Maracot, the famous author of Pseudo-Coralline Formations and the Morphology of the Lamellibranchs. Doctor Maracot had with him Mr. Cyrus Headley, formerly assistant at the Zoölogical Institute of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and at the time of the voyage Rhodes scholar at Oxford. Captain Howie, an experienced navigator, was in charge of the vessel, and there was a crew of twenty-three men, including an American mechanic from the Merribank Works, Philadelphia.

This whole party has utterly disappeared, and the only word ever heard of the ill-fated steamer was from the report of a Norwegian bark which actually saw a ship closely corresponding with her description go down in the great gale of the autumn of 1926. A lifeboat marked Stratford was found later in the neighborhood of the tragedy, together with some deck gratings, a life buoy and a spar. This, coupled with the long silence, seemed to make it absolutely sure that the vessel and her crew would never be heard of more. Her fate is rendered more certain by the strange wireless message received at the time, which, though incomprehensible in parts, left little doubt as to the fate of the vessel. This I will quote later.



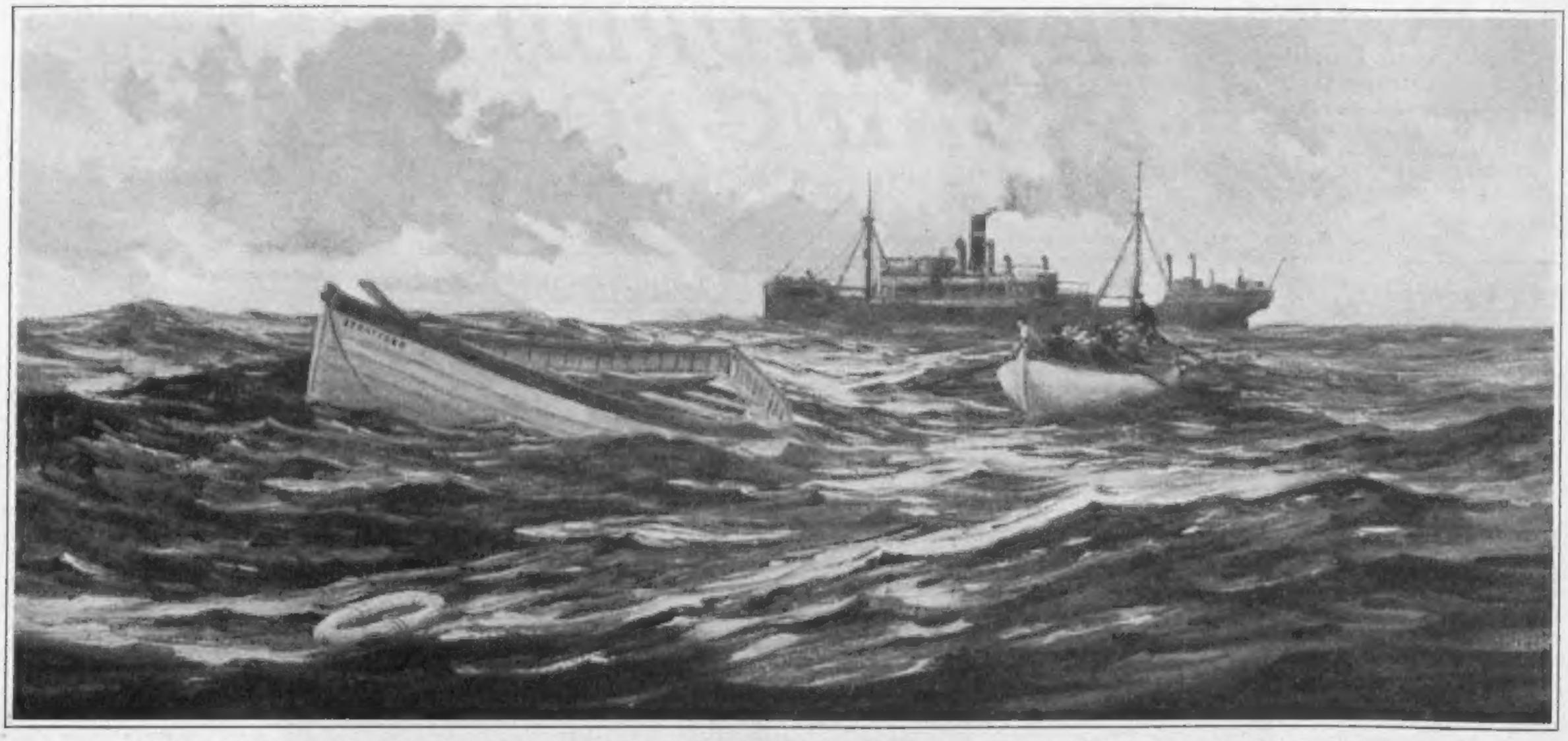
At Fifteen Hundred Feet We Stopped and Swung in Mid-Ocean, With Our Lights Blazing Once More

There were some remarkable points about the voyage of the Stratford which caused comment at the time. One was the curious secrecy observed by Professor Maracot. He was famous for his dislike and distrust of the press, but it was pushed to an extreme upon this occasion, when he would neither give information to reporters nor would he permit the representative of any paper to set foot in the vessel during the weeks that it lay in the Albert Dock. There were rumors abroad of some curious and novel construction of the ship which would fit it for deep-sea work, and these rumors were confirmed from the yard of Hunter & Co., of West Hartlepool, where the structural changes had actually been carried out. It was at one time said that the whole bottom of the vessel was detachable, a report which attracted the attention of the underwriters at Lloyd's, who were, with some difficulty, satisfied upon the point. The matter was soon forgotten, but it assumes an importance now when the fate of the expedition has been brought once more in so extraordinary a manner to the notice of the public.

So much for the beginning of the voyage of the Stratford. There are now four documents which cover the facts so far as they are known. The first is the letter which was written by Mr. Cyrus Headley from the capital of the Grand Canary, to his friend, Sir James Talbot, of Trinity College, Oxford, upon the only occasion, so far as is known, when the Stratford touched land after leaving the Thames. The second is the strange wireless call to which I have alluded. The third is that portion of the log of the Arabella Knowles which deals with the vitreous bail. The fourth and last is the amazing contents of that receptacle, which either represent a most cruel and complex mystification or else open up a fresh chapter in human experience the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. With this preamble, I will now give Mr. Headley's letter, which I owe to the courtesy of Sir James Talbot, and which has not previously been published. It is dated October 1, 1926:

"I am mailing this, my dear Talbot, from Porta de la Luz where we have put in for a few days of rest. My principal companion in the voyage has been Bill Scanlan, the head mechanic, who, as a fellow countryman and also as a very entertaining character, has become my natural associate. However, I am alone this morning, as he has what he describes as a date with a skirt. You see, he talks as Englishmen expect every real American to talk. He would be accepted as the true breed. The mere force of suggestion makes me 'guess' and 'reckon' when I am with my English friends. I feel that they would never really understand that I was a Yankee if I did not. However, I am not on those terms with you, so let me assure you right now that you will not find anything but pure Oxford in the epistle which I am now mailing to you.

"You met Maracot at the Mitre, so you know the dry chip of a man that he is. I told you, I think, how he came to pitch upon me for the job. He inquired from old Somerville, of the Zoölogical Institute, who sent him my prize essay on the pelagic



A Lifeboat Marked Stratford Was Found Later in the Neighborhood of the Tragedy, Together With Some Deck Gratings, a Life Buoy and a Spar

crabs, and that did the trick. Of course it is splendid to be on such a congenial errand, but I wish it wasn't with such an animated mummy as Maracot. He is inhuman in his isolation and his devotion to his work. 'The world's stiffest stiff,' says Bill Scanlan. And yet you can't but admire such complete devotion. Nothing exists outside his own science. I remember that you laughed when I asked him what I ought to read as a preparation, and he said that for serious study I should read the collected edition of his own works, but for relaxation Haeckel's Plankton-Studien.

"I know him no better now than I did in that little parlor looking out on the Oxford High. He says nothing, and his gaunt, austere face—the face of a Savonarola, or rather, perhaps, of a Torquemada—never relapses into geniality. The long, thin, aggressive nose; the two small, gleaming gray eyes set closely together under a thatch of eyebrows; the thin-lipped, compressed mouth; the cheeks worn into hollows by constant thought and ascetic life—are all uncompanionable. He lives on some mental mountain top, out of reach of ordinary mortals. Sometimes I think he is a little mad. For example, this extraordinary instrument that he has made —— But I'll tell things in their due order and then you can judge for yourself.

"I'll take our voyage from the start. The Stratford is a fine seaworthy little boat, specially fitted for her job. She is 1200 tons, with clear decks and a good broad beam, furnished with every possible appliance for sounding, trawling, dredging and tow-netting. She has, of course, powerful steam winches for hauling in the trawls, and a number of other gadgets of various kinds, some of which are familiar enough, and some are strange. Below these are comfortable quarters, with a well-fitted laboratory for our special studies.

"We had the reputation of being a mystery ship before we started, and I soon found that it was not undeserved. Our first proceedings were commonplace enough. We took a turn up the North Sea and dropped our trawls for a scrape or two; but as the average depth is not much over sixty feet, and we were specially fitted for very deep sea work, it seemed rather a waste of time. Anyhow, save for familiar table fish, dogfish, squids, jellyfish and some terrigenous bottom deposits of the usual alluvial clay mud, we got nothing worth writing home about. Then we rounded Scotland, sighted the Faroes and came down the Wyville Thomson Ridge, where we had better luck. Thence we worked south to our proper cruising ground, which was between the African coast and these islands. We nearly grounded on Fuerteventura one moonless night, but save for that our voyage was uneventful.

"During these first weeks I tried to make friends with Maracot, but it was not easy work. First of all, he is the most absorbed and absent-minded man in the world. You will remember how you smiled when he gave the elevator boy a penny under the impression that he was in a street car. Half the time he is utterly lost in his thoughts and seems hardly aware of where he is or what he is doing. Then, in the second place, he is secretive to the last degree. He is continually working at papers and charts which he shuffles away when I happen to enter the cabin. It is my firm belief that the man has some secret project in his mind, but that so long as we are due to touch at any port, he will keep it to himself. That is the impression which I have received and I find that Bill Scanlan is of the same opinion.

"'Say, Mr. Headley,' said he one evening when I was seated in the laboratory testing out the salinity of samples from our hydrographic soundings, 'what d'you figure out that this guy has in his mind? What d'you reckon that he means to do?'

"'I suppose,' said I, 'that we shall do what the Challenger and a dozen other exploring ships have done before us, and add a few more species to the list of fish and a few more entries to the bathymetric chart.'

"'Not on your life,' said he. "If that's your opinion, you've got to guess again. First of all, what am I here for anyhow?'

"'In case the machinery goes wrong,' I hazarded.

"'Machinery nothing! The ship's machinery is in charge of MacLaren, the Scotch engineer. No, sir, it wasn't to run a donkey engine that the Merribank folk sent out their star performer. If I pull down fifty bucks a week, it's not for nix. Come here, and I'll make you wise to it.'

"He took a key from his pocket and opened a door at the back of the laboratory, which led us down a companion ladder to a section of the hold which was cleared right across save for four large glittering objects half exposed amid the straw of their huge packing cases. They were flat sheets of steel, with elaborate bolts and rivets along the edges. Each sheet was about ten feet square and an inch and a half thick, with a circular gap of eighteen inches in the middle.

"'What in thunder is it?' I asked.

"Bill Scanlan's queer face—he looks halfway between a vaudeville comic and a prize fighter—broke into a grin at my astonishment.

"'That's my baby, sir,' he quoted. 'Yes, Mr. Headley, that's what I am here for. There is a steel bottom to the thing. It's in that big case yonder. Then there is a top, kind of arched, and a great ring for a chain or rope. Now look here at the bottom of the ship.'

"There was a square wooden platform there, with projecting screws at each corner which showed that it was detachable.

"'There is a double bottom,' said Scanlan. 'It may be that this guy is clean loco, or it may be that he has more in his block than we know; but if I read him right, he means to build up a kind of room—the windows are in storage here—and lower it through the bottom of the ship. He's got electric searchlights here, and I allow that he plans to shine 'em through the round portholes and see what's goin' on around.'

"'He could have put a crystal sheet into the ship, like the Catalina Island boats, if that was all that was in his mind,' said I.

"'You've said a mouthful,' said Bill Scanlan, scratching his head. 'I can't figger it out nohow. The only one sure thing is that I've been sent to be under his orders and to help him with the darn fool thing all I can. He has said nothin' up to now, so I've said the same; but I'll just snoop around, and if I wait long enough I'll learn all there is to know.'

"So that was how I first got onto the edge of our mystery. We ran into some dirty weather after that, and then we got to work doing some deep-sea trawling northwest of Cape Juba, just outside the Continental Slope, and taking temperature readings and salinity records. It's a sporting proposition, this deep-sea dragging with a Peterson otter trawl gaping twenty feet wide for everything that comes its way—sometimes down quarter of a mile and bringing up one lot of fish, sometimes half a mile and quite a different lot, every stratum of ocean with its own inhabitants as separate as so many continents.

"Sometimes from the bottom we would just bring up half a ton of clear pink jelly, the raw material of life; or maybe it would be a scoop of pteropod ooze, breaking up under the microscope into millions of tiny round reticulated balls with amorphous mud between. I won't bore you with all the brotulids and macrourids, the ascidians and Polyzoa and echinoderms—anyhow, you can reckon that there is a great harvest in the sea and that we have been diligent reapers. But always I had the same feeling that the heart of Maracot was not in the job and that other plans were in that queer, high, narrow Egyptian mummy of a head. It all seemed to me to be a try-out of men and things until the real business got going.

"I had got as far as this in my letter when I went ashore to have a last stretch, for we sail in the early morning. It's as well, perhaps, that I did go, for there was no end of a barney going on on the pier, with Maracot and Bill Scanlan right in the heart of it. Bill is a bit of a scrapper, and has what he calls a mean wallop in both mitts; but with half a dozen Dagos with knives all round them, things looked ugly and it was time that I butted in. It seems that the doctor had hired one of the things they call cabs and had driven half over the island, inspecting the geology, but had clean forgotten that he had no money on him. When it came to paying he could not make these country hicks understand and the cabman had grabbed his watch so as to make sure. That brought Bill Scanlan into action, and they would have both been on the floor with their backs like pincushions if I had not squared the matter up, with a dollar or two over for the driver and a five-dollar bonus for the chap with the mouse under his eye. So all ended well, and Maracot was more human than ever I saw him yet. When we got to the ship he called me into the little cabin which he reserves for himself and he thanked me.

"'By the way, Mr. Headley,' he said, 'I understand that you are not a married man.'

"'No,' said I, 'I am not.'

"'No one depending upon you?'

"'No.'

"'Good!' said he. 'I have not spoken of the object of this voyage, because I have, for my own reasons, desired it to be secret. One of those reasons was that I feared to be forestalled. But now we are on the eve of our great adventure and no rival has time to steal my plans. Tomorrow we start for our real goal.'

"'And what is that?' I asked.

"He leaned forward, his ascetic face all lit up with the enthusiasm of the fanatic. 'Our goal,' said he, 'is the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.'

"And right here I ought to stop, for I expect it has taken away your breath as it did mine. If I were a story writer I guess I should leave it at that. But as I am just a chronicler of what occurred, I may tell you that I stayed another hour in the cabin of old man Maracot and that I learned a lot which there is still just time for me to tell you before the last shore boat leaves.

"'Yes, young man,' said he, 'you may write freely now, for by the time your letter reaches England we shall have made the plunge.'

"This started him sniggering, for he has a queer, dry sense of humor of his own.

"'Yes, sir, "plunge" is the right word on this occasion—a plunge which will be historic in the annals of science. Let me tell you, in the first place, that I am well convinced that the current doctrine as to the extreme pressure of the ocean at great depths is entirely misleading. It is perfectly clear that other factors exist which neutralize the effect, though I am not yet prepared to say what those factors may be. That is one of the problems which we may settle. Now what pressure, may I ask, have you been led to expect under a mile of water?' He glowered at me through his big horn spectacles.

"'Not less than a ton to the square inch,' I answered. 'Surely that has been clearly shown.'

"'The task of the pioneer has always been to disprove the thing which has been clearly shown. Use your brains, young man. You have been for the last month fishing up some of the most delicate bathic forms of life, creatures so delicate that you could hardly transfer them from the net to the tank without marring their sensitive shapes. Did you find that there was evidence upon them of this extreme pressure?'

"'The pressure,' said I, 'equalized itself. It was the same within as without.'

"'Words—mere words!' he cried, shaking his lean head impatiently. 'You have brought up round fish, such fish as Gastrostomus globulus. Would they not have been squeezed flat had the pressure been as you imagine? Or look at our otter boards. They are not squeezed together at the mouth of the trawl.'

"'But the experience of divers?'

"'Certainly it holds good up to a point. They do find a sufficient increase of pressure to influence what is perhaps the most sensitive organ of the body—the interior of the ear. But as I plan it, we shall not be exposed to any pressure at all. We shall be lowered in a steel cage, with crystal windows on each side for observation. If the pressure is not strong enough to break in an inch and a half of toughened double-nickeled steel, then it cannot hurt us. It is an extension of the experiment of the Williamson Brothers at Nassau, with which no doubt you are familiar. If my calculation is wrong—well, you say that no one is dependent upon you—we shall die in a great adventure. Of course if you would rather stand clear, I can go alone.'

"It seemed to me the maddest kind of scheme, and yet you know how difficult it is to refuse a dare. I played for time while I thought it over. 'How deep do you propose to go, sir?' I asked.

"He had a chart pinned upon the table, and he placed the end of his compasses upon a point which lies to the southwest of the Canaries. 'Last year I did some sounding in this part,' said he. 'There is a pit of great depth. We got twenty-five thousand feet there. I was the first to report it. Indeed, I trust that you will find it on the charts of the future as the Maracot Deep.'

"'You don't propose to descend into an abyss like that!'

"'No, no,' he answered, smiling. 'Neither our lowering chain nor our air tubes reach beyond half a mile. But I was going to explain to you that round this deep crevasse, which has no doubt been formed by volcanic forces long ago, there is a raised ridge, or narrow plateau, which is not more than three hundred fathoms under the surface.'

"'Three hundred fathoms! A third of a mile!'

"'Yes, roughly a third of a mile. It is my present intention that we shall be lowered in our little pressure-proof lookout station onto this submarine bank. There we shall make such observations as we can. A speaking tube will connect us with the ship so that we can give our directions. There should be no difficulty in the matter. When we wish to be hauled up we have only to say so.'

"'And the air?'

"'Will be pumped down to us.'

"'But it will be pitch dark.'

"'That, I fear, is undoubtedly true. The experiments of Fol and Sarasin at the Lake of Geneva show that even the ultraviolet rays are absent at that depth. But does it matter? We shall be provided with the powerful electric illumination from the ship's engines, supplemented by six two-volt Hellesens dry cells connected together so as to give a current of twelve volts. That, with an army signaling lamp as a movable reflector should serve our turn. . . . Any other difficulties?'

"'If our air lines tangle?'

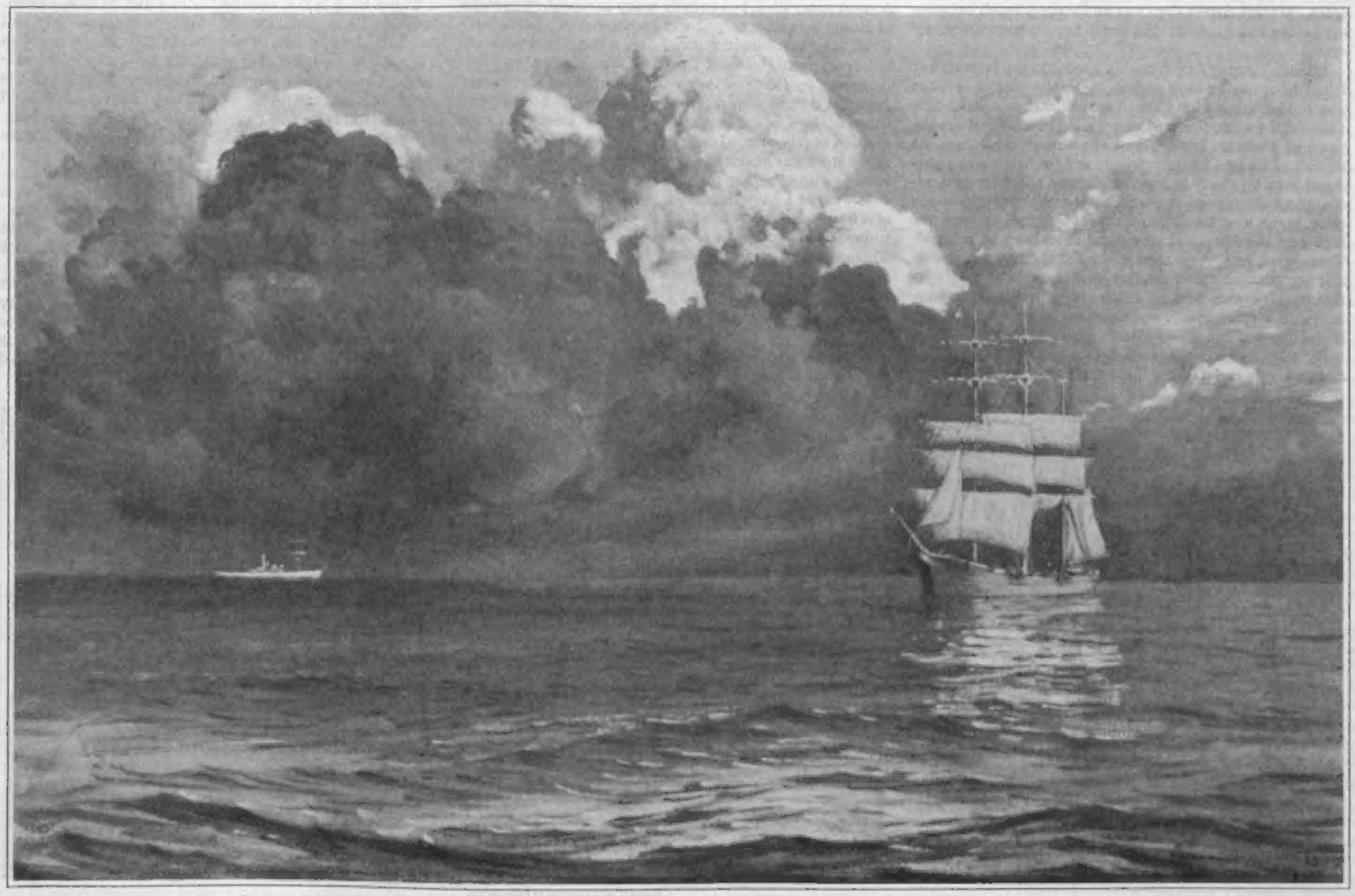
"'They won't tangle. And as a reserve, we have compressed air in tubes which would last us twenty-four hours. . . . Well, have I satisfied you? Will you come?'

"It was not an easy decision. The brain works quickly and imagination is a mighty vivid thing. I seemed to realize that black box down in the primeval depths, to feel the foul twice-breathed air, and then to see the walls sagging, bulging inward, rending at the joints, with the water spouting in at every rivet hole and crevice and crawling up from below. It was a slow, dreadful death to die. But I looked up and there were the old man's fiery eyes fixed upon me with the exaltation of a martyr to science. It's catching, that sort of enthusiasm; and if it be crazy, it is at least noble and unselfish. I caught fire from his great flame and I sprang to my feet with my hand out. 'Doctor, I'm with you to the end,' said I.

"'I knew it,' said he. 'It was not for your smattering of learning that I picked you, my young friend, nor,' he added, smiling, 'for your intimate acquaintance with the pelagic crabs. There are other qualities which may be more immediately useful, and they are loyalty and courage.'

"So, with that little bit of sugar, I was dismissed, with my future pledged and my whole scheme of life in ruins. . . . Well, the last shore boat is leaving. They are calling for the

(Continued on Page 142)



"The Only Ship in Sight Was a Bark Flying the Norwegian Colors, and We Observed That it Was Reefed Down, as if Expecting Trouble"

QUIET CITIES—By Joseph Hergesheimer

LATELY it was my necessity to return suddenly to the present from the tranquillity of early Pittsburgh. Actually I had been lost for a year in the pasts of nine American cities; but Pittsburgh was the latest to occupy me; and it, more sharply than the others, made clear the remarkable change that, in a space almost too short to be regarded as historic, had overtaken the United States. Thomas Armit, who lived in Pittsburgh in 1800, would not have been impressed by the tranquillity of what he knew and had seen—a succession of forts and cabins and fighting isolated in the wilderness. All his existence had been founded on battle, public and private; his maturity and early Pittsburgh were affairs of ceaseless alarms; he was, like the first Fort Pitt, scarred with arrows and strife.

FROM A DRAWING BY A. KOELLNER. ENGRAVED BY RAWDON WRIGHT & HATCH

The Battle of Germantown, 1777

Thomas Armit, who was an old man when Mr. Jefferson assumed the presidency, had no ability to see into the future, and so he was certain that things had already grown too crowded for reasonable living. The drays on Market Street, he said, made it dangerous for a person to cross. Market Street then was an innocent reach between log houses and gardens; the drays mostly were drawn by oxen.

No, old Thomas Armit couldn't see into the future; but I had been gazing very steadily into the past, and what was hidden from him I could realize and measure. The dangers, the wars, that had surrounded him seemed simple, pastoral, to me. Indians and the French and then the British. Passages through forests and forded rivers; fighting in clearings and ambushes. It was all direct and uncomplicated; friends or enemies were marked by race and color, some men bought and others sold; there were the high and the low; and women were either bad or good. There were, in reality, almost none of the high, none outside the commander in the fort, and those known only by rumor; rich men had no existence; the idle men were Indians. Women owned no leisure and their brightest and best dress was calico—in Pittsburgh in 1758.

By 1800, of course, that had changed—there were silk and carriages and dancing masters. But there wasn't, yet, a servant in any of the kitchens; women still cooked and waited on their husbands and fathers and sons. They cooked and cleaned and bore great numbers of children. A great many died, but equally many survived. The metal of family was stronger; it was hammered in a harder material than is common now. Love, a dangerous and self-indulgent word, was not then familiar. Girls married at fourteen; by fourteen they had accomplished six years of practical domestic work; and at sixteen the boys drifted away on keel boats or vanished farther west. An even division of labor rested on men and women—except where the balance was heavier on the feminine side—and children were protected rather than supported.

It was, as I have indicated, severe; and yet—innocent of a comparison with the present—it was borne with fortitude and even song. I wrote my account of Pittsburgh and Thomas Armit in a quiet house set in a garden; it was a house I had acquired temporarily for no other purpose or use. There were rooms with carpets and rooms with beds, garden seats and porches; and no one at all came into it to disturb me. In the morning I was driven there swiftly and silently; in the afternoon I went home and left it, an entire house, empty and still and complete for my return. The ends of cigarettes were cleared away, my pens and blank books were put in convenient order, all necessary references and facts about old Mr. Armit were typewritten and laid in readiness for me. When it was hot I closed long glass-curtained doors; when it was cool the windows were put up and I heard the peaceful stir of air in the maple trees.

None of this was possible in the past I had tried to re-create. Indeed, there were no writers. There were, generally speaking, no books. No one had time to read through the day and there was no light at night. The whole world of books, of novels and of readers came later. There was, in consequence, except in rare individuals, no learning. Education didn't exist. Men were crude and spoke a crude language; women were principally superstitious. Speech had no grammar and no fine shades of expression. The times were ignorant of the first and had no use for the second. The religion was free from metaphysics. It was hardly more than the sound of hymns, without an organ, raised against the forest.

Taken back into it as suddenly as I had, in imagination, lost it for the present, I would have been both outraged and helpless. I could not, it was probable, have continued to live. A hundred and fifty years ago, in Western Pennsylvania, I would have managed to get myself killed in the course of a single winter. I could not have eaten the food or withstood the cold; I couldn't have found my way back five miles from Pittsburgh. A Mingo squaw would have collected my scalp. I would actually have detested and dreaded every aspect of that past; but looking back upon it from the safety and seclusion of my house, I pictured it with longing and thought of it with regret. When I finished writing about it and gazed at the life I inhabited and knew, I had a profound sense of degeneration and loss.

The gain, it seemed to me, was in my surrounding; the loss was within myself—for every added comfort and safety there was a corresponding weakening in my own endurance and courage and frame. My existence was so planned that the extremes of heat and of cold never overtook me; I had

PHOTOG. FROM CULVER SERVICE

The Levee at New Orleans in the Late Eighteenth Century

ENGRAVED FROM A PAINTING BY FRANKENSTEIN

Pittsburgh in the Early Days

no need of the power of resistance and it died. Thomas Armit, when he had been pack-horse master between Fort Cumberland and Pittsburgh, had countless times broken the ice in shallow mountain rivers to lead his horse through the water and then ride until nightfall. He had slept in the woods oftener than he had known a bed. He had slept without a cover on green boughs in the snow, and he had waked in March water.

It would seem, I must admit, that the advantage lay all with me—I had an entire and luxurious house only to write in; I never, unless I chose, had to walk; my exercise was a little golf, a mere game. I had, among other things, delicate and carefully prepared food; it was brought to me, while I sat after the arduous effort of writing, by an individual paid and dressed to wait upon me; I had fresh and ornamental plates for ornamental and fresh courses; and at the end it wasn't really necessary for me to light the match for my cigar. I could have a lighter held for me on a silver tray.

The weight of advantage certainly lay against Thomas Armit, and yet I envied him—I envied his physical power and quickness, the keenness of his vision, his simple and vivid and dramatic knowledge. I would have liked his bark cabin and his trading with the Delaware and Shawanese Indians. Lying precariously within the walls of Fort Pitt, the night glaring with fire arrows and hideous with screeches, was no worse, I was convinced, to Thomas Armit than the ills of the present seemed to me. I would rather, in other words, have a constitution to support hardship than exist debilitated by a protection against the natural elements of life. I would gladly give up, for example, the pleasures of art for the privilege of a sharp physical vigor. I would rather have remembered the bagpipes on Grant Hill, when Fort Duquesne fell, than any conceivable symphony.

The House of the Dutch Governor in Albany

church and in the town council chamber. The difference between that Albany and the West Chester I had known was infinitely smaller than the differences in early Eastern and Western Pennsylvania. I could have lived with a degree of ease, and an immense benefit, in the house owned by Claes Mey.

That time, when Claes' daughter, Angenietje, surrendered herself to an ensign in Lord Howe's forces, was a period of singular quiet, of long peaceful days filled with small adequately rewarding duties—adequately and no more. No one was driven out of a reputable leisure by the promise of extraordinary returns and profits. There was—more impressive to me than any other fact—no noise. No noise! There was no possibility, no hope, of hurry. Albany was so quiet that the English regimental bands, playing on the removed Meadows, made a stir and a scandal on Sunday. It was so peaceful that Thomas Evell's scarlet coat created discord in the Mey house.

I had been obliged to surround myself with an entire dwelling simply to find quiet, to escape from the insistence of the telephone and the disturbance of current West Chester improvements. The road past my house, within my own memory a country lane leading through meadows and orchards to the Welsh Mountains, had become a thoroughfare of concrete; wakeful at night, all night I could hear the roar of motors dropping down the hill and pounding up the farther rise. Sudden and discordant horns broke into the earliest dawn. When, by necessity, I went into Philadelphia, I was driven over a concrete expanse at a speed never within the requirements of a not unreasonable law; I heard the smooth clamor of my passage, the wail of my horn, with a small incurable sense of disturbance; I was always troubled by a faint fear at the rapidity of my progress.

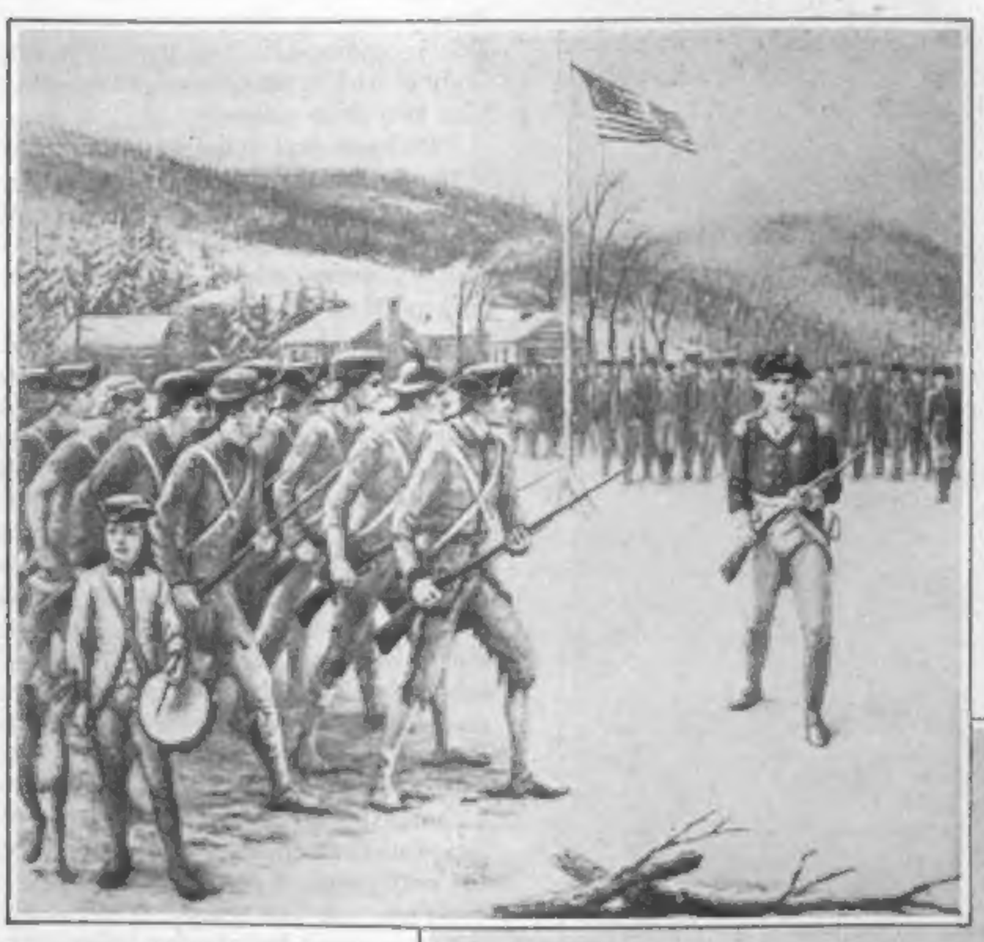
The truth was that I hated speed almost as much as I dreaded noise. It fundamentally upset me. My temperament and disposition were not right for it. Yet the pressure of the present, its opportunities, were too much for me; I obliged myself to take advantage of my own times. It was hardly possible to drive with a horse and buggy on concrete. And so the Albany of 1750 charmed me and made me regretful for its peace. There were then, naturally, impatient men, but their impatience did them little good. If they were in a fever to get to New York they had a choice between a lugger down the river or a long ride by horse over a trace too narrow and rough for wheels. Even the luggers didn't sail by advertisement; they left and returned when their owners and cargoes decided. Passengers were by the way.

Claes Mey's house had its portico for summer evenings and a garden at the back with tulips; supper was early; the night brought a calm and enforced inactivity. There was, in the modern social sense, nothing to do at all. Everyone stayed on the portico or in the elaborate kitchen; families remained together. That, however, with Lord Howe's encampment on the river, was reaching an end; the British officers twice gave plays in the evening. The youth of Albany began to show a trace of restlessness, of rebellion against Dutch precepts. Certainly Angenietje Mey did, quite publicly throwing herself into Thomas Evell's arms. The rebellion, however, was still more implied than actual. The quiet had not yet been broken.

More than half the things I did were the result of exterior pressure rather than in answer to inner necessity or preference. I lived, at great expense and pains in a house that contented me; an ideal house for peaceful happiness. In the evening its rooms, the garden were beautiful with serenity; it was calm with books and bright with flowers. Yet night after night I went out and deserted it; I was eternally bound for other houses which suited me far less well; I ate dinners that were not good for me and talked to people who were no more than a charge on my vitality. I was, I had no doubt, equally a disproportionate charge upon them. It wasn't, in reality, my fault, nor was it theirs; it was the unfortunate shape of the times. The time was hurried and insincere, largely hypocritical. It was so needful for me to find entertainment, I looked for pleasure so insistently, that I never practically waited to identify and enjoy it. Peacefulness, happiness, existed by accident.

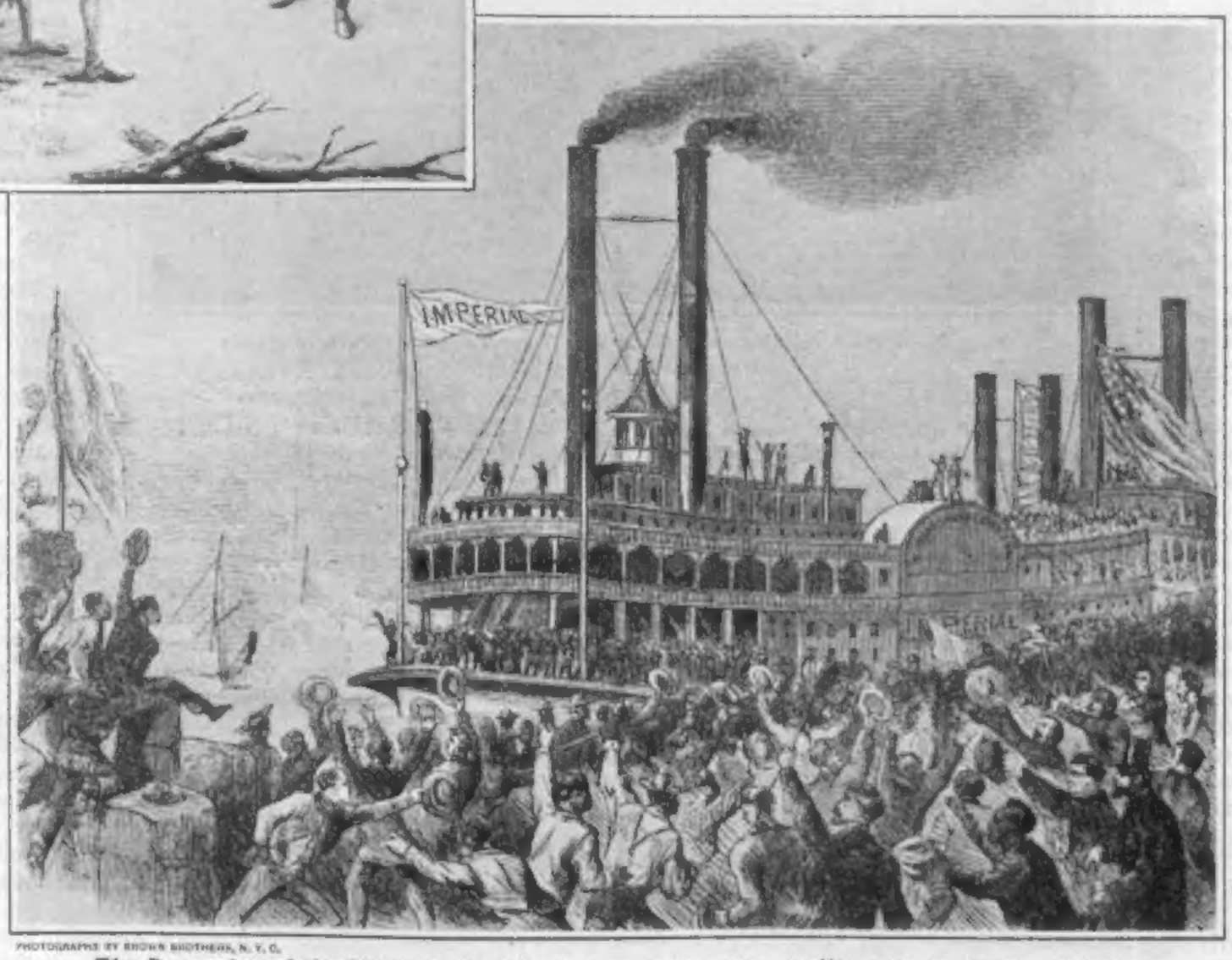
In that, of course, I was different from a great many—a great many, but not all—of the people

(Continued on Page 48)



Baron Von Steuben Drilling Troops at Valley Forge

Before Thomas Armit had arrived at Pittsburgh, on the heels of General Forbes, a completely placid town of gilded weathercocks and steep brick gables was reflected on a smooth loop of the Hudson River. Albany, too, had lain in the shadow of a French and Indian menace; but that, with the fall of Quebec, was forever ended; the Dutchmen, who were so fast becoming English, moved securely through streets at once paved and pastoral. The English influence was increasing, but the Dutch was still superior—the language of Holland was spoken from the pulpit of the traditional



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Reopening of the Mississippi. The Arrival of the Steamer "Imperial" at New Orleans From St. Louis, July 16th, 1865

THE LOVE BOAT

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE boat floated down the river through the summer night like a Fourth of July balloon footloose in the heavens. The decks were brightly lit and restless with dancers, but bow and stern were in darkness; so the boat had no more outline than an accidental cluster of stars. Between the black banks it floated, softly parting the mild dark tide from the sea and leaving in its wake small excited gusts of music—"Babes in the Woods" over and over, and "Moonlight Bay." Past the scattered lights of Pokus Landing, where a poet in an attic window saw yellow hair gleam in the turn of a dance. Past Ulm, where the moon came up out of a boiler works, and West Esther, where it slid, unregretted, behind a cloud.

The radiance of the boat itself was enough for, among others, the three young Harvard graduates; they were weary and a little depressed and they gave themselves up promptly to its enchantment. Their own boat was casually drifting and a collision was highly possible, but no one made a movement to start the engine and get out of the way.

"It makes me very sad," one of them said. "It is so beautiful that it makes me want to cry."

"Go on and cry, Bill."

"Will you cry too?"

"We'll all cry."

His loud, facetious "Boo-hoo!" echoed across the night, reached the steamer and brought a small lively crowd to the rail.

"Look! It's a launch."

"Some guys in a launch."

Bill got to his feet. The two crafts were scarcely ten feet apart.

"Throw us a hempen rope," he pleaded eloquently. "Come on—be impulsive. Please do."

Once in a hundred years there would have been a rope at hand. It was there that night. With a thud the coil struck the wooden bottom and in an instant the motorboat was darting along behind the steamer, as if in the wake of a harpooned whale.

Fifty high-school couples left the dance and scrambled for a place around the suddenly interesting stern rail. Fifty girls gave forth immemorial small cries of excitement and sham fright. Fifty young men forgot the mild exhibitionism which had characterized their manner of the evening and looked grudgingly at the more effectual show-off of three others. Mae Purley, without the involuntary quiver of an eyelash, fitted the young man standing in the boat into her current dream, where he displaced Al Fitzpatrick with laughable ease. She put her hand on Al Fitzpatrick's arm and squeezed it a little because she had stopped thinking about him entirely and felt that he must be aware of it. Al, who had been standing with his eyes squinted up, watching the towed boat, looked tenderly at Mae and tried to put his arm about her shoulder. But Mae Purley and Bill Frothington, handsome and full of all the passionate promise in the world, had locked eyes across the intervening space.

They made love. For a moment they made love as no one ever dares to do after. Their glance was closer than an embrace, more urgent than a call. There were no words for it. Had there been, and had Mae heard them, she would have fled to the darkest corner of the ladies' washroom and hid her face in a paper towel.

"We want to come on board!" Bill called. "We're life-preserver salesmen! How about pulling us around to the side?"

Mr. McVitty, the principal, arrived on the scene too late to interfere. The three young Harvard graduates—Ellsworth Ames soaking wet, unconsciously Byronic with his dark curls plastered damply to his forehead, Hamilton Abbot and Bill Frothington surer-footed and dry—climbed and were hoisted over the side. The motorboat bobbed on behind.

With a sort of instinctive reverence for the moment, Mae Purley hung back in the shadow, not through lack of confidence but through excess of it. She knew that he would come straight to her. That was never the trouble and never had been—the trouble was in keeping up her own interest after she had satisfied the deep but casual curiosity of her lips. But tonight was going to be different. She knew this when she saw that he was in no hurry; he was leaning against the rail making a couple of high-school seniors—who suddenly seemed very embryonic to themselves—feel at ease.

He looked at her once.

"It's all right," his eyes said, without a movement of his face, "I understand as well as you. I'll be there in just a minute."

Life burned high in them both; the steamer and its people were at a distance and in darkness. It was one of those times.

They Were Heavily Endowed for Love, These Two, and Both of Them Had Played With It Before

"I'm a Harvard man," Mr. McVitty was saying, "class of 1907." The three young men nodded with polite indifference. "I'm glad to know we won the race," continued the principal, simulating a reborn enthusiasm which had never existed. "I haven't been to New London in fifteen years."

"Bill here rowed Number Two," said Ames. "That's a coaching launch we've got."

"Oh. You were on the crew?"

"Crew's over now," said Bill impatiently. "Everything's over."

"Well, let me congratulate you."

Shortly they froze him into silence. They were not his sort of Harvard man; they wouldn't have known his name in four years there together. But they would have been much more gracious and polite about it had it not been this particular night. They hadn't broken away from the hilarious mobs of classmates and relatives at New London to exchange discomfort with the master of a mill-town high school.

"Can we dance?" they demanded.

A few minutes later Bill and Mae Purley were walking down the deck side by side. Life had met over the body of Al Fitzpatrick, engulfing him. The two clear voices:

"Perhaps you'll dance with me," with the soft assurance of the moonlight itself, and: "I'd love to," were nothing that could be argued about, not by twice what Al Fitzpatrick pretended to be. The most consoling thought in Al's head was that they might be fought over.

What was it they said? Did you hear it? Can you remember? Later that night she remembered only his pale wavy hair and the long limbs that she followed around the dancing floor.

She was thin, a thin burning flame, colorless yet fresh. Her smile came first slowly, then with a rush, pouring out of her heart, shy and bold, as if all the life of that little body had gathered for a moment around her mouth and the rest of her was a wisp that the least wind would blow away. She was a changeling whose lips alone had escaped metamorphosis, whose lips were the only point of contact with reality.

"Then you live near?"

"Only about twenty-five miles from you," Bill said. "Isn't it funny?"

"Isn't it funny?"

They looked at each other, a trifle awed in the face of such manifest destiny. They stood between two lifeboats on the top deck. Mae's hand lay on his arm, playing with a loose ravel of his tweed coat. They had not kissed yet—that was coming in a minute. That was coming any time now, as soon as every cup of emotional moonlight had been drained of its possibilities and cast aside. She was seventeen.

"Are you glad I live near?"

She might have said "I'm delighted" or "Of course I am." But she whispered, "Yes; are you?"

"Mae—with an *e*," he said, and laughed in a husky whisper. Already they had a joke together. "You look so darn beautiful."

She accepted the compliment in silence, meeting his eyes. He pressed her to him by her merest elbow in a way that would have been impossible had she not been eager too. He never expected to see her after tonight.

"Mae." His whisper was urgent. Mae's eyes came nearer, grew larger, dissolved against his face, like eyes on a screen. Her frail body breathed imperceptibly in his arms.

A dance stopped. There was clapping for an encore. Then clapping for another encore with what had seemed only a poor bar of music in between. There was another

dance, scarcely longer than a kiss. They were heavily endowed for love, these two, and both of them had played with it before.

Down below, Al Fitzpatrick's awareness of time and space had reached a pitch that would have been invaluable to an investigator of the new mathematics. Bit by bit the boat presented itself to him as it really was, a wooden hulk garish with forty-watt bulbs, peopled by the commonplace young people of a commonplace town. The river was water, the moon was a flat meaningless symbol in the sky. He was in agony—which is to speak tritely. Rather, he was in deadly fear; his throat was dry, his mouth drooped into a hurt half moon as he tried to talk to some of the other boys—shy unhappy boys, who loitered around the stern.

Al was older than the rest—he was twenty-two, and out in the world for seven years. He worked in the Hammacker Mills and attended special high-school classes at night. Another year might see him assistant manager of the shops, and Mae Purley, with about as much eagerness as was to be expected in a girl who was having everything her own way, had half promised to marry him when she was eighteen. His wasn't a temperament to go to pieces. When he had brooded up to the limit of his nature he felt a necessity for action. Miserably and desperately he climbed up to the top deck to make trouble.

Bill and Mae were standing close together by the lifeboat, quiet, absorbed and happy. They moved a little apart as he came near. "Is that you, Mae?" called Al in a hard voice. "Aren't you going to come down and dance?"

"We were just coming."

They walked toward him in a trance.

"What's the idea?" Al said hoarsely. "You've been up here over two hours."

At their indifference he felt pain swelling and spreading inside him, constricting his breath.

"Have you met Mr. Frothington?" She laughed shyly at the unfamiliar name.

"Yeah," said Al rudely. "I don't see the idea of his keeping you up here."

"I'm sorry," said Bill. "We didn't realize."

"Oh, you didn't? Well, I did." His jealousy cut through their absorption. They acknowledged it by an effort to hurry, to be impersonal, to defer to his wishes. Ungraciously he followed and the three of them came in a twinkling upon a scene that had suddenly materialized on the deck below.

Ellsworth Ames, smiling, but a little flushed, was leaning against the rail while Ham Abbot attempted to argue with a distraught young husky who kept trying to brush past him and get at Ames. Near them stood an indignant girl with another girl's soothing arm around her waist.

"What is it?" demanded Bill quickly.

The distraught young man glared at him. "Just a couple of snobs that come here and try to spoil everybody else's good time!" he cried wildly.

"He doesn't like me," said Ellsworth lightly. "I invited his girl to dance."

"She didn't want to dance with you!" shouted the other. "You think you're so damn smart—ask her if she wanted to dance with you."

The girl murmured indistinguishable words and disclaimed all responsibility by beginning to cry.

"You're too fresh, that's the trouble!" continued her defender. "I know what you said to her when you danced with her before. What do you think these girls are? They're just as good as anybody, see?"

Al Fitzpatrick moved in closer.

"Let's put 'em all off the boat," he suggested, stubborn and ashamed. "They haven't got any business butting in here."

A mild protest went up from the crowd, especially from the girls, and Abbot put his hand conciliatingly on the husky's shoulder. But it was too late.

"You'll put me off?" Ellsworth was saying coldly. "If you try to lay your hands on me I'll rearrange your whole face."

"Shut up, Ellie!" snapped Bill. "No use getting disagreeable. They don't want us; we'd better go." He stepped close to Mae, and whispered, "Good night. Don't forget what I said. I'll drive over and see you Sunday afternoon."

As he pressed her hand quickly and turned away he saw the argumentative boy swing suddenly at Ames, who caught the blow with his left arm. In a moment they were slugging and panting, knee to knee in the small space left by the gathering crowd. Simultaneously Bill felt a hand pluck at his sleeve and he turned to face Al Fitzpatrick. Then the deck was in an uproar. Abbot's attempt to separate Ames and his antagonist was misinterpreted; instantly he was involved in a battle of his own, cannonading against the other pairs, slipping on the smooth deck, bumping against noncombatants and scurrying girls who sent up shrill cries. He saw Al Fitzpatrick slap the deck suddenly with his whole body, not to rise again. He heard calls of "Get Mr. McVitty!" and then his own opponent was dropped by a blow he did not strike, and Bill's voice said: "Come on to the boat!"

The next few minutes streaked by in wild confusion. Avoiding Bill, whose hammerlike arms had felled their two champions, the high-school boys tried to pull down Ham and Ellie, and the harassed group edged and revolved toward the stern rail.

"Hidden-ball stuff!" Bill panted. "Save it for Haughton I'm G-Gardner, you're Bradlee and Mahan—hip!"

Mr McVitty's alarmed face appeared above the combat, and his high voice, ineffectual at first, finally pierced the heat of battle.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourselves! Bob—Cecil George Roberg! Let go, I say!"

Abruptly the battle was over and the combatants, breathing hard, eyed one another impassively in the moonlight

Ellie laughed and held out a pack of cigarettes. Bill untied the motor boat and walked forward with the painter to bring it alongside.

"They claim you insulted one of the girls," said Mr. McVitty uncertainly. "Now that's no way to behave after we took you aboard."

"That's nonsense," snapped Ellie, between gasps. "I only told her I'd like to bite her neck."

"Do you think that was a very gentlemanly thing to say?" demanded Mr. McVitty heatedly.

"Come on, Ellie!" Bill cried "Good-by, everybody! Sorry there was such a row!"

They were already shadows of the past as they slipped one by one over the rail. The girls were turning cautiously back to their own men, and not one of them answered, and not one of them waved farewell.

"A bunch of meanies," remarked Ellie ironically. "I wish all you ladies had one neck so I could bite it all at once I'm a glutton for ladies' necks."

Feeble retorts went up here and there like muffled pistol shots.

"*Good night, ladies,*" Ham sang, as Bill shoved away from the side:

"*Good night, ladies,*
Good night, ladies,
We're going to leave you
now-ow-ow."

The boat moved up the river through the summer night, while the launch, touched by its swell, rocked to and fro gently in the wide path of the moon.

II

ON THE following Sunday afternoon Bill Frothington drove over from Truro to the isolated rural slum known as Wheatly Village. He had stolen away from a house full of guests, assembled for his sister's wedding, to pursue what his mother would have called an "unworthy affair." But behind him lay an extremely successful career at Harvard and a youth somewhat more austere than the average, and this fall he would disappear for life into the banking house of Read, Hoppe and Company in Boston. He felt that the summer was his own. And had the purity of his intentions toward Mae Purley been questioned he would have defended himself with righteous anger. He had been thinking of her for five days. She attracted him violently, and he was following the attraction with eyes that did not ask to see.

Mae lived in the less offensive quarter of town on the

(Continued on Page 134)

"Where You Going to Take My Little Girl?" Mrs. Purley Asked Anxiously

LITTLE EVA IS SEVENTY-FIVE

The Original English Conception of Topsy, Adelphi Theatre, London, 1853

By Wesley Winans Stout

Little Eva died for the ten millionth time since Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin and started the Civil War; Eliza escaped across the river on swirling cakes of ice, pursued by one bloodhound—count him—and Simon Legree was as mean as ever when the "greatest and best mammoth Uncle Tom's Cabin production ever seen" played under a tent at the Dover fairgrounds Thursday night.

And the tent was packed—get this, you highbrows and modern theatergoers. Harry Stowe, who claims to be a relative of the author, played Uncle Tom with pathos marred only by the cries of the tent vendors. He has been playing the part thirty-seven years and nothing can disturb him. Little Eva sold her photo for ten cents, then went on stage and died amidst shouts of "Pop Corn, ten cents a bag," and after the curtain dropped and was raised again she appeared as an angel in heaven, wings and all. She'll do the same thing again tonight in some other town, but under the same old waterproof canvas.

—Dover, Ohio, Reporter.

IF I WERE a wealthy collector of Americana—say, Mr. Ford—I should begin, not by restoring an old inn, several thousand of which have been reincarnated to sell chicken and lobster dinners and gasoline, from Zanesville, Ohio, to Eastport, Maine, but by buying, preserving and endowing one of the half dozen Uncle Tom's Cabin troupes still wandering the roads and playing in tents. The suggestion is at least half serious; there isn't a battlefield, a monument or a building more significant of American history; more than any other cause, the play, and the book from which it was roughly carpentered, precipitated the Civil War.

At the Fountain of Youth

AS A DRAMA it is without remote parallel. "A wretched play, played more often and making more money than any five others ever performed," it has been described. For seventy-five years it has been played continuously. It was a joke already among sophisticates in the Chester A. Arthur Administration, and recurring benedictions have been pronounced over it ever since, yet I saw a performance in July in a tent at Naples, New York, before an approving audience of 900 by a company that was in its thirty-eighth season and making excellent money in spite of a summer cold and rainy beyond memory.

It has been translated into more languages than any other work written in English, and played in fifty times that many versions. It has been done in six acts, thirty scenes and eight tableaux in the great theaters of the world, and in court rooms, hotel dining rooms, lodge halls, beer gardens, tobacco warehouses, even on a nigger board under a tent and without any scenery whatever; by a cast of as many as twenty-seven speaking parts and thirty negro Jubilee Singers and by as few as four adults and a child.

In its heyday it played five London theaters simultaneously and it was playing both the Prince of Wales and the Grand theaters, Sydney, New South Wales, in May, 1926. Every actor and actress of any pretensions to the title two generations ago had played in Tom and knew its lines by rote. The playing of it grew into such an industry that it came to be a separate branch of show business, as distinct from the drama as the circus or vaudeville, and with a group of specialists who did nothing else. Yet Mrs. Stowe received no penny's return from the play.

Though produced almost ten years before the Civil War, the original Little Eva still lives. It was made into a three-reel film by Vitagraph in 1909, the second American stage drama to be picturized—Ben Hur being the first. Within the past three years it has been turned into a musical comedy and played with enormous success by the Duncan Sisters; done into burlesque for the Columbia circuit; revived by an art theater in New York and by various stock companies; condensed into a vaudeville tabloid and played over the Keith time by Corse Payton, "the world's best bad actor"; shown on an Ohio River show boat and in various tents, and broadcast by a special company from Station WEAF. What price Abie's Irish Rose!

An Early, Pre-Bloodhound Woodcut of Eliza's Escape Across the Icebound Ohio

Henry Clay died on June 29, 1852, five times denied the presidency, but secure in the belief that the compromise for which he had fought continuously since 1820 had healed the breach between South and North. Both the Whigs and the Democrats had accepted it, and the Union was saved. Mr. Clay did not read an antislavery propaganda magazine, the New Era, published in Washington. Two years before Clay's death it had begun printing a serial by the wife of a genteelly poor professor in Bowdoin College, for which it had paid her $300.

The New Era's circulation was small and though the story made an immediate stir, it tempted none of the book publishers to whom Mrs. Stowe offered it until, at length, she found a minor publisher named Jewett in Boston. Failing to persuade her to pay him to print the book, Jewett brought it out on a straight 10 per cent royalty basis. It was published March 20, 1852, three months before Clay's death.

The Avenging Cassy Interrupts the Whipping of Tom by Legree

The Price of a New Dress

IT SOLD 3000 copies the first day, 10,000 in a week, 300,000 in a year in the United States alone. After April first Jewett kept eight presses running twenty-four hours a day and failed to meet the demand. There was no international copyright and the book was pirated immediately by every idle press in Europe, and finally was translated into twenty-three languages.

Four months after publication Professor Stowe called on Jewett for the first royalty payment. Jewett asked him how much he expected. "Enough, I hope, to buy my wife a new dress," Stowe ventured. The check was for $10,000. Mrs. Stowe got nothing from the play, nothing from the innumerable foreign editions of her book, and her American copyright expired before her death, yet the 10 per cent royalty on the domestic book rights alone netted her a comfortable income the rest of her long life.

There are no analogies in history for the effect of the book. Dickens wrote that he had read it with the deepest interest and sympathy. Carlyle sent a message of "deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God, who has enabled you to write this book." Charles Kingsley, Lord Shaftesbury, George Sand, Frederika Bremer, even the cynical Heine, added their garlands. Shaftesbury suggested that the women of Europe send their signatures to Mrs. Stowe as a testimonial. They did so in twenty-six thick folio volumes containing the names of 560,000 women representing every rank and country in Europe. If the chancelleries of Europe remained neutral or flirted with the Confederacy after 1861 the peoples were partisans of the North, for they had read the book.

At home the effect was the more intense. Until now slavery had been a political institution and, North and South, men spat when they said "Abolitionist." Everything that Mrs. Stowe wrote had been said for a generation and said much more loudly, but the Fugitive Slave Law now dramatized slavery to the North. The Massachusetts woman who had seen that "peculiar institution" only from across the Ohio River while she lived in Cincinnati wrote temperately, in fact, in the naive hope of convincing the South of its error.

An 1881 Eva and Tom, May Hillman and Perkins D. Fisher, Later Man and Wife

Uncle Tom and Fräulein Eva

THE two gentleman slave owners of the story are paragons. Mr. Shelby sold Tom and little Harry reluctantly to meet a pressing debt. Augustine St. Clair was a Southron almost worthy of so unutterably blessed a child as Little Eva. Legree, the arch villain, was a Yankee overseer. All the low comedy not supplied by Topsy proceeds from Yankees, plainly labeled, such as Miss Ophelia and Marks, and the foibles of New England's patronage of the negro were neatly taken off in Miss Feely.

PHOTOS. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

David Belasco as Uncle Tom, Shiel's Opera House, San Francisco, 1873

But the South would have none of Mrs. Stowe's sweet reasonableness, nor will it yet; and Miss Edna Ferber was in error in her novel, Show Boat, when she had the Cotton Blossom playing Uncle Tom's Cabin on the lower Mississippi. It is tradition that the play never has been shown in the South, such border states as Kentucky excepted. This is truer than most traditions, yet not wholly so. Excluding the fact that the Vitagraph film was shown in New Orleans for several weeks in 1910, I know of only two authenticated exceptions.

The Ed. F. Davis company, in a moment of daring or aberration, played Culpeper Court House, Virginia, in 1893 to a turn-away business. The press at the box office became ominous, however, when it was noted that there was not a woman in the house. The company shrewdly eliminated the whipping of Tom by Legree, and the audience, which doubtless came to assault the actors with the loose vegetables of Culpeper, stayed to applaud and invited the players to return the next season when, it was promised, the ladies of the town would grace the occasion. Davis seems to have been satisfied to let well enough alone. The same season he played Alexandria, Virginia, five days, and Louisville three weeks, but both of these may be regarded as neutral territory. Mrs. W. G. Dickey, now manager of Terry's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, was the Eliza, Marie and Emmeline of these engagements.

The Peerless Lotta's Version of Topsy, 1868; Her Mother Thought It Undignified

Will H. Locke, a veteran, played Texas in 1895–96 with the Lyceum Comedy Company, which gave repertoire all week, but closed with Tom on Saturday night, experience having proved that whatever the mood in which the Texans attended Uncle Tom, still they attended on Saturday, though they stayed away in droves all week. Trouble, from thrown eggs to flourished revolvers, arrived regularly with the whipping scene, but the manager stubbornly kept it in, preferring to be run out of town rather than stranded in town.

It was a versatile troupe; prepared, as Mr. Locke says, to double anything from Monte Cristo to a set stump, but Uncle Tom alone called for an infant prodigy in Eva, and the manager preferred to train a local child in each week's stand. The fair-haired child at one town—a German settlement—spoke without a noticeable accent at rehearsals, but under the excitement of an actual performance she reverted to type. Leading the garlanded Uncle Tom on stage on her first appearance, she looked up at him and in a musical Weber-and-Fields treble, said, "Ach, Ungel Dom, how funny you look yet." When Tom took her on his knee the daughter of the New Orleans St. Clairs exclaimed, "Ungel Dom, vere is dot New Yahrooslaum?"

His Soul Goes Marching On

MAUDE TEMPLE, who played Topsy, was ill at one stand, and it being impossible to double her part, it was spoken offstage by anyone who happened not to be onstage at the moment. The effect was something like that of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, but graver indignities than that or Legree's blacksnake whip have been wreaked on Tom's old black body. To paraphrase his own best line, "You may mutilate this old black body, but mah soul—mah soul goes marching on."

These indignities began while Mrs. Stowe's serial still was running in the New Era, Uncle Tom making his first appearance on any stage on January 5, 1852, at Baltimore,

Carrie Weber, a Famous Topsy of the Play's Second Period

but the play was Uncle Tom's Cabin as it Is—a work of proslavery counter propaganda. Stuart Robson made his professional debut in the cast. Evidently such counter propaganda was widespread, for in Albert Davis' collection is a playbill of Sanford's Theater, Philadelphia—later the Carncross and Dixie minstrel house—of August 18, 1861, four months after the Civil War opened, which gives as part of the bill, Sanford's Southern Version of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Slavery was all song and dance and the abolitionists were flouted. A rime at the foot of the bill reads:

Oh! White folks, we'll have you know,
This is not the version of Mrs. Stowe.
Wid her de Darks am all unlucky,
But we am de boys from Old Kentucky.

Den hand de Banjo down to play,
We'll make it ring both night and day;
And we care not what de white folks say,
Dey can't get us to run away.

Sam Sanford seems to have had a change of heart after the war, for he became one of the best of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Toms and played it for years.

The first attempt at dramatizing the novel in good faith was made by Charles W. Taylor of Purdy's National Theater, in the Bowery. It was produced August 23, 1852, and was a failure, not unnaturally, in as much as it contained neither a Topsy nor an Eva. The story was

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DETOUR

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

So Ernest Muster Nodded and Set Out Along the Road

ERNEST MUSTER was the majority stockholder in the Majocca Tire Company in Akron, and chairman of the board of directors; and he was the president of the Midwest Trust Company, which had some fourteen millions in deposits. People whom he did not know bowed politely to him on the street. But these things had no weight with Mrs. Muster.

He was one of those large, helpless men whose hands and feet are forever in their own way, and Mrs. Muster was a small woman as clean-cut as though she had been whittled out with a knife. The line where her nose met her cheek was razor sharp, and her lips were like the closed jaws of a trap. Social matters seemed to her important; and she paid a proud deference to Mrs. Thurston, at home in Akron, because Mrs. Thurston's grandfather had made a fortune. A successful grandfather, by Mrs. Muster's standards, was of vastly greater social importance than a successful husband. The grandfather may be remote and clad in legend; the husband is too unfortunately present. If you speak boastfully of his powers and attributes, the man himself is there to confound you. Ernest had no pride in these matters. When an itinerant opera company came to Akron for three nights, Mrs. Muster referred beforehand to her husband's love for music, but Ernest went shamelessly to sleep in his box just the same, and suffered for it afterward.

Mrs. Muster could always reduce him to the most abject submission by a reference to his feet. They were, in fact, large, but no one knew this better than Ernest. They had been his feet before he and they fell into the hands of Mrs. Muster, and he knew their faults as well as she. The big man was even more vulnerable than Achilles, for Achilles could only be struck in one heel.

Clara Muster learned the trick from her mother, and used it as pitilessly. This weapon was a decided asset after she married Willie Deal. You might almost have called it her only means of support. It sufficed not only for herself but for Willie too.

Not that Willie was an idler. He was, in fact, a young man of energy and resource, but his energies were chiefly devoted to the conservation of energy. He was always willing to do his share, if you permitted him to decide what that share should be. Thus he was quite ready to amuse Mrs. Muster and Clara so long as his father-in-law would support them. He was glad to spend money so long as Ernest would earn it; and just now he was making no complaint at the long strain of driving the car day after day, so long as Ernest changed tires when they required it, and made such matters his concern.

Ernest had foreseen this situation, had suggested that they bring the chauffeur along. But Willie protested that he would be glad to drive; and Clara said:

"The idea, papa! Have him listening to everything we say."

Ernest might still have pushed the point, but Mrs. Muster added, "There won't be room for him, Ernest. With the bags and your feet too."

So there were just the four of them. They had come East through Northern Ohio and New York State and the White Mountains; and now they were on their way to Eastern Maine. They traveled by schedule, for Mrs. Muster was a systematic woman; and their stops were appointed for days ahead, and reservations all arranged. Willie drove and Mrs. Muster sat in front with him. If she occupied the rear seat of the closed car the vibration gave her a headache. Clara and her father sat behind, and the bags were all on Ernest's side, because Clara did not like to be crowded. Ernest might have put his feet on the bags, but that would have made them conspicuous, so he tucked them down between the pile of luggage and the door and they went to sleep and hurt him painfully.

When they stopped for the night at some hotel or other, Willie was apt to be tired from driving; so Ernest attended to the bags and the other details of arrival, and put the car away. Willie always gave him instructions as to oil and gas and batteries; and if these matters failed of due attention, Willie chided him next day.

They came into Portland from the mountains and spent a night there, and early next morning were once more upon their way. The season was June, and this was by Mrs. Muster's choosing.

"There's not so much traffic on the roads," she pointed out. "We can make better time." She was an efficient woman, and delays and disturbances annoyed her. As they swung north along the Atlantic Highway she gave a casual and passing glance to Casco Bay, dotted with lovely islands, and said in a tone of satisfaction:

"Well, we'll be in Bar Harbor by five o'clock. I've always wanted to see Bar Harbor, Willie. You've told us so much about it."

Willie nodded. "Charming people there," he agreed indifferently. "You'll want to come again."

Ernest said doubtfully, "The ocean's kind of pretty along here, isn't it?"

Clara beside him shivered. "But so cold!" she said, and Ernest relapsed into silence. The road was smooth, the car hissed cheerfully, and Mrs. Muster and Clara discussed the gowns they had seen in the dining room the night before.

A little after twelve o'clock they came to Camden and stopped briefly there for luncheon. Fresh tar on the road had here and there delayed them, and Mrs. Muster was impatient.

When they struck north again along the shore of Penobscot Bay, Ernest watched the lovely scene with a dumb pleasure; and he would have liked to drive more slowly, but Mrs. Muster bade Willie hurry. So they hurtled over the hills at dizzy speed and slid through Bangor and took up once more their darting pace. There were few cars upon the road, and the thoroughfare, save for a frost-riven stretch here and there, was in good condition.

But an hour or so out of Bangor they were checked by a sign: Bridge Up. Detour. Willie turned perforce aside along a narrow country road that led northward. Mrs. Muster spoke bitingly of detours in general and of this one in particular, but Ernest sighed and relaxed more comfortably. Speed wearied him. Along this winding road their pace was necessarily slow. The wood shut them in on either hand, save where here and there they passed a meadow or a farm. The houses had an abandoned look about them and the neighborhood wore for Ernest the aspect of a wilderness. It rested him. He was used to the level, tilled lands of Northern Ohio, where the eye can wander wearily for miles across the fruitful fields, and there was something pleasantly thriftless about this countryside. He shut his ears to Mrs. Muster's grim complaining.

But he was roused from this abstraction by and by, became conscious of a difference of opinion in the front seat. The car had come to a halt where the road forked. Straight ahead there lay a narrow way, losing itself within half a dozen rods among the alders. The better road swung sharply to the left, uphill, and that way went the marks of many tires. Willie wished to turn, but Mrs. Muster told him not to be absurd.

"Of course," she confessed accusingly, "the detour should be marked. But we want to keep bearing to the right. We certainly don't want to swing back toward Bangor. Don't be absurd!"

"Traffic has gone that way," Willie pointed out.

"That's right, mamma," Ernest interjected. "Looks like that's the way we ought to go."

She said sharply, "You know no more about it than I, Ernest." And Willie, perceiving that if he were in agreement with the older man he must be wrong, shifted his ground.

"I guess you're right, Mrs. Muster," he decided. "All right, we'll go straight ahead."

"But, mamma ——" Ernest protested, and then subsided into helpless silence. The car was already under way.

They swung more and more to the right, slanting downhill. "You see!" said Mrs. Muster triumphantly. At the foot of the hill there were muddy ruts and the car lurched into them and crawled ahead. "You must have the car washed tonight, Ernest," Mrs. Muster told her husband. Willie shifted into second gear and then into low. The ruts grew deeper and abruptly the road straightened out ahead of them, a prospect a quarter of a mile long, ruts filled with water all the way. They labored gustily.

"The radiator's boiling," said Ernest by and by. "See the thermometer, Willie."

"Can't stop," Willie retorted. "Got to keep going now."

Now and then the wheels spun under them, but they did keep going. Ernest looked back and saw a cloud of steam emerging from beneath the car. The road turned and pitched up out of the swamp and began to climb. The grade was steep, the way tortuous. They could not hold second gear, had to shift back constantly to first.

"Fill the radiator this morning?" Willie asked.

"I told the man to," Ernest replied.

Mrs. Muster said bitterly, "Will you never learn to see that things are done?"

Half a mile of climbing, and Willie brought the car to a halt. He took off his cap and wiped his forehead. "No chance to turn around," he said. "We're on the wrong road, I guess. I'm afraid I'll burn out a bearing or something. Guess the radiator's pretty near dry."

He sat submitting to calamity, and Mrs. Muster said over her shoulder, "Ernest, look and see!"

When Ernest took off the radiator cap a cloud of steam arose. He burned his hand and said, "Ouch!" Willie shut off the motor.

"Guess we better have some water in it," he decided.

Ernest scratched his head.

"There's no house back the way we came," he reminded them, "and we've no bucket."

"You'll have to go on till you find a house," Mrs. Muster told him irritably. "I don't see why you stand there!"

So Ernest Muster nodded and set out along the road. He wondered how far he would have to go. Not far, he hoped. It was not that he was tired, but if he were delayed Mrs. Muster would be bitter in her chidings. He made what haste he could till he was beyond her view.

He climbed the hill and descended its other side, and climbed once more, and when he had covered some three-quarters of a mile a meadow opened out below the road and he saw a house ahead. The house was set close beside the road and its white paint was dulled by weather. Beyond it loomed the gray bulk of a barn. Beyond the barn again there rose an open hillside thinly sprinkled with apple trees, ascending toward a fringe of black growth along the ridge. The house was on the downhill side of the road and the ground there broke away steeply into a gully, so that though the house was only one story high in front, it was two behind. Across the road thick second growth of oak and beech and maple, at this season thinly leaved, drew a doubtful screen.

Ernest at first looked only at the house but as he approached it more closely his eye was caught by a movement on the hillside beyond, where were the apple trees, and he looked and saw that a boy was running there. The boy was small, perhaps seven or eight years old; yet he ran in haste and purposefully, scrambling at top speed up toward the second growth at the top of the hill. Even at this distance of two hundred yards or so, Ernest was impressed by the desperate haste of this proceeding, and he frowned in faint bewilderment. There was nothing chasing the boy, yet he ran like one pursued. Ernest paused to watch him, till the boy came to the fringe of spruces there and disappeared. Then Ernest remembered his business and went on toward the house again.

As he drew closer he discovered the figure of a man standing by what must be the kitchen door. The man's back was turned toward Ernest; his attention was fixed upon the door, as though he were speaking to one within, and Ernest saw that he held a shotgun in the crook of his arm. A curious thing, Ernest thought indifferently, for this was June, not the hunting season. Then it occurred to him that the man might hope to shoot a hawk, or perhaps a crow, to hang above the garden rows. He was not particularly interested in the man; he had even forgotten the boy who ran as though he were pursued. His only concern was his errand, and he went forward purposefully, pleased that he had found a house so near.

When he came within three or four rods of the house he began to hear the man's voice and another voice that answered him, but Ernest was still concerned only with his errand. After a moment, however, it occurred to him that the man was talking in a louder tone than need be; that the answering voice was muffled. And at that Ernest paused, paid more strict and curious attention.

As he did so, that happened which made him for a moment forget his present purpose altogether. The man jerked at the handle of the door and rattled it, but the door appeared to be locked or bolted.

It resisted him, and he shouted angrily, "All right, then. Get out the way!"

And thereupon he placed the muzzle of his gun against the door and pulled trigger. The gun roared, a woman screamed, the door shook and then swung lamely open, and the man recoiled and whirled and saw Ernest standing there.

Ernest, startled, said, "Why, good gracious!"

The man laughed and wagged his head, and Ernest saw that he was drunk. Then a woman stood in the open door, her arms against the jambs on either side, barring the way. But she looked at Ernest wonderingly

The drunk man seemed puzzled and uncertain what to do. He said to Ernest, "Howdy!"

Ernest at that somewhat recovered himself, and he came forward across the farmyard toward the shattered door. There was no porch on this side of the house; the door opened directly on the yard. The man with the gun stood thus on Ernest's level, the woman a little back of him. She was, Ernest saw, not unbeautiful; a young woman with a comeliness about her and deadly fear in her eyes.

"Good afternoon," said Ernest, and looked from the woman to the gun. It was a double-barreled shotgun. Not empty, then. Ernest had killed quail in his time; he knew what a shotgun charge will do.

"Too bad to break the door," he suggested pleasantly "Did the lock jam?"

The drunk man hiccuped. "What of it?" he challenged

Ernest smiled at the woman; he brushed by the man with the gun, left the other in his rear. His forehead was wet. It took courage to put that gun behind him, but Ernest did not do it because he was brave. He did it because he had heard somewhere, or read somewhere, that to turn your back on an armed and angry man will sometimes quiet him.

"I must ask a favor of you," said Ernest to the woman.

The woman stared at him and then looked over her shoulder at the other man. "Go on away, Brad!" she said urgently. "You go on away!"

The drunk man laughed. "She'll do anything anybody asks her," he remarked morosely. "Go on and ask her "

"Go find Joe, Brad," she pleaded. "Go talk to Joe. You ain't yourself now."

They seemed unconscious of Ernest's presence; talked over his head, ignoring him. "I beg pardon," he urged. "I've a favor "

"Whur's Dave?" the drunk man demanded, in a tone that suggested he had asked the question before. "Whur's Dave? I told him to look for me. I told him nine years ago to look for me. Whur's Dave?"

"You go talk to Joe," she begged.

"Hiding under the hay, like as not," said the drunk man whom she called Brad. "That'd be him. And leave you to stand me off."

"Dave don't want no trouble with you."

He laughed derisively. "Why would he?" Ernest heard a thump behind him, as though the man had slapped the barrel of his gun. "I've got buckshot here," Brad declared. "Why would he?"

She twisted her hands together. "I'd never have married you, Brad," she told him. "If you go to blame

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The Gun Roared, a Woman Screamed, the Door Shook and Then Swung Lamely Open, and the Man Recoiled and Whirled and Saw Ernest Standing There

From Coast to Coast on High

By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Vanderbilt and His Constant Transcontinental Auto Companion, John W. Brodix, a New Jersey Farmer, on Their 95-Hour Trip From Pacific to Atlantic. At Right—Along the Shores of Walker Lake, Nevada, Car Loaded for a Four-Months Trip and Equipped for Desert Driving

EIGHT years ago this writer planned for himself and family a motor trip to the Pacific Coast. He spent every moment of his unoccupied time in seeking information, maps, route cards and detailed descriptions of the countryside through which he was to pass. He felt himself a pioneer and told of his expectations to friends who discouraged him from attempting so hazardous an experiment. Nevertheless, he went on with his idea, and two months later commenced to assemble a growing quantity of what nots which he had accumulated.

When at last he was ready actually to plan departure, it took him many weary hours to pack his car so that there would be space for the three other occupants as well as himself. And even at that, the trip was without a doubt the most uncomfortable one he has ever made.

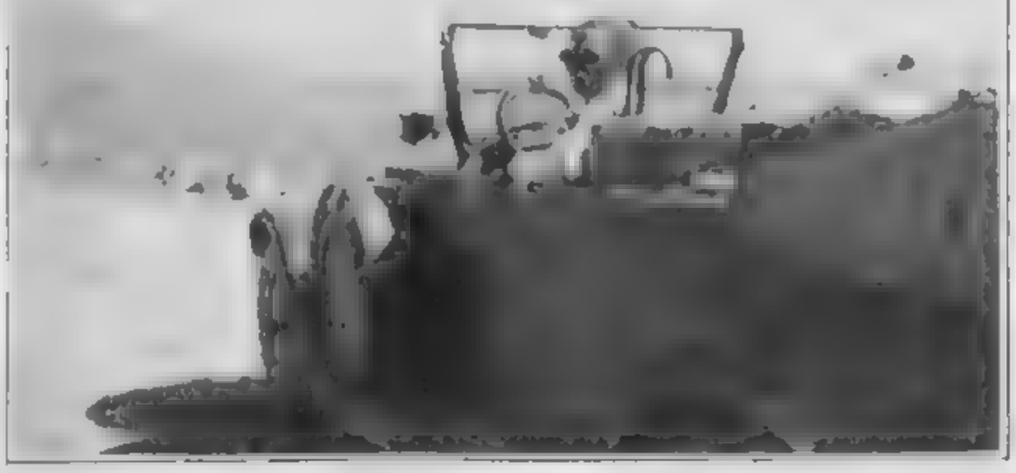
There are always things one believes cannot be done without when one goes a-traveling. This is so, I have found, by train, boat, airplane and automobile. Yet after a few days of weary struggling, backaches and strains, the tourist soon finds out that the less he actually takes, provided he is simply touring, the more enjoyable is the trip and the less remembered its to-be-expected difficult moments.

Too, besides choosing properly the baggage and equipment, he should choose very carefully his traveling companions. I have done much yacht racing in my day—more often on small sailing vessels. There I have learned to choose with a fine comb my friends. On my first transcontinental trip I did likewise. Later, on many occasions, I erred grievously, much to my own regret and sorrow. Nowadays, except for a close lifelong friend or a chauffeur, I travel alone. It is safer. You keep your acquaintances longer.

Called From a Life of Repose

BUT to return to that memorable trip in the spring of 1919. The car had been sitting—"sitting" is the right word—at the side door of our Fifth Avenue home since 5:30 in the morning, at which time we had planned to start. At noon we were still assembling things which each one of us did not believe it would be possible to do without. A whole room—nay, a part of another—had been filled with every conceivable sort of equipment. Automobile-supply agencies, trunk companies, medical houses, and the like, had all added to the pile. Barnum was right. At the time, of course, I would have been incarcerated in the Tombs for my actions if anyone had dared to suggest such a thing.

When the car was finally loaded it was dusk and we decided to postpone our start until another sun should rise. We were all so excited that none of us slept much that night.



right in front of 640 Fifth Avenue, where we resided, and had been taken to Canada. There it had been repainted, used in the bootleg business and finally recaptured in New York by a man who had served at one time as my father's army chauffeur. It had become too antiquated for my parents, who passed it on to me with the simple statement that I could dispose of it as I desired, provided, if I kept it, I stood all expense of upkeep and travel myself. Since then and until the trip began it had remained peacefully in the family garage, tires deflated, waiting a day when it should become famous once more for its activities upon the highroads of the land. And now that that day had come it had given a short wheeze and settled down, seemingly for the rest of its days, to a life of ease and gentle repose. But it was to be mistaken, and so were we.

Shortly after the carillon at St. Patrick's Cathedral had played its noonday chant the old machine came lumbering up to the side door, where again we all set ourselves at the serious task of repacking. But, as anyone who travels much by car soon finds out, no single person can ever agree with anyone else on the manner in which the car was packed the night before. So it was nearly five o'clock before we again had everything in the car and were ready to get off. This we knew would badly break our schedule, but we all agreed we had to get out of town, for the same thing might happen every day if we permitted it to. So we climbed aboard and set forth for the Hudson River ferries, Hoboken and the narrow winding streets of the Jersey suburbs. It was almost midnight before we reached the farm of a friend, down in the Jersey pines, and there we all got out and spent the first night of our much-to-be-remembered transcontinental jaunt.

Day after day we traveled, at first eager, enthusiastic, charmed with the new adventure we were enjoying. Then subconsciously we each began to be a bit weary. Discomforts there were many—hot rooms at night, squalid quarters when we were delayed from making our paper schedule, unappetizing food, undrinkable water, uninteresting people, a mixture of dirt, dust, mud, hot rain, scorching wind.

It was June. Mosquitoes, flies and bees were very thick. The sun was very hot, so were the macadam highways, and our tires—well, they were very soft most of the time. In one week we had had nineteen punctures. Detours we found everywhere, and always some excuse by the road department of the particular state through which we were traveling.

Through Byways and Waterways

WE MADE surprisingly poor time. Our schedule had us in Chicago in four days; we got there in nine. We remained three to rest up, tinker with the car, and see if among ourselves we could not devise a means of getting rid of a large amount of our stuff. One member of the party had the brilliant idea of shipping most of our stuff ahead so that it would reach us somewhere along the road, and so that we could enjoy clean linen as a particular treat once in a while.

Five bags were therefore handed over to an obliging express company and, two weeks after the end of the trip, finally caught up with us; for we found, shortly after leaving Chicago, that it would be impossible to make the towns we thought we could make unless the weather changed considerably, which it did not.

The sun was shining somewhere evidently, but out in North Dakota and Montana it was raining that hot, dull, monotonous rain known to the inhabitants as "our longed-for shower."

A drought had long existed; crops were backward; everything had been done for weeks to get a little moisture into the air. Heavy charges of dynamite had been set off, airplanes had gone up, a rain maker had been employed, but all to no avail.

And then one afternoon, with no warning at all, it had started to sprinkle out of a clear sky, and continued for a couple of weeks or so, so that the highways had become byways, sometimes waterways.

We were constantly putting on and taking off chains, that invention of the wizard of gumbo. Often we found that we required chains in front as well; and often, too, the links would break and the accompanying sound would

A Flock of 3,400 Sheep Met on a Mountain Road Near Carson City, Nevada

help to cheer us up and make us feel that the trip was more than worth while—maybe!

One of us suggested singing. It helped some. Then we played auto poker—since made famous by the Crown Prince of Sweden, who, we understand, according to the Sunday press, played it constantly while touring this country a year ago. We even tried cross-word puzzles—that was before they had become so universally popular—anything to amuse us and while away the time. For six days solid we scarcely saw a tree; jack rabbits and prairie dogs were plentiful; some grouse strayed across our path, and an occasional sage hen.

The car, when we left New York, had had a beautiful gun-metal finish, helped considerably by doses of light oil. Now it had become the same as the countryside; its muddiness was appalling. Standing twenty feet away at dusk, one could not distinguish it from the road.

Until we reached the Bad Lands of North Dakota, where Roosevelt lived and first punched cattle, we had not had the least bit of engine trouble. But there we met our Waterloo. With no notice whatsoever, the motor stopped, our hearts stood still.

We all looked at one another in silence; we were too tired even to utter an oath of reproach.

Opening the hood, tinkering with the mechanism, tapping the gas tank, we spent one hour—two—three. Darkness, stars. The drizzle had stopped; a wonderful prairie moon; strange barking of distant animals. Later we learned they were coyotes; at the time we thought them wolves. No lights, no horn, no power.

An idea! Something electrical must be loose. Gently pulling the wires, we found them all sound. We groped down to the battery box under the front seat, where one weary occupant had gone to sleep. A connection had snapped.

That would be easy to repair—a little tape and we were off. But with the bumpiness of the road, so was it. In the end the sleeping beauty had to be removed to the back seat and the driver directed to squat on a suitcase and hold a tape with his right hand in such a position as to give contact from time to time.

No Time to Stop

AT THREE A.M. the stars went to bed, the moon said good night and the drizzle set in again. By then the road had become so indistinct that we all agreed to stop where we were until daylight. We tried to sleep; some of us dozed. Dawn came—a dull prairie dawn with the rustle of a breeze as it swept the rain clouds by.

Ahead of us, near the brow of a little rise, we saw a cabin almost imbedded in the mud; a fence, whitewashed in the early part of the twentieth century; some stalks of corn, and a board, flimsily tacked to a dilapidated post. Here at last, we said to ourselves, is a dwelling place where we can at least get some hot water to add to our instantaneous coffee and give us something warm to spur us on. Too, someone in that house would be able to give us directions and tell us whether we were on the right road or not. Somehow we felt we could answer this latter question ourselves, but we were not quite sure.

We drew up several hundred feet from the fence and debated among ourselves as to whether we should knock at the door or toot our horn until someone came out. It was still scarcely daylight, but we could distinguish a tiny window in a side of this house, which, by the way, was partially constructed beneath the ground, presumably, we thought, to prevent its being blown away by a cyclone. And also to keep its occupants warm in wintertime.

We tooted a number of times, and then there appeared at the window a form we could scarcely make out. Laughingly, a member of our party said, "It looks like a skeleton's face." An old person, we thought, who looks like a skeleton. And then, as daylight accentuated things, another weary traveler in the back seat let out a shriek and pointed to the flimsy sign we had noticed attached to the dilapidated post. There, in big letters, almost faded, we read:

LEPROSY KEEP OFF

For days—nay, weeks and months—and now eight years afterward I can still recall the feelings of fear, sadness, awe and uncanniness that stole over us as we read again and again, and then threw in our clutch and started jerkily forward once more.

In Western Montana we got along better than in the eastern section of the state, though we almost had a serious calamity there. It was just before we entered the mountains. All through the trip I had been on the lookout for storm clouds. On more than one occasion I had got myself thoroughly ridiculed by driving into barns, garages or filling stations to avoid a cloud which was blacker than the rest and which I feared meant something serious for the traveler out on the highway.

On almost all these occasions we had had a heavy downpour—once even hail—but nothing that would really have affected us, provided we could have got our side curtains up in time.

But in this instance it was different—at least, it appeared so to me. It had been very hot all day, but a breeze had been blowing—one that seemed to emanate from the very depths of hell itself. A cloud near the western horizon of such a depth of black as I have seldom seen, was spreading itself out and upward across the very ceiling overhead. The hot wind died suddenly. In all the books I had ever read about tornadoes, hurricanes or cyclones, this was one of the principal points. I knew it and confided my information to my companions, who simply roared with delight. We were passing through a good-sized little place at the time and they would have none of my folly for getting under cover.

Off on a Six Months' Tour of the National Parks, Climbing the Great Divide Near Silverton, Colorado

Beaten by their ridicule, I continued. There was a flash of lightning, a low threatening roar of distant thunder, a great stillness, broken only by the shrill call of prairie birds and the guttural whistling of prairie dogs. We put on speed. The old bus hummed along as though possessed of full knowledge of the approaching danger. A hamlet lay on the horizon; it grew swiftly closer; the road was full of chuck holes and had turns. Of a sudden there came a crackling up ahead; spring gone, we surmised, but kept up the speed even though the car took a list to starboard which boded us no good. Coming over the brow of a gully we saw some eight or ten houses at the bottom of the hill, along the banks of a dried-up stream.

Any Port in a Storm

"STOP there!" the back-seat drivers fairly shrieked. But no, we thought, the guidebooks tell us to be careful of such places. The rain will come and fill up that stream so quickly that the whole place will be under water in the twinkling of an eye. Down the gully we tore, round the hairpin curves, through the deserted village, up the other side of the ravine and out on the prairie again. More thunder, more lightning, more dreadful stillness; and then a drop—a big, grandfather drop—spluttering as though released from some giant's chest on high. And another and another; not fast, but surely, furiously. We came upon the hamlet so fast we had to back up to reach the one lone garage. Ours was the last car in—in fact just did get in. Ahead of us were all the foster children Henry Ford had ever wished to delegate to the great open spaces.

The garage was a long low-lying building of wooden construction. We had hardly scrambled out of the car before it sounded as though the whole roof was about to collapse. The wind was blowing lumps of mud from the street onto the wooden sidewalks. Not a soul was in sight; even the man who had let us into his garage had sought shelter in a brick building across the street. We spent the most exciting half hour we had had since the trip started, at each gust fearing the whole place would collapse on top of us. It was over as quickly as it had come, but the roads were impassable lakes of skiddy brown gumbo.

Cowboys, I have learned since my first trip, no longer ride horses near the highway; that is an art relegated to the professional circus and rodeo exhibitors. Those I saw were as modern as we city cliff dwellers. Cattle are often cared for, roped—or punched, as they call it—from the back seat of a gasoline wagon. And so all Henry's foster

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Vanderbilt and Superintendent Nusbaum of Mesa Verde National Park, Looking at the Cliff Palace, After the Run From Washington to Denver in 40 1-2 Hours

At Left—Vanderbilt at the Wheel of His Stock-Model Car, Just as the Speedometer Passed the 50,000th Mile in Twenty-One Months' Driving

A GOOD LITTLE MAN

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Junior Lifted His Voice: "O-o-o-o, Papa! O-o-o-o!"

"ANOTHER time," Mr. Whiting was saying, "I and a sergeant from the 16th Illinois were coming back to camp late at night, through some woods, when there was a noise in the bushes. In a second we had our guns out, guessing that probably some of Weyler's villains had crept through our picket lines, and this sergeant—his name was Maddox—Errol T. Maddox, from Evansville—was all for hurrying on to camp and calling out the guard, but I wanted to go right into the bushes then and there. That was the way I was; any time there was a chance of a little brush with the Spaniards, I was right there! Some of the men said I was foolhardy, taking so many risks like that, but somehow I never could keep from plunging into dangerous situations ——"

This much Mrs. Whiting heard as she paused on the threshold of the door, a faint, inscrutable smile in her eyes as she surveyed the group. Her husband, a perky little man with watery blue eyes, wisps of hair brushed ambitiously over a bald spot, and a thin, discouraged mustache, sat importantly in the largest of the chairs. Under the admiring gaze of his audience, consisting of his nine-year-old son, Junior, and two of Junior's coevals, James, from next door, and Edward, from across the street, he had expanded visibly. Their round unblinking eyes, gaping mouths and rapt attention were threatening, indeed, to dazzle him away from all reason altogether, when a chance roll of his eyes caught his wife at the door. He halted uncomfortably and cleared his throat. The children turned.

"I'm sorry, dears," she said, coming into the room, "but Junior's got to dress now. And you'd better be running home, too, if you don't want to be late. Come, Junior."

They jumped to their feet, eyes still gleaming with excitement, and Junior caught his mother's hand. "Mamma!" he gasped. "Papa killed three Spaniards! He was just telling us! They caught him by his self and he didn't have any gun and — "

She glanced toward her husband, now strolling toward the window and whistling softly, with exaggerated nonchalance. He stood, then, teetering back and forth on heels and toes, blandly studying the darkening landscape, a man clearly oblivious of what was being said.

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, "mamma knows all about it. You run on back to Lena and tell her to put on your blue suit. Tell James and Edward you'll see them in a little while. Hurry, now!"

They ran, and Mr. Whiting, scouting warily around the edge of the room, had made the door also, nearly, when Mrs. Whiting spoke:

"Webster!"

He halted guiltily. "I reckon I'd better hop upstairs and get my duds on too," he said hurriedly, glancing at his watch. "Got to do the kid proud, I suppose!" He laughed mirthlessly. "Dress clothes?"

"Webster," she repeated, "why on earth ——"

His voice came from the stairs: "I'm late now, Dot. Got to get a move on. Talk to you later ——" The bathroom door slammed.

She stared grimly at the stairs for a moment and then followed him up. Turning into their bedroom, she got out his Tuxedo, put cuff buttons and studs into his shirt, and then sat down and waited patiently during the offensively high-spirited bath beyond the closed door, through which came the sound of mighty splashing, resonant song and pneumatic gasps as a cold shower ended the ceremony. Soon he appeared, in socks and garters and underwear.

"Oh, hello!" He greeted her with the surprise of one who had never in the world expected to see her again so soon. "Oh, hello, Dot!"

"Webster," she said firmly, "why on earth ——"

He'd got his shirt and was fumbling with it. "You know, Dot," he mumbled, "we got to change laundries. I've been thinking about it for some time. I noticed a place down near the station the other morning ——"

"Webster, you listen to me!"

He looked up at her directly for the first time, his eyes wide with innocence. "Why, Dot!"

"Don't why-Dot me! Why do you tell those children all those lies about yourself?" She was provoked, and her voice showed it. "And don't start mumbling over that shirt again! What do you tell those lies for?"

"Lies!" Forgetful for the moment that a little man clad in only his underwear has little or no chance of drawing himself up with much dignity, Mr. Whiting nevertheless made the effort. "Why, Dot, what do you mean by saying I tell – tell lies to the children?"

"I heard you," she said; "I've heard you before. When were there ever any Spaniards in Florida?"

"Spaniards in Florida?"

"Yes, Spaniards in Florida!"

"Why, Dot, what on earth are you talking about—Spaniards in Florida?"

"You know very well what I'm talking about! What did you tell those children about killing three Spaniards in Florida?"

"Oh, that!" Apparently it was not until then clear what she was discussing. "Oh, you mean that!"

"Yes, that! What do you mean by telling them you killed three Spaniards in Florida—a plain lie, that's all!"

"Dorothy!" He looked at her coldly. "That is twice you have said 'lie' to me!"

"Well, why did you tell them that?"

"Did I say they were in Florida?" he demanded as aloofly as he could in his shirt and drawers.

"You were never in Cuba, and you know it! The Spaniards would have had to come to Florida if you were to kill them; I suppose that is what you're going to try to tell me they did When were you in Cuba?"

"Did I say I was in Cuba?"

"Stop asking those silly questions, Webster! I heard you telling Junior and those other children how you killed three Spaniards and everything, in Florida ——"

"Did you hear me say I killed three Spaniards?"

"Junior said you did!" She was getting more angry. "Junior said you told him you killed three Spaniards "

"And you believe your son in preference to your husband?"

She halted, baffled. Then: "You never said you didn't kill three Spaniards," she insisted. "Is Junior telling lies to me ——"

"Did I say Junior lied?"

Mrs. Whiting gave up. Before this she had come headlong into this peculiarly negative defense of Mr. Whiting's, and now, surrounded with as much haughtiness as his somewhat ridiculously skinny legs and flapping underwear would permit, he stood again, cold and wounded in dignity, but unhurt in principle. She rose.

"Get your trousers on," she said abruptly, clearly beaten. "You look silly standing there in your underwear. Get on something else"

She left him flushed and angry. He realized he looked ridiculous in his underwear; she shouldn't have thrown that up at him. It wasn't fair. Could he help it that he was little? Dog-gone Dorothy! He had a good mind to go right downstairs and give her a good talking to. What was the harm in telling those kids a little story or two? It wasn't as though it would hurt them; it gave them spirit. He staggered on one leg as he thrust the other in his trousers. Dog-gone Dorothy sometime!

He was still wrapped in a pallid shroud of hauteur when he stalked into the living room to take charge of the blue-suited Junior, now clean and shining and restless with the excitement of going out in the evening with his father. He caught Mr. Whiting's hand.

"What happened then, papa? When you pulled your gun out and the sergeant wanted to run away ——"

"Your father then shot three more Spaniards," his mother interrupted. "Try not to shoot any of the teachers, Webster, until I get there; it might break up the exercises. Did you bolt the kitchen door?"

"Now, look, Dot," he unbent to beg. "What's the use of making all this fuss over a little old story?"

She sighed with exaggerated patience. "Webster," she said, "I've asked you a thousand times not to tell those ——"

"Dorothy!" He straightened up again. "Remember, Junior is present!"

Mrs. Whiting closed her lips tightly. Then: "Did you bolt the kitchen door?"

"I was not aware," he replied, once more frigid, "that you asked me to."

"It might be just as well, unless it is your notion that we'd all be better off if this 'dinner burglar' or whatever they call this fellow that's running around Stamford, robbing houses, should come in and steal everything we've got."

Her husband, starting for the kitchen door, chose not to dignify this sarcasm with notice. "I was going to tell you," he said stiffly, "or I was trying to tell you when you started that little argument, the 'dinner burglar" was arrested this afternoon."

"You arrested him, I suppose," she suggested.

"Alex McGowan was telling me that a man in his office told him he heard the police got him this afternoon."

"It wasn't in the afternoon paper," she said doubtfully.

"Then I'd call up the editor if I were you," he replied politely, "and demand an explanation."

The kitchen door bolted, he stood presently at the curb in front of the house, Junior's hand in his as he looked gloomily for a taxicab. He'd been counting on this evening: he liked the gathering of fathers at the annual graduation exercises of his son's school; he got to talk to a number of them that he'd like to know better, though for some reason they never encouraged the acquaintanceship to go any further. He'd been in fine fettle for the occasion until Dot had begun picking on him. A taxi appeared at the corner and he waved a hand in that important way little men sometimes have.

"Number 5378 Cataline Avenue," he told the driver. "Hop in, Junior."

The car rolled away and Mr. Whiting slumped in a corner, sulking darkly. He felt sorry for himself, for his size, or rather lack of it, for the absence in him of that bold courage which makes heroes. Maybe he had drawn a bit of a long bow in those stories, but he couldn't see how it had hurt the children. But for a slight difference in circumstances and occasion they might very probably have been true. If a contingency had really arisen for the slaughter of three Spaniards, in Florida, Cuba or anywhere else, no doubt he would have ——

"Papa?"

"Yes, son."

The taxi slid around a corner and Mr. Whiting glanced out to see where they were.

"Papa, James says his papa isn't as brave as you."

"Yes?" he said warily.

"Yes, sir; he says his papa didn't kill but a million men, and I told him you killed a million million men. You did so, didn't you, papa?"

"Well," Mr. Whiting hesitated, "I shouldn't say ——"

"James' papa couldn't kill no million million Spaniards."

"Mustn't say 'couldn't kill no,'" Mr. Whiting corrected him. "Say 'couldn't kill any.'"

Junior was silent a minute, and then: "Papa, you promised to tell me what happened when you pulled out your pistol and the sergeant wanted to run away. What happened then, papa?"

Somehow Mr. Whiting was sorry the matter had to come up again. Somehow he felt a bit diffident about going further into the incident. "Oh, nothing much," he said reluctantly. The cab rolled uneasily around another corner. "It was just a trifle."

"You promised, papa."

"Oh, nothing much."

"But what, papa?"

"Well" he gazed abstractedly out of the window — "well, when I heard the noise I wanted to go right into the bushes, while Maddox—he was from the 16th Illinois Errol T. Maddox, of Evansville—wanted to go back to camp. So—so I went into the bushes alone."

He stopped, weakly determined not to go on with the story, but Junior tugged at his lapel.

"What was in the bushes, papa, please!"

Well, anyway, he reflected, Junior admired him; Junior respected his prowess. Whatever Dot might say, Junior, his son, his little boy, held him in awe. He glanced at him now, and under the spell of his enthralled interest he began to expand again.

"Why, son," he said, clearing his throat importantly, "there was, as I had guessed, one of Weyler's Spanish villains there—a monstrous fellow with big black mustaches." He glared fiercely at Junior. "I got him by the scruff of the neck and dragged him out. Oh, but he was a whopper! I was startled myself when I saw what I had got hold of, but I shook him like a terrier ——"

"Wasn't you scared, papa?"

Mr. Whiting laughed indulgently. "No, no, my son. I had my gun—Old Betsy, I called it—and I had the drop on him. Even if I hadn't, why, after all, I'd —I'd had other little brushes with the Spanish."

"My, but I'd have been scared!"

"No, my son, never be scared. Never think of fear. Remember always, you've got the blood of the Fighting Whitings in you."

The taxi stopped at the curb and the driver reached around and opened the door. Mr. Whiting glanced at the meter. Seventy cents. He climbed out and Junior scrambled after. The driver raised the flag on the meter.

Mr. Whiting fumbled for some change. "Seventy cents," he murmured half to himself.

"Eighty-five cents, Jack," the driver corrected him blandly, and Mr. Whiting looked up in surprise.

"The meter said seventy cents," he replied pompously. "I looked at it ——"

"Eighty-five cents, Jack," repeated the driver; "and don't try to pull none of that stuff on me, see?" He began edging out from behind the wheel.

Mr. Whiting stepped back in some alarm. "I tell you I saw the meter," he said, "and it registered seventy ——"

"I'll register you," promised the driver, stepping to the ground, "if you don't shell out eighty-five cents. Trying to bilk me, eh, because you got them dada clothes on." He gave Mr. Whiting a tentative push in the chest.

Suddenly pale, Mr. Whiting looked around wildly; the street seemed deserted. He caught a glimpse of Junior, eyes wide with excitement, little fists clenched nervously, and his heart, gripped with fright, dropped almost to his knees when that ill-advised child, with what Mr. Whiting felt was a peculiarly maleficent genius, chose that particular moment to contribute a word of suggestion.

"Why, Son, There Was, as I Had Guessed, One of Weyler's Spanish Villains There—A Monstrous Fellow With Big Black Mustaches"

"Hit 'im, papa!" he shouted. "Hit 'im in the nose!"

"Yeh!"

The driver gave the unhappy Mr. Whiting a second push. "So you gonna hit me, eh?" Another push. "Gonna gyp me out'n my money first and then hit me, eh?" Another push. "Think because you got on them dada clothes you can cheat a man ——"

"Hit 'im, papa—hit 'im!"

Step by step Mr. Whiting retreated, a push marking each step and at the same time shaking his derby to one side or the other, compelling him to clutch jerkily upward. Back, back, back he moved before this pressing lecture, until presently he had to stop; he had come to a fence.

"Hit 'im, papa—hit 'im in the nose!"

"Yeh?" Despite the fact that Mr. Whiting could not possibly retreat farther, the chauffeur continued to give him little shoves in the chest, and Mr. Whiting prayed silently that something definitely effective would happen to his son just for a few moments, anyway; just enough of a calamity to eliminate remarks from the sidelines which he felt certain could have no happy effects.

"I run into guys like you before, see, and I know ——"

Like a message from above there came in a flash to Junior's father, the idea of abandoning the somewhat embarrassing business of trying to keep his derby on straight and reaching into his pocket to produce suddenly for the driver a bill. The maneuver worked. The greenback — whether it was a one or a five, Mr. Whiting had no way of telling—was jerked from his hand. The truculent lout folded it carefully and shoved it into a vest pocket.

"That's better," he said; "and now, just so's you won't forget, I'm gonna ——"

Before Mr. Whiting could grasp the intention, the man suddenly lifted both hands, caught the restless derby by the brim on both sides and with a quick downward pull, jammed it over Mr. Whiting's ears and eyes so thoroughly that the brim came off and settled like a necklace around his collar. Blinded and terrorized, he stood quietly, shaking, until he heard the grind of gears.

Then: "Is—is he gone, Junior?"

"Y-yes, sir"

With some effort he succeeded in lifting the dome of his wrecked hat. The taxicab was far down the street.

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"Hit 'im, Papa—Hit 'im in the Nose!"

SUCCESS VIBRATIONS

"Gallagher, This New Gentleman Would Like to Look at Our Flower Beds Out in Front. Mr. Blinn Will Go With Him"

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THOUGH at first I had not altogether believed the young psychology professor, at the same time I did not see how I stood to lose anything by following his advice; and being as I was looking for a job and being as he did not charge me a cent for his scientific advice, and in addition offered advantages in the way of a more vibratory suit of clothes and a very vibratory satchel, I felt bound to give his method a trial and find out if I really had executive capacity the same as he stated.

"Remember," were his parting words, "though you are beginning at the bottom, by means of your native executive capacity and the magnetic vibrations which I have shown you how to emit, your rise to the top will be rapid indeed. Go to Factory Number 3 of the Consolidated By-Products Company, dressed just as you are now, in those vibratory clothes; keep your hands in those gloves; carry that pigskin bag; and don't forget those vibratory sentences you have just memorized. Science is banking on you, Mr. Beamer, to make good. And when you have made good, it will be a triumph for vibratory thinking."

The clothes for the experiment belonged to the professor, but fitted me as though made to order, because we were both about the same build and five-feet-four in height. Labels inside showed the clothes had been made in London, and the same thing was true of the satchel. And without boasting I can say that, dressed in this outfit and carrying the pigskin satchel in my hand, I looked good.

Having left the train at the station indicated, I went immediately to Factory Number 3. For a minute I paused outside the door of the Employment Bureau and, closing my eyes, repeated the following remarks, as instructed by the professor: "I am full of executive capacity. Though beginning at the bottom of the ladder I will rise rapidly to the top, because I hold the thought and emit success vibrations, and hence nothing can stop me."

Having said this three times, I opened my eyes and walked in.

"Well, what is it?" asked the party back of the desk. "If you have got something to sell, keep moving."

"I have nothing to sell," I replied, setting down my satchel and emitting success vibrations as rapidly as possible. "I am just looking for a job."

He got halfway up out of his chair and looked me over from head to foot, and also the satchel. "What kind of a job? You look like a pretty small man to hold down a job here."

"I may be small," I remarked, as previously directed, "but I am asking no special favors. Though I know I have executive capacity, I want to start at the bottom of the ladder and work my way up."

He settled back in his chair as though he were looking at a new kind of animal. "What is your name?"

I now followed exactly directions given by the psychology professor—that is, I emitted success vibrations at a high rate of speed, meanwhile acting as though I was pretending to think up some kind of fake name for myself.

"I am Henry Beamer," I stated finally, "from Janesville, Wisconsin."

It looked as though my vibratory attitude was having its effect, because his next remark came in a voice that might almost be called polite. "I'm afraid, Mr. Beamer, you can't go to work at the bottom of the ladder in those clothes."

"I have my working togs here in this bag," I responded, using the exact vibratory answer as recommended by the psychology professor.

"Well, if you'll just sit down, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer, I will consult Traveling Inspector Blinn, who is in charge now, and we will arrange your job for you."

I sat down and, as previously directed, pulled out the silver cigarette case which the professor had given me, and selecting a smoke, fitted it into a long cigarette holder. Then, leaning back, I closed my eyes and thought in a vibratory manner. About two minutes later the door opened and the employment manager came back, followed by a thin gentleman, six feet in height, with a smile which looked as though it was worked from behind by pulling a string.

This new party acted exactly as the psychology professor had predicted: The same as if extremely pleased to meet me.

"Well, well, well, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer. We are certainly delighted to see you here and I assure you that your progress in our establishment will be followed with the greatest interest. You can begin to work when you please, and since you wish to start at the bottom of the ladder, the sorting room will be as good a place as any. And if I may suggest, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer, do not begin with too much enthusiasm. Take things easy and if, from time to time, you wish to lay off for an afternoon, there is nothing to keep you from doing so."

"No," I said, using the remark written out for me by the young psychology professor and subsequently memorized, "though I feel I have executive capacity, I do not wish any special favors of any kind and would like to be treated the same as anybody else. I wish to begin at the bottom of the ladder and to enjoy promotions only when I have earned them. My father has always said that to appreciate a thing a man should earn it first."

I would have been more surprised at the way this interview turned out, if it had not been almost exactly as predicted by the psychology professor. And I congratulated myself on my good fortune in meeting up with him, as I shifted into my working clothes and went down to the sorting room.

There were only two of us there—myself and a party by the name of Gallagher. I had never supposed there was anybody so big in the world until I set eyes on this character. You could see his muscles under his shirt as they squirmed up and down his arms and along his back.

"What is the matter of you, funny face?" he grunted after we had worked about fifteen minutes. "Is it the first time you been away from mamma?"

"What is that again?" I asked, straightening up and at the same time looking around for something to use in case of emergency.

"You heard what I said. What is the matter of you? Before you come down that traveling inspector who is running the factory tipped me off to handle you gentle. Have you got weak joints or a weak head?"

"I have got neither," I replied, picking up a half brick and at the same time sending out success and confidence vibrations. "What I have got is executive capacity."

And with this quiet comment I bounced the brick off him.

When he was sitting up again and I had helped him wash his head a little, he asked, "Do you always act that way, so quick-like?"

"Well," I explained on my own hook, because the psychology professor had not given me any instructions about meeting a party by the name of Gallagher, "when I was growing up I noticed that people were always picking on me as the result of my being undersized, and I soon found out that the only way to act was to act quick, except in the case of my father, who used to be a professional wrestler and who is still good. So if they are not too big I generally sock them in the eye with my fist. But if I cannot get away with that, I hit them with the first thing handy. When I cannot use my fists I use my feet, and if I cannot kick I bite, and if I cannot even do that, I try to come up sudden and hit them under the chin with the top of my head. But I always do something, because I do not like to be imposed on. I am here in this factory beginning at the bottom of the ladder with the idea of working my way up, because I have executive capacity."

"I will say you got executive capacity all right, and from now on we are buddies. And I wish, when you get to the top of the ladder, you would work me into an office job, because that is what I have always wanted. This afternoon, if you have not found a boarding house yet, I will show you where I live. The chow is good, though there is not enough of it."

That evening at Gallagher's boarding house I was putting my things in the top drawer of the bureau when a girl came to the door and asked if everything was all right.

"Yes," I said, very favorably impressed by her good looks and emitting vibrations to correspond.

"You were certainly doing well to get a job as quick as this," was the young lady's next remark. "How did you work it? You don't happen to be a chum of old man Hazeltine's, do you?"

"Executive capacity," was my reply, as I wondered who she was and whether I would find out at the evening meal.

I now sat down and wrote a letter to the psychology professor I had met on the train, telling him all and thanking him for the vibratory suit of clothes and satchel and gloves, and also for his invaluable advice. As he had refused to disclose his identity, I was forced to address the letter, as directed, to a room in a New York hotel.

The name of the girl turned out to be Myra, and she was an orphan and the landlady's second cousin.

II

THOUGH by this time I did not have any doubt as to my executive capacity, and though I was sure that by holding the thought I would be able to send out success vibrations which would convince all concerned of my rise to the top of the ladder, I had not expected my promotion to be so rapid. And if anybody had asked me "How soon do you expect to be at the top of the ladder, Mr. Beamer?" I would have answered, "Well, the psychology professor said if I would continue to send out success vibrations and keep my mouth shut and follow all instructions as instructed, I would probably arrive at the top of the ladder in a month; but personally I do not expect to get there before a year at least."

So I was much surprised at what happened on the third day after I had taken the job in the sorting room.

"In Fact I Saw Through Your Disguise All by Myself Before Mr. Blinn Told Me. You are Harold Blagden Hazeltine, Second"

Mr. Blinn entered, smiling as though somebody had pulled the string a little harder than usual.

"Well, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer," he said, "what do you think of our little shop now?"

"It is a good place to work in," I responded, looking at him in a vibratory manner and at the same time holding the thought that I had executive capacity and would soon get to the top of the ladder.

"A good place to work in—ha-ha. Yes, that is what we think, too, and we are always ready to appreciate those who do work. It is a pleasure for us to find a man of energy and intelligence who is fit for something better. And when we find a man like that, if we haven't a place for him, we make one."

"Yes," I said, leaning on my shovel and holding the thought harder than ever.

"Yes, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer, ability counts in the industrial world of today, and we cannot afford to let the man who possesses it waste his time doing low-grade work. I am going to transfer you into the machine shop. You will earn a dollar more a day and you will find the work more interesting. Report to me at noon."

"What did I tell you?" said Gallagher when Mr. Blinn had left. "You are now on your way, and when you get to the top of the ladder I hope you will give me an office job, because that is my ambition."

When I came back to the boarding house at half-past five, I told Myra about my promotion.

"You may be full of executive capacity," she said, after looking me over, "but except for those swell clothes of yours, you look to me just like the rest of our boarders. I can't figure out why you were promoted so quick, but as I am not a detective, I will say nothing and accept your kind invitation to the movies."

That evening I had another proof of what mental success vibrations would do when applied according to directions. It was the first showing in town of Gloria Floriana in her big feature film, Passion Lilies, and the street in front was jammed.

"We will never get in," Myra said.

Closing my eyes and holding the thought of two good seats, I sent out rapid vibrations to that effect, at the same time reaffirming the fact of having executive capacity.

When I opened my eyes Mr. Blinn was to be observed getting out of his automobile. Leaving Myra, I walked over to where he was.

"Well, well, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer, so you are a movie fan like the rest of us," he remarked, with a smile that would make you think he was suffering from lockjaw, but making the best of it.

"Yes," I said, vibrating my solar plexus, "and I would like to get two good seats for the show tonight."

"We will fix up that little thing right off. I know the manager."

"That is what it means to savvy how to go about getting what you want," I explained to Myra as we were let in through a private entrance and given our pick before the crowd was let in. And the way she looked at me showed how much she appreciated my executive capacity.

I spent about two weeks in the machine shop, being moved from one machine to another until I knew them all, though maybe not very well. There was no remarks passed in my hearing, because, in spite of my being small, I already had a reputation on account of what I had done to Gallagher. Every evening when I came home from work, after closing my eyes and vibrating a little in a quiet way, I would write to the psychology professor in his New York hotel, and about every three days I would receive a reply. What he wrote was signed only "The Professor" and what he said was always about the same thing: "Gratified to hear of progress. Hold thought and continue vibrations, and do not communicate secret of success to anyone."

It was the beginning of my third week in the machine shop that Mr. Blinn told me to wash up and come into the office, because he wanted to speak to me. For a minute I was afraid I was going to be fired, but I went to the interview vibrating rapidly and holding the thought that the

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"Yes, Myra, I am Now General Manager of Factory Number Three"

American Policy in Nicaragua

By HENRY L. STIMSON

IN A PREVIOUS article I have endeavored to give a picture of the underlying geographical, racial and historical conditions which control the situation in Nicaragua, and to sketch briefly the events which led up to the recent revolution, closing with a summary of the situation as it stood in March last.

On March 31, 1927, on the suggestion of the State Department, I was requested by President Coolidge to go to Nicaragua as his special representative to investigate for him the entire situation in that country, to confer with our Minister, Mr. Charles C. Eberhardt, and Admiral Julian L. Latimer, commanding the naval forces, and to bring back my views for the use of our Government. I was expressly given the utmost latitude with reference to observations on the policy theretofore adopted. The State Department not only put me under no restrictions as to comment or criticism, but, on the contrary, invited it. The President's only instructions other than to investigate and report were that if I should find a chance to straighten the matter out he wished I would try to do so. No envoy ever received wider latitude or more loyal support. If errors of judgment were committed, the fault thereof lies at my door.

After the Battle at Chinandega

In Oval — Pay Autos of Moncada's Army

Although I had been intrusted with somewhat similar missions to Latin America when I was Secretary of War, I had never been to Nicaragua, and, as it happened, had never in my public or professional life come in contact with any of its political or business problems. So far as ignorance could free it from prejudices or commitments, my mind was a clean slate.

My party consisted of Mrs. Stimson and myself, with Consul General William Dawson as interpreter. We sailed from New York on April ninth on the Chilean steamship Aconcagua. At the Pacific end of the Canal we were met by the United States cruiser Trenton, which took us 700 miles north to the Nicaraguan port of Corinto.

One of the controlling features of the Nicaraguan problem is the difficulty and slowness of its communication with the outside world. Its large cities and main population lie near the Pacific Coast, where its only considerable seaport is that of Corinto. Regular liners are scarce on that coast; there is nothing to compare with the frequent service established by the United Fruit Company on the Caribbean side of the Isthmus, and passengers and mails going to and from Corinto must often wait two or three weeks for a liner or else travel by small freight steamers and tramps. As a consequence, the outside world receives very little direct news from Nicaragua except what comes through the expensive medium of cables and radio.

The Evidences of War

DURING the recent revolution the agents of Doctor Sacasa, the revolutionary chief, who maintained their posts near the Atlantic Seaboard not only at Puerto Cabezas in Nicaragua but in Costa Rica, Guatemala, Mexico and the United States, had far easier and cheaper communication with the American press than the Nicaraguan Government, whose mail communications had such a roundabout and slow journey to travel.

I found when I came to conduct my own investigation that this comparative superiority of facility enjoyed by revolutionist propaganda in reaching America had quite seriously warped the accuracy of our American news, in as much as most of the political statements which reached the American public came from revolutionary sympathizers, many of whom had not visited Nicaragua for years and consequently had no first-hand knowledge of existing conditions and opinion.

From Corinto the only railroad in the country, a narrow-gauge line, runs 130 miles southeasterly, parallel to the coast, touching the principal cities of Chinandega, León, Managua, the capital, and finally Granada on the border of Lake Nicaragua.

At Corinto we were met by Minister Eberhardt and Admiral Latimer and proceeded at once by rail to the capital, a journey of approximately 100 miles. That the country was in the grip of war was evident even from the car windows. The portion of the land through which we passed was evidently of great fertility. There were long stretches of open farming country interspersed with park-like vistas of beautiful trees, but the fields were uncultivated and little farming was going on. A large portion of the city of Chinandega was in ashes. Almost every man or boy whom one met either in the country or cities was armed. It was a common sight to see a farmer driving his cattle or leading his pack horse with a military rifle strapped across his back, while the butt ends of revolvers and automatics produced telltale creases in the garments of such male Nicaraguans as one met or did business with in town.

The total absence of improved lines of communication in Nicaragua has exercised great influence on its history. Other than the railway, there were literally no roads connecting these important cities except narrow rutted trails over which oxen with difficulty pulled the heavy Nicaraguan carts. In the rainy season most of these become impassable for anything except pack trains. Two improved roads lead out of Managua, the capital, in opposite directions, continue for a few miles and then stop. Motor transportation is impossible anywhere except in the dry season, and then only over a few roads and with great difficulty.

Jubilant Managuans Greeting Moncada's Soldiers After Peace and Disarmament Were Declared

In Touch With Public Opinion

THE Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua was distant from us much less than 200 miles as the crow flies, but it takes longer to get there than to go from New York to San Francisco, and the only way of going was by sea through the Panama Canal, unless one was willing to travel on foot through the jungle or to follow down a tropical river in a canoe.

My first effort on arrival was to put myself in touch with all responsible sources of public opinion in order that I might get at the underlying facts of the situation. I first conferred with our American representatives on the ground, Minister Eberhardt and Admiral Latimer, as well as Gen. Logan Feland, who commanded the landed forces. I then immediately called on the president and held conferences with him and the members of his cabinet. I then sought to meet the responsible leaders of public opinion of all parties and factions. I visited Granada, which is the historic center of the Conservative Party, and held conferences with the leading men of that city. I visited León, which is the corresponding center of the Liberal Party, and held conferences with their leaders there.

Day after day, for several weeks, I spent my mornings at Managua, receiving calls from such gentlemen as wished to give me their views upon the situation and its possible remedies.

It was comparatively easy to get the responsible views of the Conservatives, who were well organized and in possession of the government. It was more difficult with respect to the Liberals, many of whose leaders were in exile or actually fighting in the revolutionary army. But fortunately many responsible Liberal leaders remained in the country, and as it became clear that I wished to get

their views and that they would not be punished or persecuted by the government for visiting me and giving them to me, they came more and more easily and talked with me.

As a result of this work, the following general conclusion gradually became clear in my mind:

First as to the military situation and conduct of the war: The principal armies of the government and of the revolutionists were confronting each other in the wild, mountainous country near Muy Muy, between fifty and seventy-five miles northeast of Managua. At the time I left New York, cable dispatches had reported important victories by the government forces over the revolutionists. I soon found, however, that these reports had been greatly exaggerated and that, though the government army had apparently forced back its opponents, the latter were not disorganized and soon afterward under their skilled leader, Moncada, they appeared again on the flank of their enemies at Boaco, considerably nearer to Managua.

Both Factions in Accord

GOVERNMENT garrisons occupied all the principal cities and towns in the neighborhood of the railways, and occasionally these garrisons were attacked or threatened by small groups of rebels operating independently. Some of these groups professed to be Liberals acting in cooperation with Moncada; others were mere guerrillas or bandits taking advantage of the war to prey upon the country. One of the former groups, under a leader by the name of Cabulla, had attacked the city of Chinandega a couple of months before my arrival, and after bloody and desperate fighting, had been driven off by the government forces. But in the course of the fighting a large portion of the city had been destroyed by fire.

General Esquamilla, of Moncada's Army

The armies of both sides were largely recruited by conscription among the lower classes of the population. Unfortunate men were hauled from the logging camps on the Atlantic Coast by the Liberals or from their homes in the cities in the west by the Conservatives and forced into the respective armies to fight for causes about which they knew nothing. I myself saw boys of eleven and twelve side by side in the ranks with men old enough to be their grandfathers. Even women were to be found in both armies. But practically all in the rank and file came from the lower strata of the population and were of either Indian or mixed blood.

As a result of this system of conscription, there was a constant stream of desertions from both armies, gradually filling the country with unorganized but armed men who constituted a source of disorder and banditry. Many of them found it much easier to live on the country than to work, and the possession of weapons as well as the disorganization of authority gave them abundant opportunity to do so.

On the other hand, when the armies came into contact they fought bravely and with great bitterness, and the losses in proportion to their numbers were large on both sides. Prisoners were not being taken and unmistakable evidence came to me that during the Chinandega fighting the wounded were butchered with great brutality.

The conditions of the climate and country where the battles were fought served also to render the fate of the wounded terrible beyond description. Flocks of vultures filled the air ready to pounce upon any victims unable to defend themselves. Except the slightly wounded, very few reached the hospitals that had been established in Managua.

In general, the military situation was one of deadlock. Both armies fought well on the defensive; neither possessed the organization or discipline for effective continuous offensive action. The Conservative forces were the more numerous; the Liberals had, under Moncada, the more skillful leader

Under these circumstances, it was abundantly clear that a pacification of the country could not be looked for from the efforts of either army, and time was working rapidly toward a disintegration of all authority into a condition of anarchy. This last tendency would have been infinitely more rapid except that the presence of our marines, wherever they were located, indirectly lent assurance to the law-abiding portions of the populations—much as the mere presence of a big policeman tends to stabilize conditions when the air is full of rowdyism.

That the law-abiding and peaceful part of the population was thoroughly weary and sick of war also became clear beyond any peradventure. On this the expressions of the women to my wife, who accompanied me and who met many representative Nicaraguan women, was quite significant. Though they are not invested with suffrage, Nicaraguan women play an important part in their communities, and the women of all parties that we met, without exception, were against the war. Even close relatives of prominent revolutionary leaders were outspoken in their demand that their kin should not allow legal or constitutional questions to stand in the way of a fair compromise and an early peace.

To enforce this desire for peace, the rainy season was approaching, bringing with it the time for planting the annual crops and also making the movement of armed forces more difficult.

Unless the war could be stopped in time for planting the new crop in June, another whole agricultural year would be lost. These factors served to emphasize the importance of an early settlement and also contributed to make it more possible.

Another general feature in the situation which became perfectly clear was that the people of both parties were friendly to the United States, and were looking to us for active assistance to get them out of this deadlock and its distressing consequences. This was personally a surprise to me. I had expected to find the Conservatives friendly because of the general impression that their political fortunes had, ever since 1912, been favored by the presence of our legation guard of marines in Managua. I had expected to find a corresponding resentment on the part of the Liberals and that perhaps the chief political stock in trade of that party would be anti-Americanism. I had been prepared for this not only by the outgivings of some of the Liberal propagandists in the United States but also by the assertions of American critics of our Nicaraguan policy.

A Luncheon Given at the American Legation for the Sacasa Delegates. In Circle—Mr. Stimson and Admiral Latimer in the Latter's Garden at Managua

I consequently tested this phenomenon with particular care, trying to make allowances for all misleading factors. As a result, I found the leaders of both parties earnestly seeking our intervention and asserting the paramount interest of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of orderly and responsible government throughout Central America.

A Supervised Presidential Election

THESE sentiments were expressed to me not only by the moderate Liberals who were living in the country but by men who were in active revolution. They were expressed to me by the Sacasa delegates when I met them later. General Moncada, the head of the revolutionary forces in the field, in former times had put himself on record publicly in support of the right of the United States to intervene in Nicaragua to assist in the establishment of order and liberty.

In the next place, the form of assistance which all parties desired and were agreed upon was that we should supervise the conduct of their coming national election in October, 1928. Under the Nicaraguan constitution, their president is elected every four years, on the same year as our American President. Their congress consists of a senate and house of deputies; one-third of the senate and one-half of the house is elected every two years.

The leaders of all parties readily admitted that Nicaragua had never had a really free election; that the government habitually controlled the result and that the habit was so inveterate and ingrained that

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General Moncada, Second From the Left, at Tipitapa With Several of His Chiefs

CHAPARRAL

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE mound was some fifteen feet in length by half that width and between two and three feet in height. A dozen holes, each of perhaps four inches in diameter, afforded entrance to it from as many different angles. The amount of earth in the mound testified to the fact that the system of underground galleries from which it had been excavated was of considerable extent, no doubt the work of several generations of occupants. Well-defined paths formed a network of highways and cross arteries of travel connecting the numerous domiciles in the immediate vicinity.

A casual observer would have pronounced the scene one of absolute desolation, an expanse of landscape so harsh and savage as to be devoid of life; but the single observer was no casual one and he had fashioned his blind of brush and cactus for the particular purpose of conducting a twenty-four-hour vigil and spying upon the life that teemed on all sides of his place of concealment.

It was that hour when the shades of night were being dispersed by the vague suggestion of advancing dawn, that period during which the night prowlers of the desert were preparing to go off shift and before the light-loving denizens had emerged for the day. Looming about the silent watcher were tall shapes that towered against the graying sky, taking on the semblance of prehistoric monsters with menacing uplifted arms. The spreading dawn transformed these fearsome goblins into members of the giant cactus tribe, some of them forty feet in height.

There was no sign of life, yet the observer knew that this misleading evidence was only because of his recent activities, which had caused the desert dwellers to suspend their own. Presently they would be resumed, for on all sides of him Nature's creatures were ready to continue their affairs, killing endlessly to keep life in their bodies, watchfully alert to prevent the sacrifice of their own lives in turn in compliance with the law of claw and fang which none could evade for long. All about him, so soon as the alarm occasioned by his recent activities had subsided, the desert people would start in upon a day that was to be crowded with loves and tragedy, with serious business of life and brief snatches of carefree play, a day of strenuous activity with every instant fraught with the prospect of sudden death, Nature urging her creatures forever on the meat trail.

Crimson bathed the eastern sky. A figure flashed along one of the trails, its body strikingly marked with tan and white, progressing in graceful leaps and aided in maintaining balance by a long furred tail. Jerbo, the kangaroo rat, being nocturnal of habit, was preparing to retire for the day. As he sat before the entrance to his home for a last survey of the neighborhood, his weight rested upon powerful hind quarters, his arched back and short forelegs lending him the appearance of a diminutive kangaroo. Tiny stirrings from the underground corridors announced that his mate and some of his six half-grown offspring had returned before him. He thumped his powerful hind feet and from within came the drumming responses of his mate. Something startled him and he darted inside.

A form stirred, moving without a sound, its pale tan fur blending with the tawny sands, and a desert fox, an animal perhaps two-thirds the size of a jack rabbit, with a bushy tail almost the length of its body, emerged from behind a yucca and stood peering at Jerbo's home mound. It was a beautiful creature, this little killer of the desert wastes, with grace in every line and rippling in every movement. For the space of half a minute she stood with one forepaw uplifted as if about to take another step, then sank to the ground, nose flattened between her forepaws, her hind legs tensed to propel her body in a lightning leap if her prospective prey should emerge. Then from the underground retreat came the sound of Jerbo's powerful hind feet thumping their warning tattoo.

The fox, thus apprised of the fact that the occupants of the mound were aware of her presence, rose and advanced to the nearest exit, applied her nose and sniffed tentatively at the tantalizing odor of hot meat that emanated from the depths. Suddenly from behind the blind there sounded a squall of warning. The dog fox, passing down wind, had caught the scent of the concealed intruder. As if the cry of her mate had been the pressing of a button that released steel springs within her trim body, the she fox galvanized into flight with a burst of speed so tremendous, yet of such flowing effortless grace, that she seemed but a tawny shadow against the sand, a flitting wraith that vanished in a brace of seconds.

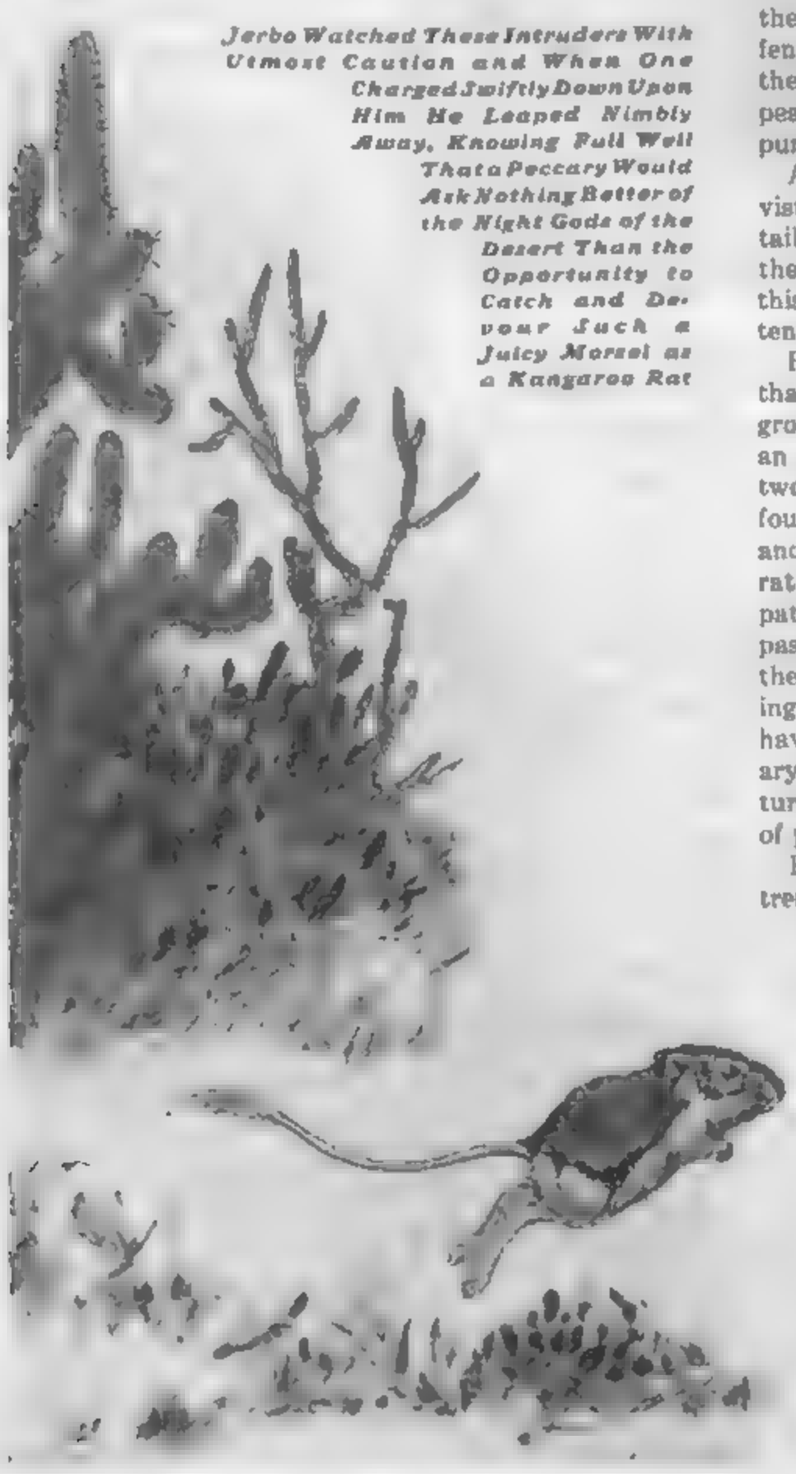
Jerbo settled down for a well-earned nap after a night of strenuous activity. His slumbers, however, were light and he was easily roused by the least disturbance outside. The light and fitful nature of his sleep was occasioned by the fact that a sound from the outside frequently presaged the subsequent intrusion of an enemy; for though the daylight hours were those dedicated to rest and to indoor activities, it did not follow that other desert dwellers observed them in that spirit. Far from it. A colony of kangaroo rats, constituting a favorite resort for many varieties of desert life, is

subject to invasion at any hour of the day or night.

From far out across the desert an Arizona coyote, the smallest and most highly colored of all our wolves, lifted his voice in an eerie soprano peal. Others of these jolly little marauders joined the mirthful chorus, improvising odd vocal variations in quavering falsetto and staccato yelps that rippled up and down the coyote scale.

As if he had been waiting only for this knock-off whistle that warned the night prowlers that their shift had ended, a desert sparrow pitched to the top of a straggling ocotillo shoot and launched his clarion greeting to the dawn. And as if they in turn had waited only for this cheery summons, the daylight workers of the desert emerged to stand reveille. A woodpecker thrust his head from a hole in a giant cactus and emitted a strident shriek. A covey of valley quail scurried across the sand. Piping bird notes sounded from all sides. A half mile from the blind the dark bulk of the desert hills rose from the flats, their lower slopes densely chaparral clad, and from the lofty barren ledges there sounded an outbreak of raven conversation and the raucous chatter of a pair of magpies.

A chaparral cock, the road runner of tale and legend, moved into view. He speared a few luckless insects that were still dormant from the chill predawn air of the desert and varied his diet with seeds, leaves and sprouting vegetation. These small activities continued while the fiery red ball of the sun thrust above the horizon and mounted slowly into the heavens. Even when the sun was but an hour high the increasing warmth of it became apparent, dissipating the chill. A sidewinder—a rattlesnake so named from the peculiar quartering method by which it travels—moved through the cactus, intent upon retiring to some underground retreat after a night of hunting. For it is not only in its style of locomotion wherein the sidewinder differs from others of its race. The sidewinder cannot endure the heat, and an hour beneath the merciless rays of the noonday summer sun might serve to destroy it; so this little hitch-along snake is largely nocturnal in its habits, hunting through the chill night that renders other rattlers sluggish and half dormant.



Jerbo Watched These Intruders With Utmost Caution and When One Charged Swiftly Down Upon Him He Leaped Nimbly Away, Knowing Full Well That a Peccary Would Ask Nothing Better of the Night Gods of the Desert Than the Opportunity to Catch and Devour Such a Juicy Morsel as a Kangaroo Rat

The Mother Skunk Was No Larger Than a Fox Squirrel and With Her Traveled Six Youngsters Scarcely Larger Than Chipmunks

The road runner, his keen eyes detecting the movement, raced to the spot, but upon discovering the nature of his intended prey he contented himself with a moment's wise contemplation. His mate, who had descried his swift rush, raced to join him, but she also halted upon discovering the object that had occasioned it. Then both birds moved on about their affairs. The sidewinder was small—not over sixteen inches in length. Perhaps if it had been of lead-pencil dimensions the road runners would have slain it, as they sometimes varied their diet by dispatching small reptiles. But the far-famed reputation of the road runner as the mortal enemy of all snakes and of being endowed with the cunning to surround huge rattlers with hastily erected fences of cactus and then teasing the creatures into lashing themselves to death against the thorny inclosure, while appealing to human fancy as a likely theme for stories, is purely mythical.

A tiny lizard darted across the hen road runner's field of vision and she launched into immediate pursuit, her long tail flipping out to balance her on the turns. She speared the luckless sand swift on the crest of Jerbo's mound. Even this slight commotion disturbed him and he gave a few tentative thumps, ready to flee if occasion demanded.

Presently a pallid rattlesnake, its skin of a pinkish cast that blended well with the sand, emerged from some underground retreat and writhed slowly into sight from behind an agave plant. Its body was thick and stubby, almost two inches in diameter, although its length was but a scant four feet. Occasionally it reared its flat triangular head and peered about. When it reached a well-beaten kangaroo-rat trail, it halted, then altered its course to parallel this path. A big flashy cactus wren scolded as the monster passed a patch of thorny brush that sheltered her nest, then fell to the sand a few feet before the evil head, fluttering in apparent helplessness. An uncritical observer would have considered this act as evidence supporting the legendary tales that serpents cast a sinister spell upon small creatures, exerting an influence that charms them into a species of paralysis and renders them incapable of flight.

But the big cactus wren, while simulating the fluttering tremors of approaching death, was far from paralyzed. As the evil head veered toward her she gave a convulsive flop that carried her just beyond striking range of the deadly fangs. She led the monster farther from her nest and would have continued this decoying process save for the fact that the rattler, who had been similarly misled on many previous occasions, gave up the pursuit and held on his way with definite purpose. Attaining to a point where several trails of the kangaroo rats converged, he reared his head as if to size up the situation. Then, half coiling, he pressed down and out, widening the loop of his coils and propelling the loose sand away from a central point. For the space of a minute he occupied himself with such activities. Having fashioned a circular depression some ten inches in diameter and two inches in depth, if one includes the ridge of excavated sand that rimmed it round, he arranged his coils in this retreat that commanded the converging intersections of the various highways of the kangaroo-rat colony and settled himself for a long vigil.

Jerbo settled down for a comfortable nap. Outside his doorway the inexorable law of the circle, which decrees that life may go on only through death, was working with routine efficiency—countless lives sacrificed to the end that one life might be prolonged. A flicker whose nest was in a hole high in a giant cactus busied herself near an ant hill and greedily devoured its workers. It would require several thousand such tiny living morsels to keep life in her own body for the day. A dozen ants were locked in a struggle to the death with a captured grasshopper, intent upon making a meal of the victim. The flicker, observing the fray, hopped swiftly to the scene and devoured both factions. The covey of plumed quail scurried endlessly, an army of devastation intent upon the annihilation of the insect hordes. On all sides the feathered hosts were on the meat trail, exploring the chaparral, scratching beneath the surface of the sand and winging through the air above it in search of prey. A half-grown horned toad was similarly engaged. Perhaps fifty insect lives a day had been sacrificed to keep life pulsing in his tiny frame. One of a pair of nesting sparrow hawks swooped suddenly and the horned toad's life was forfeited in turn in compensation of the law of the circle through which Nature's delicate balance is maintained by tooth and claw.

The sun rode high. The young of woodpecker, flicker and sparrow hawk, housed in holes in giant cactus plants, had been fed; likewise the young of cactus wren and road runner, domiciled in stick-constructed nests in the chaparral. Nature, manifesting herself as one vast appetite, seemed temporarily appeased and ready to declare a brief truce during the intense heat of the desert noon. The members of the feathered army rested, retiring to the shade of the chaparral. There was no sign of life, save for an occasional flash of red or orange wings as some hopper whirred aloft. The pink coils of the pallid rattler remained motionless in his saucer-shaped place of ambush. High in the brassy sky two big hawks soared lazily, apparently slumbering while awing. And in the shelter of the green-and-tan matting that served as a canopy for his blind, the watcher, having nibbled a sandwich and quaffed deeply from a huge canteen, closed his eyes and slept as soundly as Jerbo, the kangaroo rat, was sleeping in his cool underground retreat.

Two hours passed, a third, and still the truce of appetite was observed. Then Jerbo stirred uneasily. A flicker had uttered an excited shriek from somewhere outside. Other birds joined in in this outcry as a big gopher snake came gliding upon the scene. Jerbo's ears detected a slight sound of slithering progress. Instantly he thumped a warning tattoo that was echoed by his mate. A sinister head was thrust round a turn in the corridor and upon the instant Jerbo launched into terror-stricken flight with the gliding menace in swift pursuit. Emerging into the open from the nearest exit, the dazzling glare of the sun almost blinded Jerbo, whose eyes were best adapted to nocturnal vision,

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THIS VERY ANCIENT SONG

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

IT WAS when he unwrapped the bar of chocolate that the great lady began to look at Lupus. Her chins oscillated slightly to the train's motion, and the stir of her eyelashes, when she blinked, seemed to accompany her gentle quivering in the tight green chair. She made—what was that word?—oh, yes! She made a kind of rhythm. Her chins and her lashes and the rounds of her personality tied into a neat black gown vibrated all together. It was quite musical and very pleasant, because she was pretty inside layers of plumpness, and not so old, at that. No Van Eck ever got fat, and Lupus nibbled an end of the chocolate bar, wondering how it felt to be—kind *of*—done up in overcoats of yourself. She must have been a good-looking girl. Her skin was white and made him think of china, and her soft black hair had not begun to gray yet. He ate an inch of chocolate and beamed at the lady because she beamed at him.

"Ain't this train any candy boy on it?"

"No'm," said Lupus; "it's a fast express. We don't stop again till we get to Albany."

"Which is what you'd expect," the lady said, "of a train in this part of the landscape. Breakfast before eight o'clock is just about as useless as a bull in skirts. . . . Oh, well!"

She now opened a patent-leather sack and got out a paper bag. Removing three peppermint drops from the bag into her hand, she smote them into her mouth at a blow and presently repeated this stroke. She became even nicer to look at. Something benign and sort of religious—the same look that pop had when a colt born on the Van Eck dominion got a first place at Saratoga. She must be very hungry.

"Hey, could you get away with the rest of this chocolate?"

"It isn't good manners to deprive you of it," said the lady.

"You ain't depriving me of a thing, ma'am. I bought it off a hunchbacked fella in the station for luck. I'm not hungry."

"Well, my necessity is greater than yours," she said. "I guess I ain't got that quotation right. I never do unless they're out of the Bible, which mamma beat into my head when I was a girl. I could say most of Ecclesiastes and some of Ezekiel right now. . . . Thank you. I hope nobody ever sells you a bad horse."

"How did you know I'm interested in horses?"

"Ahyhody hoo hell," said the lady. Then she swallowed the chocolate in her mouth and translated: "Anybody could tell. You've got that kind of hands. . . . It's pretty nice chocolate and I'm certainly grateful. I don't know that startin' off on an errand of mercy at half-past seven in the mornin'—and my daughter in New York has a servant girl which she pays twenty-three a week to, but the cookin' is worth not more than one dollar and a kick behind—no, startin' anywhere, let alone a town in which you're a perfect stranger, before eight o'clock, with three pieces of burnt toast, one egg and two cups of coffee inside of you, is nothing! I'm fifty, too!"

"Hard to believe it," said Lupus.

"Save that for your wife," she said, beaming, and then there was no more chocolate.

"How you know I've got one?"

"There's several fool women around where you live if you ain't. No, you're married as can be."

"You're smart," said Lupus. "Yeh, I've been married sincet June eighth."

"Second time, or third?"

"Second," said Lupus. "Sue—my first wife—died back in 1913. An awful nice girl too. Carolus—my kid—is eighteen. I got married kinda young the first time. It was my eighteenth birthday. Pop gave me twenty dollars. He'd just thrashed me for gettin' fired from high school. An' Sue an' I went over to Rangerville to look at a collie pup. We got married instead. Her dad pitched a flowerpot at me. Anyhow, we were awful happy. She'd got your kind of complexion. . . . You been visitin' a daughter in New York?"

The great lady licked the tin foil emptied of chocolate in an inoffensive, sad way and admitted this. If Fern had to move her husband away East to New York, it was the girl's own business; but at least, with John Watson making good money as an electric-refrigerator salesman, there ought to be a hired girl who could cook in the flat. Caviar sandwiches with the cocktails before dinner meant nothing at all when you didn't drink cocktails, and as for this hired girl and a beefsteak, they oughtn't to be let loose in the same room. The lady fairly panted, her black hat nodding in the September sunlight.

And Then a Racing Tree in Blue Serge Arrived Before This Woman and Lifted Her From Her Feet Between Two of its Upper Limbs

"I said, 'Fern Egg Watson, you know that your poppa ain't any more taste in cookery than a goat has, which ain't none; but if I ever let a hired girl's hand maltreat a steak like this Finnish person has done tonight, John Egg could leave me right off and I wouldn't have a word to say, neither.' I said, 'I'm fifty years of age, and some have said of me around corners where they didn't think I could hear—which is what people always think about corners—that I ain't as smart as some, and the Lord knows it's probably true enough, at that; but to take the impudence you swallow off this Finnish hussy is as good as advertisin' you're weak in the brains, Fern. It was a sad day I let your Aunt Annabel Egg that had never married anybody persuade me into namin' you girls for flowers. It's likely to've had a bad effect on your characters. We see our mistakes too late in this world. At that, Fern, you ain't as big a fool as Pansy.'

"To none of which," said Mrs. Egg, puffing, "did she find one word to answer, and John Watson thanked me afterwards when we'd went down to the corner to get a chocolate ice-cream soda. . . .

"Is there a human lunch counter at Albany? If I land in this town of Couveris half starved, I dunno what'll become of this errand of mercy. To be telegraphed at by a girl's mother to go and give her good advice just because you're in New York and her mamma's in Ilium, Ohio, is silly enough; and what I'm to do about Hortense's affairs when I get to Couveris I don't know any more than a cow would. And the hotel may be bad. Anyhow Adam's meetin' me there. He," said Mrs. Egg, "has got sense enough to fetch along some chocolate cake and a slab of preserved ginger. . . . Dammy always appreciates that I like decent food. You can't make the boy fat no matter what you heave into him, and it's a blessing, because a man so tall as him that was too stout would stop traffic to be looked at.

"He certainly eats! His wife's new baby came three weeks back, and it excited him considerable, and I was waitin' up for him to come back from the hospital with some fresh coffee and a plate of roast-beef sandwiches, which I thought sufficient, and some green-gage jam and a pot of new cream cheese—they mix well on brown bread—but it ended up in my heatin' the half of an apple pie he had not eaten any out of at dinner, and I must say hot apple pie, when the cinnamon's right, is very sustainin' when you eat it with cream. You try that the next time you have a baby. It's soothin'. . . . Is this Albany?"

"Not for ten minutes, ma'am," said Lupus.

Mrs. Egg fitted a glove on one hand, tried to lock the button on what had once been her wrist, heaved a small sigh and resumed: "If the hotel in Couveris is no good, and I always fear the worst in New York State, maybe this Mrs. Van Eck which Hortense has took refuge with can do me a meal. I conclude she's one of the Van Eck horse-and-cattle people, and they must be rich as Sam's aunt by what they charged John Egg for a bull he took off of 'em last year, and folks that raise horses generally like to live respectable in the way of food.

"This Mary Van Eck is Hortense's bosom friend and is succorin' her in her calamities, whatever they are, and I suspect it's a case of husband leavin' home, because a man with no color in his eyelashes is liable to be conceited—I dunno why. His name is Hubert too. . . . If I'd let Annabel Egg pick names for my son, he'd probably be Cecil Hubert Egg instead of Adam. Anyhow, Hortense has took refuge with this Mary Van Eck, and if Mrs. Van Eck ain't got a cook in the kitchen, she may be human enough to turn me loose with some eggs and a piece of cheese for ten minutes. A hot savory is better than nothin'. And ——"

"Excuse me," said Lupus, scouring an ear with a fist, "but who's took refuge with Red—with Mary—with my wife?"

Mrs. Egg ate a peppermint and peeped inside the bag.

"It only shows you," she said, "that a person ought to be careful when they meet somebody sympathetic which has nice eyes not to say too much. . . . The amount of peppermints they sell you in a bag these days wouldn't keep a crow busy ten seconds. It's Hortense Cooper. Her husband's name is Hubert Smith. He's assistant cashier in a bank in this Couveris place. She met him at the seashore. They've been married four years—and nice stationery may not mean that all is well in their home life. Anyhow, Minnie Cooper wired me something tremendous to go to Couveris and succor Hortense.

"Minnie's in bed with a busted arm, and a woman fifty-five years old that does settin'-up exercises at her age to music on the sleepin' porch is likely to bust more than an

arm, because she ain't got my height and is just as fat. I blushed to see her telegram come in, because she used such language as belonged in the kind of novels we used to read when we thought a husband was a dec'ration and not somethin' which sneezes when it gets out of bed on a cold floor in the mornin' and leaves the bathroom in a perfect mess and is likely to stummick trouble in spring. Minnie has always been an elegant speaker, but to see her language in a telegram three sheets long made me blush, especially when she begun it by callin' me dearest Myrtle. . . . What's your name?"

"Lupus," said Lupus; "it's Latin for wolf. All the names in the Van Eck family are Latin. Pop an' my kid are named Carolus. 'At's Latin for Charles. I guess the old Dutch used Latin names a lot. We're Dutch an' Iroquois. It's how I come to be so dark. . . . But it's funny if sump'n's wrong with Hu Smith an' his wife. I've been in New York a week, kinda lookin' after a fella I knew in the Army. Saw Hu Smith on Broadway the other night—'at was Tuesday. He said he was goin' home on the midnight. . . . Why, Hu's a nice fella! I don't see what Mrs. Smith has to get succored about. He's a hell of a lot more refined 'n I am, an' Mary gets along all right with me. An' Mary's more refined than Mrs. Smith is."

"My daughters," said Mrs. Egg, "have been tryin' to refine me for a number of years and ain't got tired of it yet. To be refined is a kind of gift with many and never comes natural to some. When Mr. Egg took me to Palm Beach last year we had rooms in a hotel opposite across from a English marquis and his wife, if such she was, and they simply threw the bottles out in the corridor, and he looked so precisely like a hired man we'd just fired from the place in Ilium that it shocked me extremely. I came near to callin' him Murphy in the elevators. He also said 'ain't,' which my daughters find more than a sin in my mouth. . . . This," she said, "has got to be Albany."

It was Albany. Lupus saw the sloping city with a sudden little bounce of his blood. There would be a train for Couveris in twenty minutes, and Mary would come to meet him at the station and her hair would be afire in this gay sunshine, and she might kiss him under his left ear if nobody was looking, or even if people were looking. And Carolus would grin and pop would be glad to see him, and take the skin off his back with three or ten neat sarcasms, and the horses would sniff his sleeve this afternoon. He was coming home. . . . He smiled at Mrs. Egg.

"You're an awful handsome boy."

"Yes'm. . . . I mean, I'm thirty-seven and got a kid eighteen. I ain't a boy, exactly."

"You've had more sense than to grow up," said Mrs. Egg, "which is all the sense there is. As long as a person can get kind of excited and happy about stuff, they ain't so darn bad off. . . . Merciful goodness, I hope this lunch counter is human!"

She went tremendously down the halted car ahead of Lupus, and he waited behind her descent from the steps, rubbing a brown ear and wondering if the receiving porter below was as strong as he ought to be. But Mrs. Egg, puffing resignedly as she descended, landed whole on the concrete and on her little feet. People on the platform gave her an ample attention for a second and then heaved sideways from her voice, clattering out a kind of sweet howl that scared Lupus with a thought of broken bones in one or both of her ankles; she howled and shed silver all over the concrete from her purse. And then a racing tree in blue serge arrived before this woman and lifted her from her feet between two of its upper limbs. It appeared to be a man about ninety yards long, very brown in the face, and young, after Lupus was over the shock of seeing such a thing. Mrs. Egg, pinioned between the arms of this phenomenon, kept calling it Adam and Baby and Dammy and making musical noises in its face and weeping presently against the cliff of its chest.

"Shut up, mamma," the cliff suggested; "you're all right now."

"Oh, Dammy! Fern's cook had ought to be in the penitentiary, and I feel old as Methuselah's grandmother, and how's the twins, and did the baby get the rattle I sent him, and" Mrs. Egg wailed, clinging to her child - "where's the lunch counter?"

"Car's here, mamma. Lunch at the hotel."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Egg, "as I can last to the hotel, Adam."

Mr. Adam Egg put a cigarette into the corner of his wide scarlet mouth, tucked his mother's suitcase under one arm and Mrs. Egg under the other arm. He removed this luggage down the platform, and spectators silently looked after his black head and his shoulders. Lupus could only think that it would be terrible if young Egg ever got fat. Yet it struck him, while he waited for somebody to say something, that nobody was grinning in a circle of porters and passengers and baggage men in black shirts. They were all looking after the fat lady and her son with grave faces.

A lad with a black band on the left sleeve of his shabby coat was running a finger back and forth on his mouth. Nobody laughed at all. It was as if some kind of music lasted in the bright air all around Lupus, and when he lighted a cigarette in the smoking car of the train to Couveris he was still hearing the great woman's scream of joy and seeing her son smile. People, he thought, were very interesting. He must speak to Mary about it.

When she had been married a year to her first husband, everybody in Couveris knew that Mary's baby died because the Reverend Jimmy Clements upset a spirit lamp on its clothes. Lupus had never spoken to her about that, but he had often watched her face when some kid was close by, and sometimes it seemed to stiffen, to become a cold, extraordinary mask. If she wasn't thinking of her dead child then, it was something like that.

He smoked some cigarettes and wondered what her son and Mrs. Egg were eating for luncheon behind him in Albany, and then remembered that thin Mrs. Hubert Smith was in Mary's keeping at the house—and what in hell was all this, anyhow? Mary would tell him at the station, of course. . . . And he was coming home, after

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"I'm Not as Strong as I Was When I Was Your Age, But I'm Gittin' Used to Bein' a Guardian for a Wronged Female and Her Offspring"

WINGS OF SONG

The Story of Caruso—By Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

At Work in His Garden

Enrico Caruso

Pasting Clippings

I DO not know what charm Enrico used to persuade father to consent to our marriage, but when I saw their smiling faces I knew that everything had been arranged. Father agreed to our marriage on one condition—that we should wait for six months. At the end of that time, he said, we should know whether we would be happy together or not.

Every day I worked at the Red Cross or sold Liberty Bonds. My brother Romeyn had joined the Marines and was already in France. Soon after, he was wounded in the Battle of Belleau Wood. My sister's husband, Frederick Goddard, was at Camp Upton, awaiting orders to sail, and my cousin, Rogers Benjamin, was in the Aviation Corps.

In June, Enrico began work on his first motion picture under the direction of the Famous Players. Soon after he started going regularly to the studio my father took a house at Spring Lake, New Jersey, and we left New York and went there to pass the summer.

At this time Enrico gave me my first present. It was not the conventional engagement ring, for in Italy it is not the custom to give a ring until the day of the marriage.

He brought me instead a diamond bracelet so beautiful that I felt I should not accept it until I had asked father. When I showed it to him he exclaimed at its beauty and then said, looking at me in rather an annoyed way: "Now, Dorothy, don't throw this around the house. Take care of it." From which you will guess that in my family I had a reputation for carelessness.

The Summer at Spring Lake

DURING these early summer days father was so happy in my happiness that I thought I was the most fortunate girl alive. The house at Spring Lake was so arranged that we could give Enrico a suite of rooms opening on the veranda, where he could be as quiet as he desired. He needed rest, for he was working every day from eight in the morning till late at night at the studio of the Famous Players.

On Friday afternoons he motored down from New York, and each time he came he brought us all presents—cigars for father, pretty things for Miss B and jewels for me. One day on the beach I admired a dog. The next time he came he brought me a police-dog puppy that we named Spoletta. After our marriage Spoletta accompanied us to the Hotel Knickerbocker, and lived in lonely luxury on the roof.

Enrico was with us in Spring Lake when the telegram came from the War Department saying that my brother Romeyn had been wounded at the Battle of Belleau Wood. Father walked about with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and his mouth grim, saying, "It's all right. It's his duty. All the men of our family have gone to war." Enrico followed him with the tears running down his cheeks, saying comforting things and every now and then shaking him by the hand or putting his arm around him.

We were all proud of Romeyn and never more so than the day we heard he had refused to be sent back of the lines from the dressing station, but had managed somehow to rejoin his regiment in time to take part in another attack on the enemy.

Enrico would have sent Romeyn a box every day. He took a solemn sort of joy in selecting articles he thought might be of use in the trenches and having them shipped to France.

On one of his visits I taught Enrico the words of Over There,

Mr. and Mrs. Caruso

which he was to sing at a concert in the Auditorium at Ocean Grove. On the night of July twenty-seventh we went with him to the concert, which was given for the benefit of the Red Cross. The war enthusiasm was at its height. A month before, our soldiers had started to leave America—great shiploads were leaving daily now from every port. There were not many people at that concert who had not someone connected with them in France or preparing to go there.

War Furor

WHEN Enrico sang Over There the immense crowd went crazy. Women wept hysterically and men leaped upon the seats, shouting and waving flags. For the moment everyone was swayed by an emotion too strong to be contained. It was due partly to the tremendous enthusiasm that swept over the country when the United States began to join in the actual fighting. Enrico understood this and took no credit to himself for the tremendous ovation that he received. Neither would he accept any payment, but asked instead for a medal to commemorate the event.

A few days later a second telegram came from the War Department. Father took the message from the delivery boy, who rode off through the trees whistling, "There are smiles that make you happy." With his back to us, father felt for his glasses, and then standing very straight, as he did when The Star-Spangled Banner was played, he tore open the envelope. Enrico went over to him quickly and put his arm over his shoulders and I clung to his arm, for I dreaded to read the words of the message. It seemed to me that in the midst of that terrible fighting Romeyn must have lost his life.

The telegram regretted to inform us that he had been wounded again and was missing.

I am sure that my father's anxiety during the two months that he had no news of his missing son accounts for his impatience with me and perhaps to some degree for his treatment of Enrico. It must have been hard for him to see Enrico safe and well while his son lay perhaps in a German prison, wounded and neglected. I know, too, that at that time, unknown to himself or any of his family, he was suffering from the beginning of the illness that later caused his death.

Through the heat of the summer Enrico worked steadily on his motion picture, a film play called My Cousin. I felt that the work was making too great a demand on his strength and was never favorably disposed toward his entering the motion-picture field. It seemed to me—and I think to many of his friends—that it was as a singer he should appear before his public; that he did not need to divide his time between two arts when he was already supreme in one. But he thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of it and was interested in the actual technic of the production.

Gardening With a Tub

In Conference

APART from the amusement he derived from it, he was offered $200,000 for six weeks' work, and that was a large sum to refuse.

It was characteristic of Caruso that he could never be idle. This may have been one of the secrets of his success. Whatever he undertook he did with a thoroughness that amounted almost to perfection. He had that capacity for taking infinite pains that is often despised by those who expect to achieve great things by inspiration alone. He took as much care in the arrangement of his newspaper clippings as he did in the preparation of his songs for a concert. His account books and ledgers were wonders of neatness. He wrote slowly, in a large round hand, every word legible.

As an example of the care Caruso took with trifles, I think the way he pasted clippings is a good illustration. He had great scrapbooks that contained all his newspaper notices. These were saved for him from the daily papers and he spent many hours sorting them and putting them into the books. First he would cut the notice out, then, spreading it with library paste, he laid it on the page of his book, smoothing and pressing it till it lay as flat as though it had been ironed. Here for most people the work would end, but not for Caruso. From a newspaper or a magazine he would cut a border or scroll and with this narrow strip he would outline the clipping. I have watched him spend hours placidly cutting and pasting and smoothing, looking up now and then to smile contentedly at me. In the next room his secretary would reply tactfully to telephone calls: "I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Caruso is busy and cannot be disturbed." After each call Enrico would grin at me like a naughty boy playing hooky from school.

One of His Earliest Roles

When he arrived at Spring Lake the first thing he did was to look for something to do. One morning he said to me mysteriously, "Let's go to the village store. I want to buy things." We drove to the only store that seemed to interest him—the village hardware store. After carefully looking over the stock he bought a large galvanized iron tub, almost big enough to use for a bath. He followed the storekeeper from one end to the other of the small shop, selecting a rake, a hoe, a spade, trowels of various sizes, watering pots, sprayers and pruning shears.

"Enrico," I protested at last, "the gardener has all these things. He takes care of the grounds."

But he only pointed to an implement for trimming the edges of the grass, motioning to the salesman to put it with his other purchases, and turning to me, said darkly: "But he doesn't do it properly. Wait, I will show you." Almost hysterical with laughter, I watched him buy a new-type lawn mower that incidentally never ran after Enrico tried to level the lawn under the trees with it. He studied it as carefully and thoughtfully as though his one occupation in life had been cutting grass. Then with a funny guilty look at me he had it sent out to the car. As a final gesture he bought a pair of khaki overalls, and then with a sigh of regret that the profession of gardener called for no more tools, he wedged himself into the car, where he sat beaming with pleasure, with the lawn mower resting affectionately against his knees and a large watering can in his lap.

A Songbird in the Garden

EVERY morning after that I followed him about while he clipped the hedge, trimmed the edges of the drive and dug in the flower beds. The lawn defied his most persistent efforts, for under the trees there were roots that interfered with the growth of the grass. Nevertheless, Enrico felt that with proper care the sod could be made soft and even, and finally he decided that the roots of the trees absorbed all the water and proceeded to dig a network of irrigation ditches across the lawn that he assured me would hold enough water to keep the grass moist. So he worked cheerfully on, filling the immense tub with dirt, whistling and singing to himself, only stopping to mop his dripping face or to hitch up the large khaki overalls.

From a distance the little Italian gardener looked on, his brow wrinkled like a monkey's. When he saw Enrico struggling to move the tub he would dash forward, protesting in a rapid flow of Italian. But Enrico would wave him back, and he would retire to the door of the garage, where

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Mr. and Mrs. Caruso's First Public Appearance After Their Marriage

Riding His Favorite Hobby—Caricaturing

HEARTS AND GLOWERS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ESCROW EPPS was angry because he was unable to explain to his wife something which he himself did not understand. Escrow was larger of body than of brain. He towered over his trim little wife and endeavored to supply in noise what his arguments lacked in logic. Annie listened with exasperating patience. She stared up at him with eyes half closed and lips pressed into a firm straight line. Her tiny fists were clenched, but otherwise she gave no outward indication of the fury which was tearing at her.

Annie Epps was fond of her giant husband. He was quite wealthy—by the standards prevailing in Birmingham colored circles—and he provided her with everything her heart could desire. He was tender and affectionate and flatteringly jealous. But it was also true that he was more than a trifle dumb.

Until this crisis, his dumbness had been rather a blessing than a curse. Escrow had looked up to his wife, depending upon her sound judgment and unquestioningly accepting her advice in all important matters. Now, however, the bit was in his teeth and he roared through the room, trying to stun her into the belief that the decision he had reached was wise.

"I guess you mean to tell me," he thundered, "that a thousan' dollars ain't better than no money a-tall!"

She smiled with disarming sweetness. "That's the one thing I don't say nothin' else but, Escrow."

The fact that she agreed paralyzed his most forceful argument, yet he weakly pursued the mock advantage. "Wash Johnson is offerin' to put up that much money an' Bud Peaglar ain't puttin' up nothin'."

"Is that a fack?"

"Yes, it's a fack, an' you know dawg-gone good an' well it is. I has tol' you a hund'ed times."

He Reread the Document With Scrupulous Care, and Suddenly He Chuckled

"You ain't been tellin' me nothin' else fo' a week. Trouble with you, Escrow, is you cain't see over the end of yo' nose."

"Humph! I guess you got good eyesight, ain't you?"

"Reckon so. It's good enough fo' me to reelize that Wash Johnson ain't never done th'ee days' real work in his life. He owes ev'body some money which he don't pay back. Nobody ain't got no use fo' him an' he's just simply got you 'fluenced 'cause he has been strokin' yo' back an' tellin' you what a swell man you is."

"I guess you think I is a bum!"

"Not as a husban', Escrow. But as a business man you is six times worse than that. Sometimes I don't even understan' how you had brains enough to inherit money."

Mr. Epps spluttered. "There you go, 'straducin' me. Always low-ratin' yo' legally wedded husban'. Next thing you is gwine be tellin' me I ain't as good a man as that lumpin', lopsided Bud Peaglar you been trottin' aroun' with so much."

"You ain't," she observed calmly—"when it comes to makin' barbecue."

"Foolishment what you talks. I ain't gwine make barbecue, is I?"

"Not if you go in business with Wash Johnson, you ain't."

Escrow raged up and down the room, his Herculean figure trembling with impotent wrath. Finally he whirled on his wife. "You talks whole lots of words, Annie, but they don't make no sense. Now heah's the way things is: I craves to go in the barbecue business the right way. I figgers it's gwine cos' 'bout two thousan' dollars cash money to build the right sort of a stand an' git goin'. Along comes Wash Johnson an' says he's willin' to go partners with me an' put up half the money."

"Where at is he gwine git it?"

"I don't know. Tha's his business."

"I woul'n't trust him till I seen the money, an' then I'd think it was counterfeet."

"Anyway, Wash is willin' to put up a thousan' dollars."

"He says!"

"An' then you says I should hol' dialogue with Bud Peaglar. I does, an' what does he say?"

"He says he'll go fifty-fifty with you, pervidin' you put up all the money."

"Yeh! Instead of gittin' a thousan' dollars, I don't git nothin'. Reckon you think tha's smart business."

"Reckon I does, Escrow," she returned with irritating calm. "'Cause you looks at it all wrong. Way to figger is this: Instead of losin' one thousan' dollars, you makes a good profit on two thousan'. 'Cause why? 'Cause Wash Johnson is a wuthless, no-'count, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, pool-shootin', slue-footed, workin'less, big-moufed nothin', an' Bud Peaglar is one of the mos' sustantialest cullid business men in Bumminham. He owns his lunch room an' billiard parlor, which makes good money, an' he creates the swellest barbecue an' Brunswick stew in Jefferson County. Once you gits him as yo' partner in this new place, with his name over the door, you is gwine have a big trade. 'Co'se Bud ain't gwine invest no money. Did he crave to do such, he could open his own place. But he's willin' to swap his name fo' a half int'rest. He keeps his downtown place an' runs this other one as a branch. Reckon he ain't no idjit."

"Huh! He's got you hypnocuted, tha's what!"

"Not half as much as Wash has got you. Golla! 'Magine anybody goin' out of their way to buy barbecue that Wash Johnson fixed! An' just think of that feller handlin' yo' cash register!"

"Thousan' dollars is a thousan' dollars," insisted Escrow stubbornly.

"Uh-huh. An' a plumb fool is a plumb fool—an' you is him."

"I—I ain't gwine have you sayin' such things to me."

"I ain't sayin' nothin' which ev'ybody else won't say if you goes partners with Wash Johnson."

"I reckon if I do you won't never leave off naggin' me, neither."

"You compliments yo'se'f, Escrow Epps. Was you ever silly enough to go in business with that feller, I woul'n't think you was wuth talkin' to."

"Fine wife you is! You cain't depreciate a good husban'."

"Yes, I does. I think you is a swell husban'. But when it comes to things besides husbandin', you is terrible. You gives me good clothes an' we has got a big automobile an' we lives in a nice house. But by the time you gits into a few business deals like this, you is goin' to be workin' at the steel mills again, an' I'll be washin' clothes fo' the white folks."

Escrow stared down at his wife. He knew she was wrong, but he was without power to convince her. His mind refused to grasp the fact that no money could ever be more desirable than a thousand dollars. What if Bud Peaglar did have a reputation? What if his name was actually worth more than mere cash? Couldn't another man build a reputation as enviable as Bud's?

Besides, Annie didn't like Wash. She didn't know that Wash was really a swell feller. And what Wash thought of him! There was a man who appreciated Escrow! Always Mr. Johnson was saying the nicest things, telling Escrow what a man he was, and how powerful and handsome. Wash knew he had brains too. He was constantly explaining to Escrow that he never met a man with any more sense. And—Escrow figured—since he had brains, how could he make a mistake by deciding that he was right in selecting Wash as a partner instead of Bud Peaglar?

True, Wash's record was distinctly unimpressive. He was rather *déclassé*, but he had a smooth tongue and an ingratiating manner It wasn't often that Escrow was subjected to scientific flattery, and it was therefore not amazing that he succumbed to the purveyor thereof.

Besides, Escrow didn't like the interest which his wife exhibited toward Bud Peaglar. Not that the famous and substantial Bud was anything to brag about in the way of masculine pulchritude. Mr. Peaglar was inclined to be squint-eyed and lopsided. Certainly he walked with a limp, but the brain which functioned behind his piercing little eyes was clear as crystal.

Escrow was the victim of an inferiority complex. He looked up to his wife. He knew that Bud Peaglar was very much of her mental caliber. He therefore was bitterly jealous of the friendship which had developed between them, never realizing that it was exclusively the result of Annie's efforts to save him from a ghastly business entanglement with the highly unreliable Wash Johnson.

Mr. Epps could not long restrain an expression of his jealousy. When logic failed, he took refuge in husbandly storming. "Reckon you think I ain't smart enough fo' you, huh?"

"Well, you ain't none too smart."

"Not like yo' Bud Peaglar!"

Her eyes twinkled. "That feller sho'ly has got somethin' inside his head besides a vacuum."

"Fumadiddles! Just 'cause he makes good barbecue ——"

"Best in town. Also, he makes money. His name is wuth somethin'."

"If you is so dawg-gone crazy 'bout him, whyn't you divorce me an' git to be Mis' Peaglar?"

Annie refused to become angry. In fact she exhibited intense amusement over her husband's fury—a fact which fanned the flames of his wrath to white heat. He smashed one hamlike fist on the golden-oak dining table and expressed his opinion of Mr. Peaglar. It was not a very complimentary opinion, but once started there was no stopping Mr. Epps' flow of denunciation.

He was frankly envious of Bud and jealous of the man's congeniality. It seemed to him that Annie was more interested in what was for Bud's benefit than his. Occasionally he reverted to the old argument—if Bud was so anxious to become his partner in the proposed barbecue enterprise, why couldn't he put up a thousand dollars cash money as Wash Johnson sought to do?

Annie sighed wearily. Might as well try to inflict logic upon a stone. "You is makin' a mistake havin' anything to do with that Wash Johnson," she repeated. "Time he finishes with you, you won't have even yo' reputation lef'."

"Yeh, an' time you finishes talkin' with Bud Peaglar I won't have no wife lef', neither."

"Silliment what you utters!"

"Maybe 'tis an' maybe 'tain't. But I tell you right heah an' now that the nex' time I catch Bud Peaglar anywhere aroun' where you is at Ise gwine sqush him like I would a muskeeter. Fooie—jus' like that! I'll learn him to gallivant aroun' with my wife!"

Annie turned away. She was secretly pleased with her husband's jealousy and considerably annoyed by its results. It seemed to her that any fool could see Bud's proposition was the better of the two. Even at that, Bud wasn't unduly anxious. If only she could postpone anything definite between her husband and Wash until such time as he might bring himself into a more reasonable frame of mind ——

She saw him grab his hat and start for the door. "Where you goin'?" she called.

"Out!" he thundered. "'Way out!"

"Escrow, you ain't fixin' ——"

"I ain't fixin' fo' nothin'. But if I happen to meet Bud Peaglar, he sho better be somewhere else."

Escrow stamped out of the house in fine indignation. He fancied himself a very much abused and misunderstood colored man. He walked to the corner drug store and went into a telephone booth.

Meanwhile Annie Epps, not knowing whither her husband had gone, or why, also enlisted the aid of the telephone.

She called a downtown number and in a few seconds Bud Peaglar's voice came to her over the wire

"Bud?"

"Yeh?"

"This is Annie Epps."

"'Lo, Annie. How you is this evenin'?"

"Terrible, Bud, terrible."

"How come?"

"Escrow is actin' mo' foolish than ever. Honest, I never seen a man so dumb as what he is."

"Which way?"

"Ev'y way. Fust off he craves to go partners with Wash Johnson, when ev'ybody knows that big hunk of tripe is the mos' wuthlessest cullud man in Bumminham. An' second he has got so jealous of you that he swears he's gwine extinct you next time he sees us together. Now listen, Bud, I want you to come up to the house right away."

"Hey, gal, wait a minute! You ain't talkin' to me even one li'l' bit."

"What you mean?"

"Do you think Ise foolish in the haid, tellin' me in one breff that yo' husban' aims to manslaughter me an' in the next that I is to come to yo' house? Uh-huh, Annie, you better tell yo' fat-headed husban' that I ain't cravin to be partners with no feller which has got a hankerin' to commit homicide on me."

"Aw, Bud ——"

"I ain't gwine argufy, Annie. I has lived well an' happy fo' thirty-five yeahs an' I don't aim to break my record."

"But us owes it to Escrow."

"I don't owe nothin' to Escrow an' I ain't anxious to have him colleck. You better find him a partner which ain't so pertickeler whether he lives or not. Me, I ain't got no time to waste on jealous husban's."

Her voice rang with a desperate note: "I got to talk to you."

"Ain't you doin' it?"

"Pussonal, Bud—face to face—right away."

"Well, you know where my pool room is at."

"You know I cain't come to no pool room. . . . Wait a minute, Ise got an idea."

"If it ain't no better than that idea 'bout me comin' to yo' house, you needn't waste yo' breff."

Her voice came triumphantly: "This way you ain't got a chance to meet Escrow. Now give me ear! You know that big automobile of ourn?"

"Yeh."

"Well, it's parked right down the street fum our house. I want you to come out heah an' climb in that car. Then I comes down an' takes you drivin' where we can talk 'thout bein' interrupted."

"Ha-ha! Ise to sit in yo' car an' wait fo' you! An' when Escrow sees me ——"

"He ain't gwine see you, Bud. Us just come back fum a fishin' trip day befo' yestidy an' in the back of that car is all the junk us had at the river—fishin' tackle an' canvas tent an' ev'ything. If you is scared of seein' Escrow ——"

"I ain't. Ise scared I won't see him!"

"——crawl in the back an' hide under them canvas. Nobody cain't see you. An' I'll come down an' git in the car like nobody wasn't there an' you don't have to move till us gits way out in the country where they ain't no chance of nobody seein' us. Please don't say no, Bud. This means a heap to me an' I guess it's gwine wuk out pretty good fo' you too."

Bud hesitated. He was a big-hearted chap and genuinely fond of Annie Epps, whom he had known since childhood. Besides, he was rather keen about acquiring a half interest in Escrow's proposed barbecue enterprise. For many moons Bud had entertained the idea of extending his operations, but was reluctant to risk the essential cash. This, then, presented a golden opportunity. He felt that he was exceedingly generous in offering to assume charge of the establishment and personally supervise its operation in exchange for a half interest. But if Escrow didn't wish to do business with him —— At any rate, figured Bud, there was nothing to be lost through an innocent drive with Annie. Her car was a big, roomy, seven-passenger sedan of somewhat ancient vintage, yet still able to run smoothly and swiftly.

Bud sighed, turned the handling of affairs over to his assistant and walked southward. He reached Avenue D and turned left. His squinty eyes peered along the broad well-paved thoroughfare and came to rest on the Epps car. Aside from a few children playing with a homemade kite, he saw no one. He opened the door and climbed inside.

The rear of the car was piled high with camping regalia. It was with difficulty that Bud succeeded in moving any of it.

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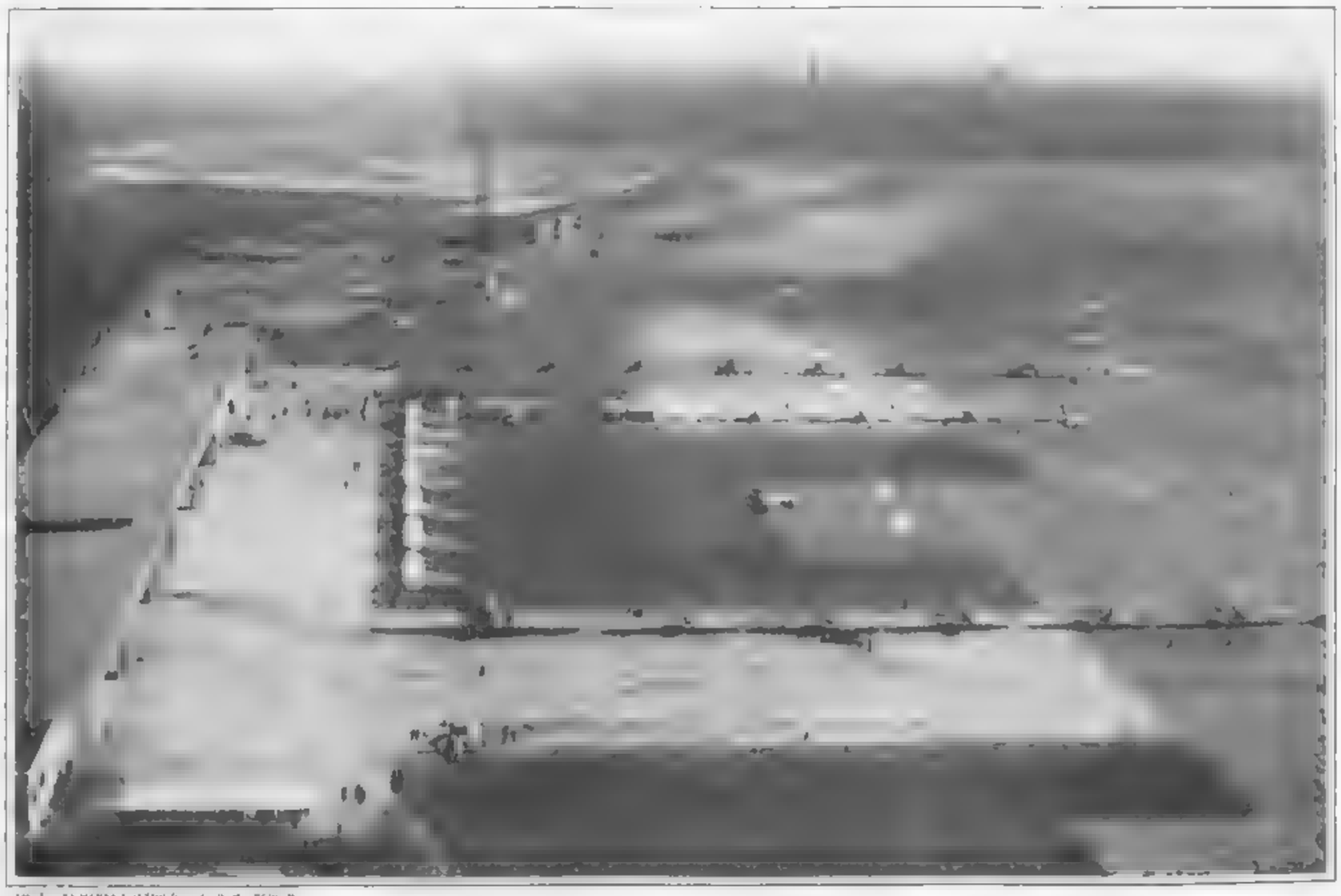
"I Signs One an' You Signs the Other. I Keeps the One You Signs an' You Keeps the One Which I Put My Name On. Then You Has Got Me Tied Hand an' Foot"

GERMANY STEPS OUT

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON



An Airplane Picture of the Tempelhof Airport at Berlin, the Largest in the World

IN POSTWAR Europe the biggest single drama is the recovery of Germany. Other major nations such as Italy and France—and to a lesser degree, England—have emerged more or less from their dislocation, but the Teutonic comeback is the most striking and significant of all.

Contrary to popular belief, the German revival was not actually consolidated until this year. The reason is that Germany put up a good front, while behind the shop window there were intermittent stress and storm. In consequence more misinformation has probably been disseminated about the Germans and what they were doing than about any other European people. The war propaganda was matched by a kindred after-war hysteria about the so-called menace of the Reich. Endless yards of apprehension were reeled off regarding the new German mastery of world trade. It is true that under the pressure of necessity Germany sporadically achieved some degree of recuperation; that she again fastened her hooks into such old commercial stamping grounds as Turkey, South America and China; that her merchant and air fleets grew and that her industrial output increased. Her principal job these past years, however, has been to bring about domestic economic equilibrium. As a matter of fact, her trade eye was so glued on the foreign field that she overlooked a good many selling bets at home. Like England, she contributed to the European crisis of underconsumption, which I described in detail in the first article of this series.

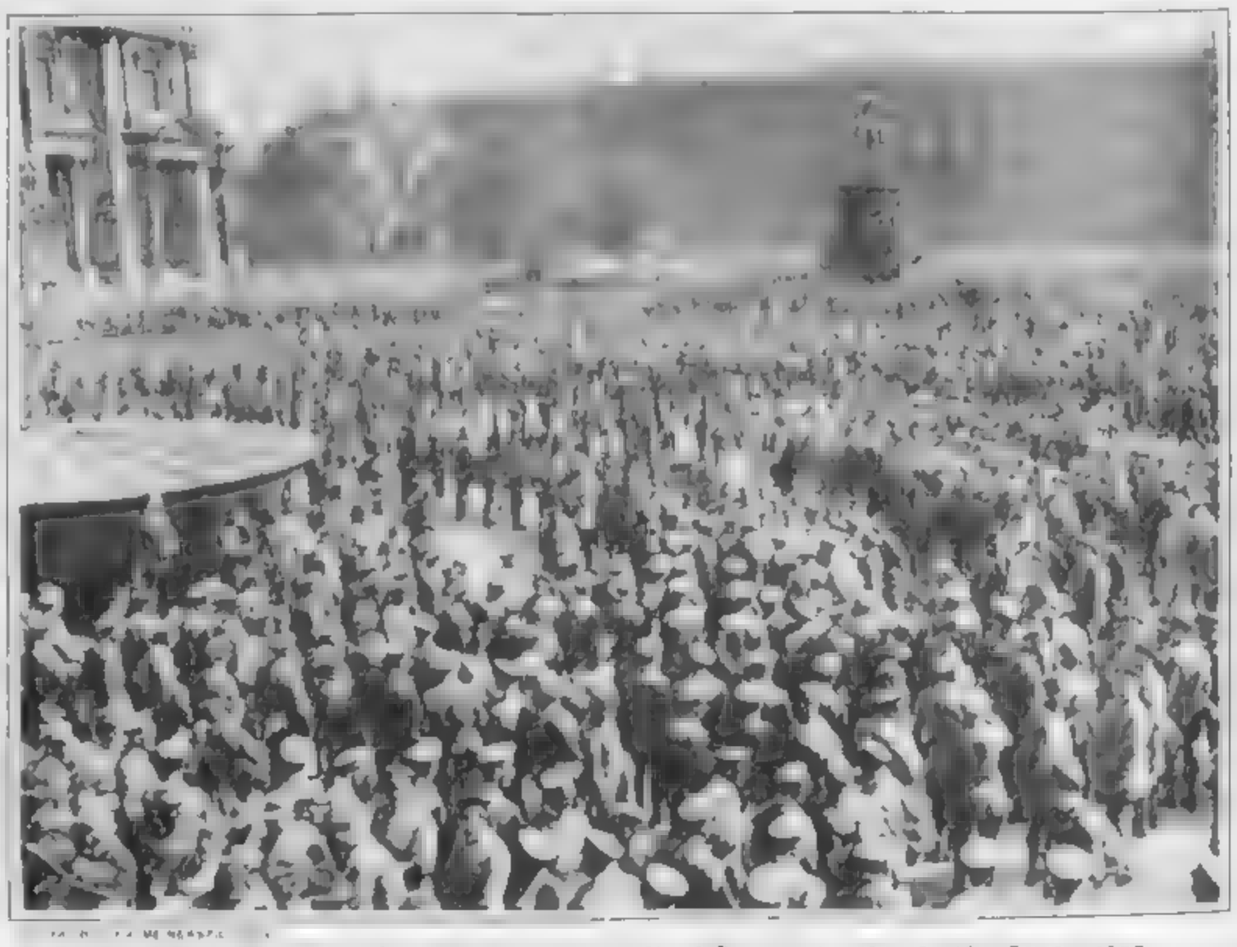
The struggle for permanent restoration was persistently confuted. First the rosy falsity of a monster inflation sped a superproduction without adequate distribution, and dissipated savings. Then came stabilization and stringency, which piled up taxes and depleted purchasing power. In 1924 began the overhead of Dawes payments. What most Americans do not realize is that 1925 marked a period of panic relatively more disastrous for Germany in bankruptcy and unemployment than the depression which gripped the United States and other nations following the collapse of the 1920 boom.

More Strings to Her Bow

BUT all this was part of a mighty convalescence. The aftermath of the post-Armistice travail is practically eliminated. Germany has now got most of the germs of disturbance out of her system. With a reorganized or rationalized industry as they call it; with shipping restored; with the water squeezed from the stock market; with supremacy in civil aviation achieved; with inter-Allied control ended; with man power higher than in 1913; and with the republican government intrenched, she stands forth as the most vital country of Europe. You feel this quality in the air, whether in Hamburg, Cologne, Düsseldorf or the Ruhr.

Germany is leaner and more fit than ever before. Nor is it due to the fact that the women have turned to diet and litheness. The sylph, and not the sausage, is in favor. Girth control applies to business as well as to the waistband.

Once more Germany holds the balance of European industrial power, just as she did in that vanished Hohenzollern day, and she now has more strings to her bow. Then hung the costly overhead of imperial ambition which linked business and politics. Political *Weltmacht*, which means world power, was the fetish that led to her undoing. Today that royal expense account and all its by-products are finished business. State and business are still interrelated, but on a practical and therefore dividend-bearing basis.



Steel Helmet Day in Berlin—an Anti-Radical Demonstration in the Lustgarten

Before the war the German cartel was primarily a home institution. Now it is part of a fabric of international agreement and coöperation that guarantees markets and price fixity. There is no more effective evidence of the renewed economic vitality of Germany than the fact that she not only initiated all the international industrial agreements of the past five years but is a member of every one. She means to retrieve fallen political prestige with a new economic power. She aspires to supplant the lost geographical colonies with more enduring dominions of trade.

In a word, Germany is stepping out. After various setbacks she has reached the point where she can dispute mastery with the best of them. On the European side this is not such a terrific task, considering the economic depletion of England, the plight of Italian industry following the swift rise of the lira, and the eternal likelihood of political interference with the reborn French fiscal confidence. Germany has little to fear from France in steel or potash, for example, because her agreements with the French give her the big end of the business. By the terms of the commercial treaty concluded with France on August seventeenth last she can export three of her principal products—chemicals, electrical and optical instruments—into the old enemy country. It is to America that Germany now looks for real competition.

Passing the Unemployment Crisis

FURTHERMORE, Germany wants economic and monetary independence. She chafes at the increasing incubus—as she calls it—of the Dawes payments. When the maximum annuity of 2,500,000,000 marks is reached in 1928 the republic will undoubtedly demand a showdown, which may again complicate the situation. This, however, is a later story.

What Germany regards as the excessive burden of the Dawes Plan is only one of the problems that remain unsolved. She still faces adverse trade balances, and her imports of raw materials are on the increase. Unemployment runs close to the 700,000 mark. Money continues scarce and high, and the home market has not begun to be developed on a basis to offset the oversea deficits. Despite these handicaps, confidence is reborn. Here she parallels the new France. With this vital aid to rehabilitation, the Germans now feel that they are again masters of their economic destiny.

The unemployment statistics tell a story of revitalized activity. On January first of this year there were 1,745,000 people out of work. By May first the total had been reduced to a little over 700,000. In other words, 1,000,000 people had been absorbed into industry—this, too,

in the face of a coordination in production that closed down many plants.

Compare the German figures with those of England, where the number of unemployed has averaged 1,250,000 since the Armistice. In Britain the dole has become a habit, because hundreds of thousands do not want to work or have lost the work habit. In Germany, on the other hand, unemployment is due solely to necessity, not choice.

The World's Largest Air Nitrogen Fixation Plant at Merseburg Where Small-Scale Operations Began April 1st for Producing Oil From Brown Coal, or Lignite

The highway to the ultimate German turning point was paved with American money. Operation of the Dawes Plan and the stabilization of the mark in 1924 started the new era and also instigated a flood of foreign loans. Of the $1,000,000,000 that has flowed into Germany since that time, 90 per cent came from the United States. Last year more than 50 per cent of all the Yankee cash that went overseas landed in the Reich.

These loans are not without their significance. In that first riot of lending, our money frequently went into every conceivable kind of undertaking except the constructive kind. The Germans have stopped erecting memorials and stadiums and are using the proceeds of their borrowings to expand industry and to extend public utilities. It is another evidence of their girding up for real economic expansion.

The return of Germany to normalcy warrants a passing retrospection. It is now possible to envisage the complete economic span from darkness to dawn. Such a review, which must necessarily be brief, will disclose the whole industrial revolution.

A Panorama of Leaders

SINCE 1918 Germany has been a striking object lesson in national resiliency. Each year I have gone back to find some fresh manifestation of power even amid encircling gloom. I saw the country in the first despair of defeat; watched the rising tide of inflation when the price of food changed between soup and dessert; witnessed the orgy of spending that reversed every tradition of Teutonic thrift; observed the birth of the Dawes Plan and the return to currency stabilization; stood on the sidelines when reconstruction halted; and looked at last upon the present spectacle of final triumph over the forces of dislocation.

Every ill that can possibly befall a nation except actual bankruptcy has been visited on Germany.

Through these years of tumult moved a procession of varied figures, most of them destined to dominate for a brief day. Each was believed to be the man of his crowded hour. The sum of their mistakes and achievements has enabled Germany to find herself at last.

It so happened that I met them all. First came Noske—the Iron Man, as he was called -a basket weaver risen to dictatorship. He soon turned to rust. Then emerged anew the brilliant and ill-fated Rathenau, wizard of organization and advocate of economic conciliation with former foes. His untimely death did more to complicate the reparations tangle perhaps than any other agency. Third developed the bearded and inscrutable Stinnes, whose paper empire not only expressed inflation capitalization to the limit but emphasized the temporary ascendancy of industry over finance. Cuno, the shipping magnate, who functioned as Chancellor, showed how some business men lose their practical sense the moment they get into public office. So in a different way with Wirth, the one-time professor, who brought the schoolroom method into national administration. Stresemann, the only lawyer in the lot, led Germany back into the European family of nations because he made the Locarno Pact possible. It remained for Hindenburg to dramatize the paradox of a reactionary linking up conflicting Socialist units and making Germany safe for democracy.

In the Harbor at Hamburg

High hope and deep reverse have alternated in this shifting panorama of men and events. Germany's bloodless war after the war has not lacked the element of dramatic contrast.

The industrial revolution which culminated in the existing close-knit efficiency did not begin until a few years after the Armistice. As in every other country, the war expanded production to an almost frenzied scale. The Germans were better equipped to meet the emergency because of their cartel system, which had been devised to concentrate purchase, manufacture, price regulation and distribution. It existed mainly in coal, iron, steel, potash and dyes, and expressed the last word in communal buying and selling.

The 600 prewar cartels have now grown to 3000 and include practically every productive and mercantile activity, ranging from community power schemes to department stores. Prior to 1914 the cartel was mainly organized for offensive purposes—that is, to expand business and profit. Now cartels are defensive and devised to prevent ruinous competition. The home cartel is only a phase of what has become a larger internationalization of industry. I have already indicated that what is fast developing into a Pan-European economic union has entirely resulted from German initiative. It was a logical and natural procedure. Every great internation agreement since 1920, when the negotiations began for the Franco-German potash *entente*, has grown out of a national cartel. When Germany realized that alliances with other commercial powers were essential to her recovery she had the corner stone upon which to build. The great Continental steel merger, for example, grew out of a consolidation of Germany's heavy tonnage interests.

Germany was the one country in Europe with a definite program for industrial expansion the moment the great guns ceased their booming. With this vision of a superproduction was joined the dream of a vast export trade, because, with exports alone, she could pay the price of her stupendous folly.

Right here let me make a vital point clear about the industrial restoration. It lies in the fact that Germany became obsessed with the idea of production. With this single-track policy, as it has been called, the Germans believed that so long as they produced in big terms the rest was easy. Output therefore became a god to be worshiped.

Catering to the Customer

THE production fetish was only one of the postwar will-o'-the-wisps. This brings us to the shattering of what was once a world illusion. Before the war Germany dominated a considerable portion of international trade. To be specific, her commerce represented exactly 13 per cent of the world movement. One reason for this much-vaunted supremacy was that frequently she had no pride or vanity about her product. If an Argentine wanted a pink saddle with purple stirrups the German manufacturer said "Fine," and made it for him. He had no real merchandising technic as we know it. He got his goods over because he pandered to the customer's whim and caprice. Of course the Germans produced all the standard articles and led in certain specialties, such as electrical devices. The fact to be brought home is that most German prewar commodities were self-selling. There was a reason.

Germany was able to impress her foreign-trade might because she had no big competition. England was content to have a vast amount of her merchandise made in Germany at low cost and then stamped with an English mark. Even some of the so-called Sheffield cutlery was turned out at Solingen. We were then novices at the world-trade game, because we regarded exports as an occasional outlet for surplus stocks. A third and what proved to be a costly postwar factor also entered. Once more we smash a

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President Von Hindenburg on His Vacation

CRUSADE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"You Have Been a Prisoner in Damascus, Sir Miles?" the Grand Master Asked

IX

O'NEILL often felt, as he stood in Saint Sepulcher, that he stood in a center toward which converging rays of hatred focused. And he thought: Armenian hates Roman, and Greek hates Copt, and all, sincere in their hatreds and firm in their beliefs, were only pawns in a game played by thin-blooded, clever men. Who was to have Constantinople, Frank or Greek? That was one of the games. And another game played by German and English was the opening of the great route through El-Hejer—Ἔγρα of the Greeks—the caravan route mentioned by Ptolemy and Pliny, by which gold and frankincense were brought from happy Arabia. Past this, or this itself, was some short forgotten road to the Indies and to wealth incalculable. The chivalry of high-minded knights, the stands of arms, the hysteric pilgrims, the ecstatic poets, the chanting priests, the very tomb of the Lord seemed only pawns in this vast game—whether Greek or Frank should have Constantine's city, or German or English control the perilous Indian highway. Very clearly now O'Neill saw it all. His brother officer, young Josselyn, saw nothing of it. He only did his duty as he saw it. He came into Saint Sepulcher, knife in belt, heavy kurbash of camel hide in his right hand, with cheery words and a cold glint in his eyes:

"Ou vintiesme an de mon aage,
Ou point qu' Amors prend le paage
Des jones gens, couchiez estoie
Une nuit, si com je soulvie. . . ."

He would arrive singing the Romaunt of the Rose:

"In my twentieth year of age,
When thoughts of love the budding heart engage,
One friendly night I lay asleep,
Cradled like some small vessel on the deep. . . ."

And, "Any trouble here?" his voice would ring out through the vaulted church. Oh, no, there was no trouble at all, they assured him. They spoke together—Latin, Georgian and Greek—assuring his Knightliness that there had never been any; that it was all a grievous mistake. That his Knightliness was wasting his time was apparent. Surely there was no need of police, they cried indignantly, about God's grave. "Well, I'll just have a look around," Josselyn would say unmoved. The warring factions feared him. He was incorruptible and had no doubts as to his duty.

But O'Neill they feared even more. O'Neill, too, was incorruptible, but O'Neill was not stupid. He came in unarmed. He spoke to every sect. He listened to complaints with unwearying patience. They would give O'Neill small presents: The Greeks a sprig of the olive tree in which the horns of the ram were caught which Abraham sacrificed, instead of Isaac his son; the Nestorians some minute thin coin of gold minted in India before Alexander's time; the Abyssinians some grotesque little carving out of Africa. To them all he was a friend, but just and terrible. They noticed it was O'Neill commanded in the Sepulcher on the annual day when, with bell and candles, the Greeks thundered the excommunication against Rome. On the visits of Sir Odo, rare enough, God knows, to the Holy Sepulcher, the Irishman walked by his side as an equal. They saw all this.

But they did not see that with all his military knowledge, his growing fame, his breeding, his quick sense of men, he would have changed gladly with Josselyn; would have exchanged all for the Kentish man's joy in life and untroubled mind. The truth was O'Neill was weary of it. Even though he helped the shadowy Duke of Cornwall gain the promised highway to the Indies, yet what would he receive but some small barony of arid land. His heart was not turned to the duke. If loyalty he had to any sovereign, it was to that shriveled monkeylike blind man, whom he had never seen, and who never thought of him, beating his breast and making his soul in the Monastery of Donegal—Dark Hugh, the King of Ulster. A barony for Josselyn, a bit of land, and his unswerving English loyalty would satisfy the Kentish lad. If you were to ask him did he not want more, O'Neill thought, Josselyn would ask in wonder: What more was there? Safe in tradition, safe in belief, safe in his small world, Josselyn was as in a well-defended tower, where he, O'Neill, felt naked and alone in the plain of the bare world.

Of all factions in Jerusalem, O'Neill's sympathy was with the occasional Jewish pilgrims, who, at peril of their lives, and by courtesy of the Temple and with a great price purchased the right to kiss the walls of Solomon's edifice, and to say their litany. Rich bankers of Frankfort, polished thinkers of Lisbon, advisers to Italian princes, they rocked to and fro and wept, and whispered their tragic prayer:

"On account of the Palace which is laid wasted,
We sit solitary and weep.
For the sake of the Temple, which is destroyed,
We sit solitary and weep.
For the walls that are thrown down,
We sit solitary and weep.
For our glory, which hath departed from us,
We sit solitary and weep.
For our wise men who have perished,
We sit solitary and weep.
For the precious stones which are burned,
We sit solitary and weep.
For our priests which have fallen,
We sit solitary and weep. . . .
May peace and happiness enter Zion.
May the Rod of Power turn toward Jerusalem!"

Among these folk, however you felt about them, there were no difficulties of belief, no schisms, and when they kissed the courses of great stone laid by Solomon, they were kissing something definite and historically known to be true.

His thoughts now were always homing to Damascus, as birds home. In the fetid city, always, it would seem, short of water, he thought of cool Damascus, where the fertile rill the Greeks called the Golden River ran through street and house and garden. It had a little song, that river—the Barada—impossible to put to music or to words, but it was like an accompaniment to the growing of the peach trees and the blossoming almond. And there was ever

drowsy white-headed Hermon nodding in the distance. The Moorish gardeners, the growers of fruit, tended golden orange and green fig with a celestial gravity in their faces, for was this not Adam's business? In the bazaars the white and round-faced merchants sat, quiet as players of chess. They were not out to make outrageous profits, for this was forbidden by their volume of sacred law, but to play a game as skillful as chess, and they hated nothing more than a man who knew what he wanted and how much he wanted to pay for it—that gave no play to their curious, subtle minds.

And in the bazaars and quiet squares went the real Arab, the great-limbed, calm-eyed bronze men whose wealth was in flocks, in curious woven carpets, in great strings of amber, in weapons inlaid with gold; the men who followed the patriarchal tradition of Abraham, Khalil Ullah, The Friend of God.

Calm-eyed, sure of their destiny, the sheykhs ruled the moon-faced Damascenes and black Moroccan gardeners, with warm hearts and iron hands. They were men, those, O'Neill thought. Convinced of the truth of their revelation, they had ventured everything on it, fighting their way into China of the East, into Africa, into Spain, to Vienna's walls. Their sea captains had raided Cornwall and Devonshire and the shores of Bantry Bay in his own country, and had sailed truculently up to Galway pier. But they got their bellyful of fighting on the dressed blocks of Connemara. They discovered they weren't the only people who had a humor of war. Great fighters, gallant victors, in defeat noble, these Arabs. In a word, O'Neill decided, they were men.

From what he knew of their religion, it was a man's creed. There was but one God, they cried. God was God, that was all. Mohammed was the messenger of God! Their mosques were miracles of space and coolness and quiet beauty. They had no doubts as to who was Father and what was the exact position of the Son. From the beautiful Minaret of the Bride in Damascus, the mueddin would proclaim in his voice that throbbed like a bell that God was great, that God was One, and the Lord Mohammed was the Sent One of God. The great fountain where one must cleanse himself before prayer flashed in the court of the mosque. In its cool inclosure there were no secret prayers or intricacy of ritual, no reek of incense and sweat and foul clothing.

O'Neill would see the simple pageantry of Arab life in Damascus, the mother of cities. He would see their simple creed, feel their simple hearts. It was like looking into that crystal ball the Venetian soothsayers showed you. You saw it all clearly *in petto*. And then, as in the magic glass, the scene clouded milkily, and clearing again, alive in his heart and his eyes, was the vision of the Arab lady, the sister of Ali, whose profile was like the Greek heads from Athens Venetian merchants traded in, whose lithe body you sensed would have given Phidias, that antique sculptor of the Greeks, a model for spirit clothed in the April of beauty.

He had thought, in the first week of his captivity, when he saw her in sheykhly dress, going to and fro, aping the man, that here was a creature vain, spoiled and arrogant. He naturally distrusted her, with his Irish mistrust of all women. He invented an alternative explanation that was even more displeasing. There were tales of tribes in the north where the men fought and afterward the women mutilated the fallen enemies. She might be one of those, he thought, not yet developed, but in training for the part. Only later he began to see that there was some quirk in the old Sheykh Haroun's head, perhaps an occult hurt from the mace of the Lion-Heart, which made the old chieftain regard her as his son. The old man had loved the mother of Ali and Kothra with the intense love many of the Arab know, and when she died his love had gone to the children. At the age of ten Ali had died, and now Kothra was the only living reminder of the emotional epic of the chieftain's heart. As an Arab he wanted a son. He had a daughter who would ride with him, who strove to take the son's place, so that at times he could imagine the beloved Ali was there. She was an independent girl, a girl of the desert, not a woman of the Syrian towns. A girl who knew sunrise and starlight, had the Bedouin love for a horse and an ancient Greek disdain of small events. He had not ever thought of her as a woman until once he hobbled into the garden of Sheykh Haroun's Damascus house and saw her in woman's dress, with a rose in her hand, talking to the Moorish gardener.

She wore the long white garments of a Syrian lady. Small slippers of gold brocade flashed on her feet. She wore the white closely fitting cap of Egyptian linen coming down to her eyebrows of gold. But instead of the dreadful gravelike veil of Syria, she had thrown loosely about throat and mouth a scarf of heavy silk broidered with gold. O'Neill turned to hobble away again.

"Come into the sun, Sheykh O'Neill," she called clearly "Do not be anxious. This is no Egyptian harem. This is a man's house." And coming forward she laid her firm white hand on his arm. "Sit here awhile in the sun," she said. There was a marble seat by the little stream in the garden. "Not that way," she forced him round. "Keep your back to the sun and your head in the shade of the tree." She took his sticks from him when he had lowered himself to the seat. "Is all well with you in my father's house?"

"I am very comfortable," he said, "and very grateful."

"You must not be grateful, Sheykh O'Neill. You are the guest of the Beni Iskander. When sheykhs meet, there is no talk of gratitude surely." A shrill whistle in the tree startled O'Neill, and looking up he saw a lemur with beautiful silver fur and face of a negro dwarf looking at him with overwise eyes. "O Father of Naughtiness!" she chided it. "It is a friend of mine, Sheykh O'Neill," she explained. "It possesses a mixture of childishness and old man's cunning such as you could hardly believe. And here are two other friends of mine." She gave a clear high call, and a small Syrian bear with a beautiful silver mask of fur, and a splendid hound came down the path. "This is the Simple One," she introduced the bear, not much larger than a lamb. "I bought him from a traveling desert smith. They capture them in the Lebanon when cubs, and bring them into es-Sham in small leathern bags. He is a nuisance

"Art thou not a nuisance, O Inventor of Iniquity?" She bent down and pulled it to its haunches. There was a clumsy and appealing look about the little animal that made one laugh. "He climbs trees for oranges, so that I have disputes with Ali Hassan, the head gardener, about him—most grim disputes. And he has a drunkard's passion for honey, so that we may keep no bees. And this one," she returned to the hound, "is named the Father of Swiftness. He was given me by a cousin now dead, who got him where the mountains of Crim Tartary join the Indian lands." The gazelle hound was beautiful, with its lovely coat and noble face. It had the face of a nobleman. "He is of very ancient lineage, Sheykh O'Neill. The Tartars keep the pedigree of these dogs, as we Arabs cherish the pedigree of our horses."

(Continued on Page 168)

"Yes, That is Kothra," She Said.

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

V

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HE COULDN'T look so cocky and triumphant and absolutely sure of himself as that if he didn't actually know that everything was all right," explained the red-headed girl in a reasonable but tremulous whisper, keeping an eye in desperate need of reassurance on the portly and flamboyant Lambert, who was prowling up and down in front of the jury with an expression of lightly won victory on his rubicund countenance and a tie that boasted actual checks under a ruddy chin. Every now and then he uttered small, premonitory booms.

"He could look just exactly like that if he were a God-forsaken fool," murmured the reporter gloomily. "And would, and undoubtedly does. Whom the gods destroy they first make mad. Look out, there he goes!"

"Your Honor," intoned Mr. Lambert with unction, "gentlemen of the jury, I am not going to burden you with a lengthy dissertation at this moment. In my summing up at a later time I will attempt to analyze the fallacious and specious reasoning on which my brilliant opponent has constructed his case, but at present something else is in my mind; or perhaps I should be both more candid and more accurate if I say that something else is in my heart.

"We have heard a great deal of the beauty, the charm, the enchantment and the tragedy of the young woman whose dreadful death has brought about this trial. Much stress has been laid on her appalling fate and on the pitiful horror of so much loveliness crushed out in such a fashion. It is very far from my desire to deny or to belittle any of this. Tragic and dreadful, indeed, was the fate of Madeleine Bellamy; not one of us can think of it unmoved.

"But, gentlemen, when its horror grips you most relentlessly, I ask you to think of another young woman whose fate, to my mind, has been bitterer still; who, many times in these past few days, would have been glad to change places with that dead girl, safe and quiet now, beyond the reach of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that have been raining about her own unprotected head. I ask you to turn your thoughts for one moment to the fate of Susan Ives, the prisoner at the bar.

"Not so many weeks ago there is not one of you who would not have thought her an object of profound envy. Sue Ives, the adored, the cherished, the protected; Sue Ives, moving safe and happy through a world of flowers and blue skies that held no single cloud; Sue Ives, the lucky and beloved, the darling of the gods. There she sits before you, gentlemen, betrayed by her husband, befouled by every idle tongue that wags, torn from her children and her home, pilloried in every journal in the land from the most lofty and impeccable sheet to the vilest rag in Christendom, branded before the world as that darkest, most dreadful and most abject of creatures—a murderess.

"A murderess! This girl, so loyal and generous and honest that those who knew her believed her to be of somewhat finer clay than the rest of this workaday world; so proud, so sensitive and so fastidious that those who loved her would rather a thousand times have seen her dead in her grave than subjected to the ugly torture that has been her lot these past few days. What of her lot, gentlemen? What of her fate? What has brought her to this dreadful pass? Lightness or disloyalty or bad repute or reckless indiscretion or evil intent? Your own wife, your own daughter, your own mother, could not be freer of any taint of scandal or criticism.

"Accusations of this nature have been made in this court, but not by me and not against her. Of these sins, Madeleine Bellamy, the girl for whom all your pity has been invoked, has stood accused. She is dead. I, too, invoke your pity for her and such forgetfulness as you can mete out for the folly and dishonor that led to her death. For if she had not gone to that cottage to meet her lover, death would not have claimed her. She met death because she was there, alone and unprotected. Whether she was struck down by a thief, a blackmailer, an old lover or a new one, is not within my province to prove or in yours to decide. My intent is only to show you that so slight is the case against Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy that a stronger one could be made out against half a dozen people that have been paraded before you these days in order to defame her.

"He Had the Reddest Hair That I've Ever Seen on a Human Being"

"What is this case against her? I say against her, because if you decide that Mrs. Ives is not guilty, the case against Stephen Bellamy collapses automatically. It is not the contention of the state that he committed this crime. The evidence produced shows, according to the state, that he and Mrs. Ives were together throughout the evening, at her instigation. If she had nothing whatever to do with the crime, it follows inevitably that neither did her companion. I again, therefore, turn your attention to Mrs. Ives, and ask you once more what is this case against her?

"This: You are asked to believe that this girl many of you have daughters older than Susan Ives—that this girl, gently born, gently bred and gentle hearted, upon receiving information from a half-intoxicated and infatuated suitor of Mimi Bellamy's that Mimi was carrying on an affair with her husband, Patrick Ives, dined peacefully at home, rose from the table, summoned Mrs. Bellamy's adoring husband to meet her down a back lane, procured a knife from a table in her husband's study and straightway sallied forth to remove the encumbrance that she had discovered in her smooth path by the simple and straightforward process of murdering her—murder, you note, premeditated, preconceived and prearranged. Roughly, an hour and a half elapsed between the time that Susan Ives set out and the moment that the scream fixes as that of the murder.

"Presumably some of that time was occupied in convincing Mr. Bellamy of the excellence of her scheme and some of it in idle conversation the time must have been occupied somehow; the actual rise and fall of a knife is no lengthy matter. Mr. Bellamy, we gather, was so entertained by the death of his idolized wife that he yielded to hearty laughter—Mr. Thorne has told you of that laugh, I believe.

"The lamp has gone out, so in total darkness they proceed to collect the jewels and wait peacefully until Mr. Thorne has put his keys under the doormat—the door is locked; they have thought of everything, you see—when once more they venture forth, enter an automobile that has the convenient quality of becoming either visible or invisible as serves them best, and return promptly and speedily to the house of Mr. Stephen Bellamy.

"Possibly you wonder why they do that. It is barely ten, and almost anyone might see them, thereby destroying their carefully concocted movie alibi, but possibly they thought that the Bellamy house would be a nice place to hide the pearls and talk things over. We are left a trifle in the dark as to their motives here, but undoubtedly the prosecutor will clear all that up perfectly. Ten minutes later they come out, and still together start off once more, presumably in the direction of Mrs. Ives' home so that everyone there can get a good look at them together, while Mrs. Ives still has the knife and the bloodstained coat in her possession. There they part, Mrs. Ives to straighten up a little before she takes some fruit up to Mrs. Daniel Ives,

Mr. Bellamy presumably to return to his own home and a night of well-earned repose.

"In the morning Mrs. Ives rises sufficiently early to pack up the blood-drenched garments in a large box for the Salvation Army; she turns them over to a maid to turn over to a chauffeur, requests a fresh pair of gloves and sets forth to early church—the service which she has attended every Sunday of her life since she was a mite of six, with eyes too big for her face, hair to her waist, skirts to her knees and little white cotton gloves that would fit a doll if it weren't too big. The prosecutor leaves her there telling her God that last night she had had to kill a girl who was liable to make a nuisance of herself before she got through by cutting down Sue Ives' monthly income considerably. Of course it all may seem a trifle incomprehensible to us, but it's undoubtedly perfectly clear to God and the prosecutor

"I think that that is a fair and accurate statement of the state's case, though Mr. Farr undoubtedly can—and will make it sound a great deal more plausible when he gets at it. But that's what it boils down to, and all the specious reasoning and forensic and histrionic ability in the world won't make it one atom less preposterous. That's their case.

"And on what evidence are we asked to believe this incredible farrago? I'll tell you. We have the word of a hysterical and morbidly sensitive girl with a supposed grievance that she overheard a telephone conversation; we have the word of a vindictive young vixen who is leading nothing more nor less than a life of sin that she planted a note and failed to find it again; we have the disjointed narrative of an unfortunate fellow so far gone in drink and love that he was half out of his senses at the time that he is supposed to be reporting these crucial events and has since blown his brains out; we have the word of an ex-jailbird who might well have more reasons than one for directing the finger of suspicion at a convenient victim; we have a trooper, eager for credit and prominence, swearing to you that he can as clearly recognize and identify a scrap of earth bearing the imprint of a bit of tire as though it were the upturned countenance of his favorite child—a bit of tire, gentlemen, which undoubtedly has some hundreds of millions of twins in this capacious country of ours

"It is on this evidence, fantastic though it may sound, that my distinguished adversary is asking you to condemn to death a gentle lady and an honest gentleman. On the testimony of a neurotic, a love thief, a jailbird and a drunkard! These are plain words to describe plain truths. I propose to produce witnesses of unimpeachable record to substantiate every one of them.

"It is, frankly, a great temptation to me to rest the case for the defense here and now; because in all honesty I cannot see how it would take any twelve sane men in this country five consecutive minutes to reach and return a verdict of not guilty. Remember, it does not devolve on me to prove that Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy are innocent, but on the state to prove that they are guilty. If they have proved that these two are guilty, then they have proved that I am. I believe absolutely that one is not more absurd than the other.

"On that profound conviction I could, I say, rest this case. But there is a bare possibility that some minor aspects of the case are not so clear to you as they are to me there is a passionate desire on my part to leave not one stone unturned in behalf of either of my clients—and there is also, I confess, a very human desire to confront and confound some of the glib crew who have mounted the steps to that stand day after day somewhat too greatly concerned to swear away two human lives. It will not be a lengthy and exhausting performance, I promise. Four or five honest men and women will suffice, and you will find, I believe, that truth travels as fast as light.

"Nor shall I produce the hundreds upon hundreds of character witnesses that I could bring before you to tell you that of all the fine and true and gallant souls that have crossed their paths, the most gallant, the finest and the truest is the girl that this very sovereign state is asking you to brand as a murderess. In the case of the People versus Susan Ives I shall call only one character witness into that box—Susan Ives herself. And if, after you have listened to her, after you have seen her, after you have heard her tell her story, you do not believe that society and the law and the people themselves, clamoring for a victim, have made a frightful and shocking error, it will be because I am not only a bad lawyer but a bad prophet as well. Gentlemen, it is my profound and solemn conviction that whatever I may be as a lawyer, I am in very truth a good prophet!"

"I don't believe he's a bad lawyer," said the red-headed girl breathlessly. "He's a good lawyer. He is! He makes everyone see just how ridiculous the case against them is. That's being a good lawyer, isn't it? That's making a good speech, isn't it? That's ——"

"He's a pompous old jackass," said the reporter unkindly. "But he loves his Sue, and he did just a little better than he knows how. Not so good, at that, either. You don't make a case ridiculous by jeering at it. If ——"

"Call Mrs. Platz!" boomed the oblivious object of his strictures

"Mrs Adolph Platz!"

Mrs. Platz, minute and meek, with straw-colored hair and straw-colored lashes and a small pink nose in a small white face, advanced toward the witness stand with no assurance whatever.

"Mrs. Platz, what was your position on June 19, 1926?"

"I was chambermaid-waitress with Mrs. Alfred Bond at Oyster Bay"

"Had you been formerly in the employ of Mrs. Patrick Ives?"

"Yes, sir, I was, for about six months in 1925. I just did chamber work there, though."

"Was your husband there at the time?"

"Yes, sir. Adolph was there as what you might call a useful man. He helped with the furnace and garden and ran the station wagon—things like that."

"How long had you been married?"

"Not very long, sir—not a year, quite." Mrs. Platz's lips were suddenly unsteady.

"Mrs. Platz, why did you leave the employ of Mrs. Ives?"

"Do I have to answer that, sir?"

"I should very much like to have you answer it Was it because you were discontented with your work?"

(Continued on Page 106)

"I Was Looking Over the Tire to See Whether I Could Locate the Damage"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 8, 1927

Bonds of Faith

WHEN bonds and stocks are mentioned, either in print or in conversation, one's thoughts naturally turn to business concerns or to political divisions, such as countries, states and cities. Stocks and bonds are issued, as we all know, by corporations. But the conception of corporate entity is gradually enlarging. Today it includes churches, hospitals and even universities. These, too, are corporate enterprises, and though they are not given to the issue of stock, they possess assets which may be mortgaged and borrowed upon, a practice increasingly employed.

Ecclesiastical securities are by no means new, especially in the case of the Roman Catholic Church. It may be difficult to assess the value of church, seminary and school buildings by ordinary business standards. On the other hand, the elements of stability, financial responsibility and moral integrity should be high in the case of many church bonds, although the obligation of a small congregation, unless guaranteed by a larger entity, might not be particularly valuable. Now and then a Catholic bishop, forming a corporation sole, issues bonds secured by the property of the diocese, vested, as it is, in him and his successors.

We have seen no accounts of the default of bonds issued by responsible church or hospital bodies. Especially in the former case a clientele is assured. With both there is no danger of default by reason of nonpayment of taxes, the question of renewing franchises is not brought up, strikes are never threatened, rates are not lowered by municipal authority, and many other ills to which business concerns are heir present no problem. But obviously neither church nor hospital bond should command confidence unless the clientele or membership is large and stable, and the issuing body has elements of permanence.

University and college bonds are exceedingly rare as yet. But these hard-pressed institutions might conceivably find relief in the public investment market. It would certainly bring much-needed alleviation to drive-harassed alumni, not to mention the rate payers of states with tax-supported universities.

It is sometimes charged—with what truth we do not pretend to know—that these institutions are not so businesslike as they should be. A loan of five or ten millions from a banking syndicate might provide a check upon their business methods. Perhaps this is undesirable or unnecessary, but surely numerous great educational institutions have valuable assets and an assured clientage which warrant them in entering the investment market as borrowers. We cannot conceive of any social change that will keep youth from flocking to these places.

Now the first requisite of most, if not all, investments is volume of business. The deepest underlying bond on the most-prized portion of the richest railroad would soon become valueless if traffic vanished. But the second and just as essential requisite is that the traffic shall pay. True, colleges and universities are not run for profit. Neither are churches and hospitals. But all these institutions can increase their own usefulness if they have a margin of income which makes borrowing occasionally possible, even if in all cases it may not be the wisest policy.

But we suspect that colleges and universities have about reached the limit of expansion and usefulness unless they begin to charge a little more nearly what their product is worth. Many a young man goes to college chiefly to increase his future earnings. Why should he pay only a quarter or a half of what the article costs? If youth paid more nearly for what it gets, education and society in general would gain by the saving of waste and lost motion that go with the present system of outright subsidy.

The Drugless Age

IT SEEMS to be an inherent human trait to veer from side to side, from one extreme to the other. Whatever the field of knowledge, we act and react, finding it difficult to pursue an even course of progress. It was not so many years ago that medical practitioners dosed their patients with large draughts of dark and ill-tasting drugs. Both patient and practitioner appeared to receive the greatest possible mental solace from an immediate prescription. Too often the therapeutic art centered about a bottle of so-called medicine.

From this narrow conception of curative factors there has been a sharp reaction, among both profession and laity. The boundaries of medical science have widened so enormously that mere drugs have come to occupy what may seem at times a lowly position. All but the more ignorant classes of patients have given up expecting miracles out of a bottle, and calmly accept the wisdom of their physicians in prescribing rest, a change of diet and habits, rather than pellets and draughts.

Yet there is danger of the pendulum swinging too far. There is scientific ground for saying that practitioners may become too skeptical in their attitude toward drugs, and patients too hopeless.

If the layman will give the subject half a moment's thought he must realize the present importance of drugs. They are used with more discrimination than formerly, but for that very reason are valuable. A distinguished physician and scientist tells how five days out from a European port the ship's surgeon came to him and said: "Doctor, I am desperate. Diphtheria has broken out in the steerage and we are having about three deaths a day among the children. The antitoxin came from one of the best laboratories in England, but it seems to have no effect."

The distinguished passenger asked if the children were undernourished, and the ship's surgeon replied in the affirmative, saying they had come from the poorest of peasant homes. The scientist then suggested the administration of small doses of a common drug, almost a household remedy.

There were no more deaths among the forty-five little patients, because their defensive powers had been sufficiently strengthened by the drug to give the antitoxin a chance to take hold.

A prominent specialist recently said that in the entire world only three hundred thousand dollars is being spent annually for research in a dread disease which kills a substantial percentage of all mature persons. There is no suggestion here that a drug would necessarily be found to cure this particular disease, even if large resources were devoted to the cause. But it must not be supposed that chemistry and biochemistry have completed their work in relation to drug development. Insulin is a comparatively recent discovery, to name only one.

The intense interest which scientists are taking in recent revelations concerning the ductless glands, with possibilities of revolutionary additions to knowledge, and the more extended use of vaccines of one kind and another, are very modern affairs. We are not in a drugless age and, what is more important, we are not in a resourceless age, as far as science and medicine are concerned. The world has gone past the point where it expects health out of a bottle, but the laboratory still has many glad tidings for suffering mankind.

The Power of Talk

A VETERAN industrialist, president of a successful and important corporation, in a recent address to a group of salesmen employed by another concern, and in a line wholly different from his own, declared that conventions and conferences had been largely instrumental in raising the ideals and tone of business ethics.

"You do not realize," he said, "how very recent are these meetings which we now take for granted. But I have been in business for forty years, and there was nothing of the kind when I began. I have witnessed the changes brought about and look upon such gatherings as this as a prime cause."

Allowing for the blarney with which so many public speakers launch their efforts, there is food for thought in these simple remarks. For conventions are a constructive tool in the work of the world, even though the futility which seems inseparably linked with such concourses gives free rein to sarcasm and ridicule. From the welter of aimless, padded and flowery talk there do emerge added understanding and power.

The weaknesses of a convention are manifest. Much of the speaking is plainly intended for forty-year-old men who possess the mentality of children of nine. It is not so much the fault of the audiences, who cannot help themselves, as of little men temporarily clothed with enough official authority to give them program places irrespective of the fact that they have nothing whatever to say. A considerable proportion of all speech making at business and professional conventions consists either of useless generalities or of banal irrelevancies.

Perhaps the feeble quality of the papers read at a great number of conventions does less harm than one might expect, considering the absence of so many members who have gone to the golf links instead of to the meeting. Golf is an admirable game, and valuable business contacts may be made on the links, but why not have the golf without the conventions? It seems rather puerile to get up such elaborate affairs merely to play golf.

Then, too, a certain although steadily diminishing percentage of the membership remains under the influence of alcohol from the opening of the convention until its adjournment. Mostly they linger in hotel bedrooms and other corners removed from the din of oratory.

But despite much mental piffle and the handicaps of social joys or indulgences, few business conventions are wasted affairs. While the platform reverberates with hokum a few closeted leaders decide upon important policies.

Eventually the more windy speakers come to a close, and those with definite, specific information, of whom there are nearly always a few, take the floor. It is not expected that every member will profit by all the suggestions made. But most men pick up at least one rich nugget of thought at such a gathering.

Not all the work of the world is done in crowds. Factory managers, city engineers, life-insurance salesmen, authors, surgeons—nearly all of us must make vital decisions alone or act in the company of a very few. But conventions invigorate the business man. They provide the fillip of group standards and enthusiasm. They are not for daily diet, but for occasional spur. A convention may prove tiresome for all but an hour, but it takes less time than that to send the member away with a new and stimulating line of thought or action.

The International Economic Conference—By Alonzo E. Taylor

THE International Economic Conference met in Geneva during the month of May, 1927. It was called by the League of Nations. It included delegations from six countries which are not members of the League; indeed, one of the outstanding features of the conference was the attendance of delegates from countries not members of the League.

The list is at once impressive and curious: The United States, Russia, Egypt, Mexico, Brazil and Turkey. Argentina and Spain, also not members of the League, were not represented. The League of Nations called the conference and then turned the deliberations over to the assembled delegates as an autonomous body, in which men from various countries met, exchanged views and adopted resolutions.

In one important sense, League policy was adopted by the guiding spirits of the conference. The League policy was to exclude general questions and to limit the discussions to tangible and practicable problems of immediate importance. Secondly, it was the policy of the League to limit resolutions to such as could secure unanimity of support, and not to appear to bind the conference by majority vote. If one may judge by this, it is the policy of the League, in its own affairs and for such conferences as it may convene, to march forward only as rapidly as the march can be made in compact formation. To develop policy with unanimity means slow progress, but it means safe progress, since it follows the development of enlightened opinion.

The agenda of the conference, prepared under the supervision of the Council of the League of Nations, was quite as significant for what it did not contain as for what it contained. Questions that were not included were thereby understood to be excluded. These were reparation payments, international debts, restriction of immigration, and finance. The noninclusion of reparation payments excluded the subject of the workings of the Dawes Plan. The noninclusion of international debts excluded disputations over war debts. The noninclusion of what in the agenda was called "the question of population" made it impossible for Italy, Poland and Japan to discuss immigration restrictions, had they desired. The noninclusion of finance excluded the subjects of freedom of movement of capital and the controversy over metal-based currency and managed currency. The conference, in effect rather than by formal action, also excluded the subjects of nationalization of resources and protectionism versus free trade. It was understood that the Russian delegation, and also socialist delegates from Western European countries, desired to open the question of nationalization of resources, but nothing of the sort came to pass. The subject of protectionism versus free trade was excluded by resolution, as follows:

> In enumerating the causes and ideas which are responsible for the super-protectionism of postwar years, the International Economic Conference does not attempt to pass judgment on the fundamental principles of protection and free trade respectively.

These noninclusions provoked some protest. Venturesome individuals from various countries were out of patience with this policy of the conference, believing it too conservative. The consensus of opinion, however, was that discussion should be limited to tangible and practicable questions and that the introduction of the larger subjects would be followed by fruitless controversy.

In December, 1925, the Council of the League of Nations organized a preparatory committee whose functions were to "advise as to the composition, agenda and date of the conference, and to secure the necessary documentary preparation, leaving the discussion of the substance of the problems selected for consideration to the conference itself." The preparatory committee consisted of thirty-five experts, including four Americans. More than fifty

(Continued on Page 220)

THE BRIDE'S BOUQUET

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"What's the Joke, Rags?" "Take a Look at Old Sour Mug There! He Had a Scrap With a Tough Airedale Yesterday and He Thinks He Won!"

If an Amœba Could Read

Class

PRAXITELES was one of the greatest of the Greek sculptors."

"What radiator cap is his stuff on?"

Fairy Tales From Irish Folklore

"SURE an' 'tis a d'richthers' ma-athin' Oi'm detai-ained at, darlint, an' thim ka-apin' me at th' office 'til midnight at la-aste."

"An' how should Oi be knowin' phwy th' litter is in th' pockut av me coat an' me ma-ailin' it wid me own ha-ands lasht Thursday 'twas a wa-ake."

"Sure an' if Oi hadn't had thot dommed thir-rtane at the twilfth, may th' divil fly away wid it, 'tis an eighty-sivin Oi'd have had th' da-ay."

"—— an' 'twas panic 'em Oi did at th' Palatz la-sht wa-ake an' thim offerin' me the gra-avy shpot at th' Alhambra in Chi, on'y Oi'd not la-ave Broadway f'r liss than a grand."

"Sure an' phwin th' announcer shpoke sthrike me did if 'twasn't Loose Anjellies an' it only a foive-chube sit."

"Sure an' th' lots ar-re bound to increase foo-or hundhrid per cint in liss than a year."

"'Tis liss than a r-round Oi'd have wan in, only f'r shprainin' me

(Continued on Page 164

I've Only Myself to Express

Why women serve soup every day!

"JUST ANOTHER meal" or a really delightful time at the table? Which shall it be? The added touch of charm and attractiveness which gives sparkle and zest to all the food is so easy to accomplish. And so very important, for every reason.

Hot, tempting, invigorating soup! What brightness and good cheer it adds! How instantly the appetite responds to its deliciously blended flavors! What a splendidly healthful and wholesome way to stimulate both enjoyment and digestion!

Women are grateful for the daily helpfulness of soup. Keeping their table constantly attractive, day in and day out, is no easy task. And soup is such a big aid. Its variety is practically endless. It is simple and easy to provide. Yet there it is, ready at hand all the time, to give its welcome "lift" in the woman's ever-present problems—and to benefit all the family.

So soup is a regularly established fixture in thousands and thousands of homes. Every year a new host of women "discover" the truth about soup and serve it daily, instead of only occasionally. Once a guest dish and a dish for special days, now a daily family standby. The great and growing popularity of Campbell's Tomato Soup shows how rapidly the custom is spreading.

This irresistible blend of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, golden country butter and appetizing seasoning is the best known, best liked, and oftenest served soup in the world. You simply add an equal quantity of water (milk or cream for Cream of Tomato Soup, according to directions on label) simmer a few minutes and serve!

See also the complete list of the 21 Campbell's kinds of soups which are printed on each label.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

"Vive l'Empereur!"

Last Night She Had Preceded Him—Candle in Hand—Up the Creaking Stairs to Show Him His Tiny Attic Under the Roof

By
F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

IT WAS the Seventh Fructidor of the Year XIII of the Republic, or, by that calendar of "tyrants" soon now to be officially restored, the twenty-fifth of August, 1805. From the huge, flat-bottomed barge, filled with the three guns, the caissons, wagons, horses and personnel of a half company of foot artillery, Lieutenant Lucien Desmarets, aged twenty years, gazed around him at the innumerable other barges and gunboats laden with the hundred thousand men of the Grand Army, glanced up at the cliffs above Boulogne where, with their civilian husbands and brothers, thousands of poke-bonneted muslin-robed Boulonnaises waved an enthusiastic and prolonged farewell. The morning was perfect, with a slight mist over the sea, a favoring wind and no English cruisers in sight—ideal conditions almost never before coincidently vouchsafed.

By that hour tomorrow they would have landed upon the English coast. Within a week they would be in London. The country whence for thirteen years had flowed the maledictory gold of Pitt would be utterly crushed. Napoleon would be the unchallengeable master of the world. Lieutenant Desmarets waved his black shako as on every side in those crowded vessels the troops waved their shakos, bearskins and plumed casques of brass or steel, vociferated frenetically as they vociferated, as the civilian spectators vociferated, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It was a collective intoxication, a fanatic dedication of an entire people to that prodigious godlike genius who had miraculously rescued them from a blood-drenched internal anarchy, who—overwhelmingly invincible as Mars himself had opened to their dazzled eyes an unimagined brilliantly glittering vista of universal conquest.

Since 1803, the Grande Armée, specifically named and created for this all-decisive enterprise, had, from general to drummer boy, existed only for the great day which at last had authentically dawned. Now two hours ago the last man had embarked upon the colossal flotilla still anchored close along the beaches. The fast-sailing gunboat which would convey the Emperor and his personal staff was still within the harbor. Up on the cliff, within the vast camp they had now certainly quitted for good—over and over again in the past two years there had been similar embarkations that had proved to be merely drill; finishing always with the single signal gun which had recalled them to French soil for sharp criticism and further instruction—the imperial flag still flew from the flagstaff by a large gray-painted temporary wooden building.

He, then, was still in his headquarters—dictating, doubtless, his final orders for the sea crossing, to make which possible he had planned those cunning naval combinations, covering half the world, that had at last decoyed Nelson to the West Indian islands, four thousand miles away. At any moment now that flag would come down; they would see the cavalcade of his personal escort galloping, amid acclamations, toward the harbor, and from the cliff would boom forth the double report of the two guns which would be the signal for departure.

Lieutenant Desmarets craved for that moment with all his young and ardent soul. His boyhood passed among the victories of the Republic, his adolescence fevered by the yet more marvelous rapid victories of the First Consul, he thirsted in a high-strung exaltation of all his being for his share in that intoxicating glory which for a decade had been an aureole over the armies of France. Glory! Glory! Throughout his conscious life that magically inspiring word had been incessant in his ears. Like countless other French children in those furious years when the guillotine functioned in every market place, he had cried, "*Gloire! Gloire!*" as he pushed his toy soldiers into mimic battle, reenacting those tumultuously acclaimed triumphs on the frontiers. Later, when the guillotines had been carried away to rust and the French armies were startling the world in Italy and in Egypt, only that glamorous career of arms was thinkable to him as to thousands of others, and had become a consuming ambition his parents could not refuse. How he and his chosen comrades had worked at the artillery school—Napoleon himself had once sat in that classroom!—in agonies lest all wars should finish ere they joined the army, lest the epoch of glory should be closed before they as late comers could participate!

Glory! Glory! The word and the thought, inebriating an entire nation receiving every day some new wagon train laden with trophies of conquest, dominated every moment of the existence of those cadets, repeatedly harangued by just-returned victorious generals; became to him an ineffable sublimity to which he dedicated himself with all the yearning idealism of eager youth. Exasperating in their denial of opportunity to win his first laurels—all the world talked of laurels and Roman glaives and other antique paraphernalia in a mania of pseudo-classicism—had been those twelve months of arduous training at the camp of Boulogne when finally he had passed as *sous-lieutenant* into the army; his promotion to lieutenant almost valueless to him because it had not been won on the field of battle. Now at last the impatiently awaited day had arrived. In a few hours, surely, he would be bathed in that effulgence dazzlingly irradiating from the fierce combats, the smoke-obscured carnage, of a successful campaign, of this campaign above all others. He would distinguish himself—or die!

He pushed through the throng of artillerymen toward his captain, seated at the broad square stern of the huge lighter, and now, with two other lieutenants of the company, poring over a map of the English coast. Capitaine Foliguet was a *vieux*—he was almost forty years of age—who had served through every campaign since the glorious epopœia of '93. Efficient, modest, stolidly performing his duty, he was one of those whom the meteorically rapid promotions had somehow left behind—he could tell stories of times when Marmont, one of the splendid new marshals of the Empire, had been his fellow *sous-lieutenant*. His shako removed from his already grayish head, his severe, dark-blue, red-piped uniform comfortably opened at the throat, in his mouth the republican short clay pipe to which he was as much attached as any of his gunners, he

Continued on Page 42

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Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 40

traced on the map their probable landfall, the probable routes by which the army would triumphantly hurl itself on London. Notoriously the English, trusting to their guineas and their fleet, had only a handful of soldiers to oppose to this mighty host.

"There is a movement on the cliff, *mon capitaine!*" said Desmarets excitedly, "and the semaphore has just been working. Now at last we are going to start. *Vive la gloire!*"

Capitaine Foliguet looked at him imperturbably. "The Little One up there knows his business," he said, with a jerk of his head toward the cliff. "We shall not start until the telegraph tells him the way is clear. And it will be only just in time," he added, blowing a puff of smoke from under his ragged nicotine-stained mustache. "I talked yesterday with an old comrade who is now a general. He told me that Russia and Austria are making immense preparations for war against us. Today, it seems, is the last day we dare turn our backs to them and invade England, and even then only if Villeneuve has obeyed the Emperor's orders and brought Ganteaume out of Brest and is now sweeping with overwhelming force up the Channel. If not—pstt!—about face to the Danube!"

"*Mon capitaine,*" said Desmarets in a happy positiveness, "I invite you to dinner in London, and I shall pay for the dinner in English guineas! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

"Don't forget the English ladies!" laughed Lieutenant Huard, red-haired and freckle-faced. "Invite them also, and I will be of the party!"

"For me," remarked Lieutenant Silvestre, tall and darkly handsome, "I refuse any under the rank of countess!"

Capitaine Foliguet smiled in a pleasant reminiscence. "I remember a countess in Milan in the Year VI," he said, "and another ——"

Desmarets had glanced shoreward.

"Listen!" he exclaimed. A sudden puff of white smoke came from the cliff, was followed by a dully reverberating heavy report. "The signal!"

All gazed eagerly, anxiously, at the cliff, waiting for the second gun, waiting in a strange sudden universal silence until they could hear their own hearts thudding. There was no second detonation! The expedition was not, after all, to start! Lieutenant Desmarets felt his heart sink sickeningly in the shock of that disappointment, the more crushing after that enthusiastic certitude.

All around him stood in similar speechless dismay. Then the pigtailed, earringed sailors, cursing exasperatedly at the artillerymen, who cursed back at them, pushed their way roughly to the stern, commenced to haul upon the ropes which would bring them once more to the landing stages on the beach.

To that vast appalled silence succeeded suddenly a clamor of angry voices from all those innumerable vessels, coming in an immense murmur from those more distant; a clamor and a murmur that were alike ominously significant to experienced ears—the collective ugly note of an army in furious insubordination.

"*On se f—— de nous!*" cried the artillerymen in the barge. "It was now or never! The Little Corporal has lost his nerve since he became Emperor! Not again will we miss our soup for him! *À bas les lâches! Vive la République!*" Thwarted at this last moment in that indubitable annihilation of the execrated English enemy for which the ceaseless preparation of the past two years had wrought them to a pitch of fanatic ardor—and there was none who did not seem instinctively to divine that this was the final chance—they shouted defiantly the forbidden battle cries of the Republic, renounced their idol, yelled insults and obscenities at the cliff. The man up there, as General Bonaparte and as First Consul, had indeed led them from intoxicating victory to intoxicating victory, but as grandiosely enthroned Emperor —— Never yet had the Emperor, as Emperor, led an army to battle. They screamed up at the gray-painted wooden building as though determined he should hear.

Capitaine Foliguet buttoned up his tunic, readjusted his shako and jumped upon a gun.

Down in the Village Street There Was a Clanking of Harness Chains, a Stamping of Hoofs, as the Horses Were Once More Put to the Guns and Wagons

"Silence!" he yelled, in his battle voice. "It is but for another day! The Little One knows best. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Not a single voice responded to the cry. Even Lieutenant Desmarets felt that his divinity had crashed. He could have wept.

It was a little more than two hours later. On the immense review ground behind the far-stretching camps Lieutenant Desmarets sat his horse with the now reunited battery. Commandant Treillard, ex-noncommissioned officer of the days before the Revolution, who with the other half company had embarked on another barge, sat stiffly on his charger in the regulation position in front of his unit. He had blasphemed savagely all the way up the steep roundabout road to the camp, was now wrathfully mute in the near presence of General Vandamme, commanding their division.

Once more, as on many previous occasions that had been orgies of enthusiasm, the entire Grand Army—save for the corps of Marmont in Holland, and that of Bernadotte in Hanover—was drawn up on the vast uneven plateau; a magnificent spectacle of precisely ranked masses, of hundreds of imperial eagles displaying in the breeze their silken folds of blue, white and red, centered with the golden laurel-enwreathed monogram. Never were those sacred emblems to be surrendered while a man survived. On the right and slightly in advance, the Guard stood in a separate corps; its infantry in tall bearskins and uniforms of blue and white; its artillery and *Grenadiers à cheval* also in bearskins, white breeches and blue coats, its dragoons in green with white facings and a casque with a red plume.

Then, demarcated in their component divisions, came the four corps of Soult, Lannes, Ney and Davout; the infantry of the line in shakos and uniforms of blue and white; the light infantry all in blue with black gaiters; the light cavalry division attached to each in uniforms of green with facings diversely hued according to the regiment. On the left stood the regiments of the cavalry reserve commanded by the theatrically magnificent Murat; gleaming cuirassiers and green-uniformed dragoons, that overwhelming mass of powerfully mounted heavy horsemen which the master of war hurled like a thunderbolt across the battlefield when the artillery had ravaged the enemy ranks and the charging infantry had thrown them into disorder.

Setting a novel pattern to the world, it was an army scientifically organized in divisions of the three arms, and it was an army whose generals were of elsewhere unheard-of youth, its prodigious leader only just thirty-six, few of its other commanders yet forty. Fifty per cent composed of veterans of the revolutionary wars, its republican demi-brigades only recently reconstituted into regiments, its plebeian generals only yesterday dazzlingly metamorphosed into marshals of princely wealth, its humblest soldier admitted with them to the glorious comradeship of the Legion of Honor and at least nominally eligible for the highest promotion, it had been fashioned—with flattery and reward, with harsh severity, with curt and marvelously potent words that could electrify the soul in praise and annihilate in reproof—into an instrument of war which had no parallel.

Times without number in those two years when the demi-god First Consul had splendidly developed into the demi-god Emperor, it had marched and countermarched and maneuvered in a hitherto unwonted precision of drill under the minutely perceptive, terribly undeceivable eye of its creator; had acclaimed him in a frenzy of devotion such as none but he, perhaps in all the history of the world, had ever inspired. Now, although the noisy, almost mutinous, insubordination of the beaches had given way to the habit of discipline as it had marched and re-formed on this familiar parade ground, it stood somberly, sullenly, ominously silent. Its idol had fallen.

From the camp where the huts stood in long streets, a group of gold-embroidered horsemen issued suddenly, a

(Continued on Page 58)

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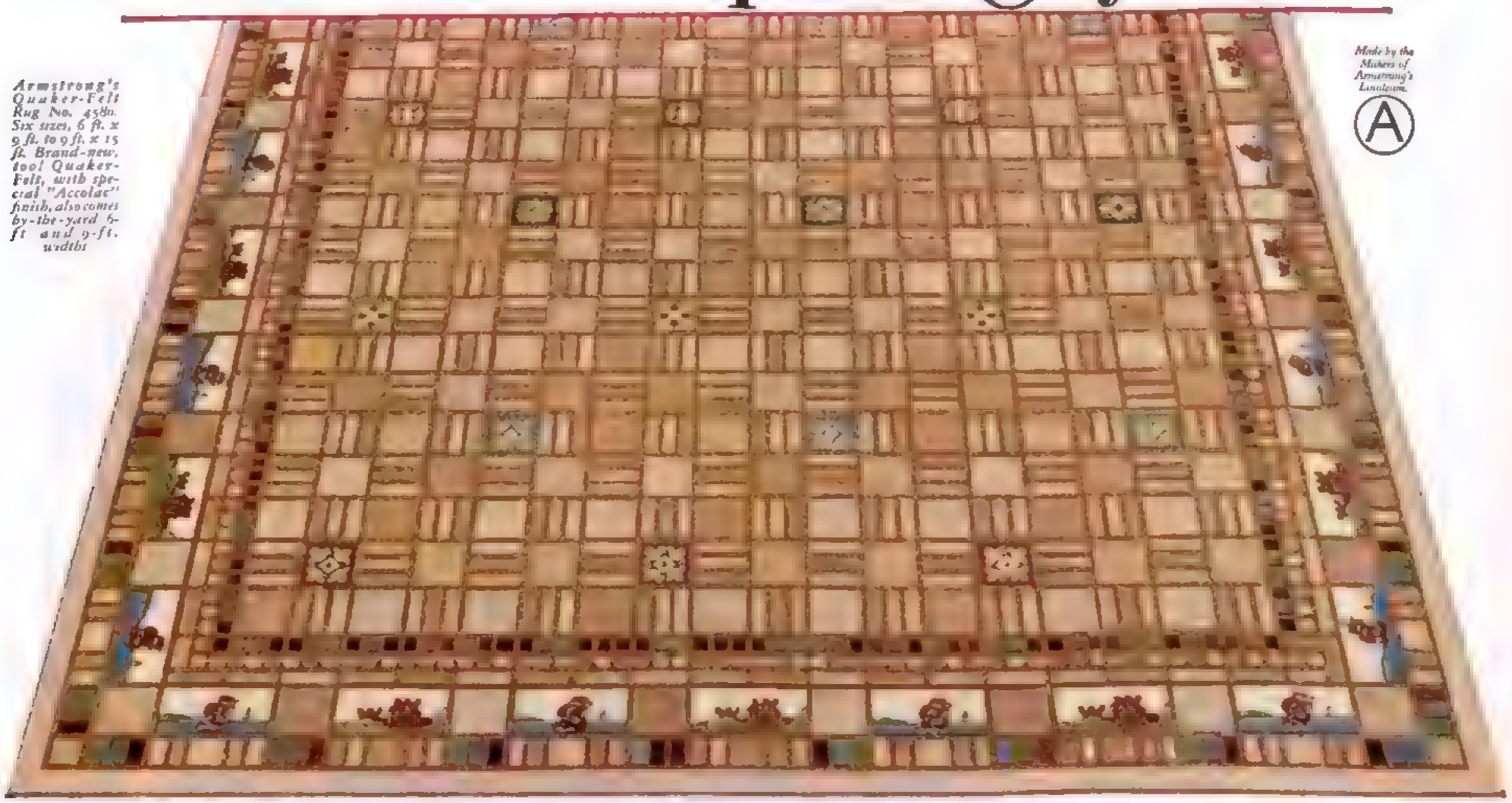

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Armstrong's Quaker-Felt RUGS

WATCHDOGS OF CRIME

By Kenneth L. Roberts

THE American criminal makes his living by crime. Sometimes he makes a good living and sometimes he doesn't; but whether he makes a good one or a bad one, he makes it. Consequently he fights for his livelihood with every means at his command. His fights have been so successful and so well organized, and the knowledge obtained over many years of such fights has been so well utilized, that the average American criminal has as little respect for the law as the average pedestrian has for a one-cylinder motorcycle with carburetor trouble. The motorcycle is noisy and potentially dangerous, and frequently annoys the pedestrian, but the pedestrian believes that it won't hit him.

An American of considerable education and talent was intimately associated for many years with what might be called the cream—the sour cream—of the underworld. The opinion of the law that he obtained in those years was summed up in a sentence: "I don't see how they ever convict a man that has any dough."

This cynical, not to say hard-boiled, view of the matter seems fairly reasonable when one examines into the natural delays of the law and the artificial delays and hindrances that are injected into the situation by the representatives of American criminals. Some of these hindrances are difficult to correct—notably the habeas corpus hindrance.

In the flourishing city of Chicago, for example, there are forty judges in the circuit and the superior courts, and each one of them is a judge, ex officio, of the criminal court. Each one has the power to issue a writ of habeas corpus, and must issue such a writ, if petitioned in statutory form, at any hour of the day or night. A writ of habeas corpus requires that the body of an arrested man be produced in court, so that he can tell his story out in the open and obtain from the judge a decision as to whether or not he is being legally detained. If it weren't for the writ of habeas corpus the police could pick up anyone on suspicion of knowing something about or being a party to a crime, and keep him in jail indefinitely on no charge whatever. The writ of habeas corpus brings him before the judge, and the judge is obliged to say: "This man must be booked on some definite charge or I'll have to let him go." The judge has no option in the matter; he must release the man if he can't be booked on a definite charge.

New York Scenes—The Getaway

Time Clocks for Criminals

CONSEQUENTLY the writ of habeas corpus is one of the obstacles that will always prevent modern civilization from slipping back to the dark ages, when men were frequently chained in damp dungeons for life because thick-witted Italian, Spanish or English autocrats didn't like the way they combed their hair or trimmed their whiskers.

Like all good things, however, it can be abused, as may be seen from the following narrative: Some years ago the Chicago police essayed to arrest a prominent gunman, and in a fruitless effort to shoot himself free he killed a policeman. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. Ten days before the date set for his execution he complained bitterly of a painful toothache. The guard opened the door of his cell to administer relief, and the prisoner bounded through the door. By some strange freak every elevator happened to be exactly where the prisoner wanted it to be, every door happened to be unlocked, and an automobile chanced to be waiting in the most convenient spot. The prisoner accordingly got away and has remained away ever since with overwhelming enthusiasm.

The case of this man was being watched with keen interest by the Chicago Crime Commission; and officials of the commission suggested to the superintendent of police that if a certain luminary of the Chicago underworld could be picked up and closely questioned by the police, he might be able to shed some light on the escaped prisoner's whereabouts. The police accordingly went out and picked up this man and rushed him back to the office of the chief of detectives, regardless of his bitter protests that he had done nothing and that the police had no right to pick him up. No sooner had he been deposited in the chief of detectives' office than the telephone rang and a voice announced that a forthright writ of habeas corpus was out for the man in custody. In other words, he was to be produced in court immediately so that the judge could decide whether or not he was being legally detained.

The speed with which this writ of habeas corpus was issued was a source of wonderment to a layman in the office of the chief of detectives, and he questioned the prisoner about it.

"Did anyone see you picked up?" asked the layman.

"No."

"Did you tip off anyone that you had been picked up?" persisted the layman.

"No."

"Then how," asked the layman, "was it possible for a writ of habeas corpus to be issued for you at all? Who did it? How did he know that he needed to do it? How come, in short?"

"Gee," was the answer, "you're a sap! You ain't wise or anything, are you?"

The layman admitted that this was so, and the prisoner then obligingly explained that he had a lawyer; that he telephoned to the lawyer, by prearrangement, three times a day; and that the lawyer, failing to hear from him at any of these times, at once assumed that he had been picked up by the police and applied for a writ of habeas corpus for him. In this particular instance he was at once taken to court, and the judge quite rightly ordered him freed immediately. His statement was further confirmed by a Chicago telephone girl who applied for a position. In giving her qualifications she stated that she had been what is technically known as "on the box" for a firm of criminal lawyers. In other words, she handled the incoming calls of criminal clients. Each client had a specific hour for calling in. If a client was supposed to call at 2:40 P.M. and failed to do so the young lady on the box notified one of the clerks and the clerk immediately put on his hat, went to court and filed a petition for a writ of habeas corpus for the delinquent caller.

The habeas corpus nuisance, however, is a small matter by comparison with the delays that crop up in the administration of justice to the criminal. It must be understood that delay is one of the most potent weapons in the hands of those whose business it is to protect criminals. All good lawyers know that the best time to convict a murderer is while the blood of his victim is, so to speak, still warm. As the blood grows colder the state becomes more and more handicapped in obtaining a conviction of the guilty person. If the case comes to a trial a year after the murder is committed the state is handicapped about 50 per cent. If more time elapses the enormity of the crime dwindles in everybody's mind, as may be seen from the fact that one finds great difficulty in becoming excited over the murder of Julius Cæsar.

Detours on the Road to Justice

THE case of a Chicago bartender is one in point. He tended bar before Prohibition. His bar top was new and highly polished, and, like all good bartenders, he devoted a great deal of time and effort to keeping it highly polished. One morning a truck driver entered the barroom and annoyed the bartender with a large amount of airy persiflage. He took him to task for his garrulity; and the truck driver, in order to show his contempt, drew a match from his pocket and scratched it on the new, highly polished bar top. A moment later the bartender's dog came out from under the bar to see what was going on, and the truck driver kicked the dog in a brutal and cynical manner. These two social errors completely upset the bartender and he reached for his gun. The truck driver ran for the door, whereat the bartender shot and killed him.

The bartender was arrested, indicted and allowed to go on $10,000 bail. This was in 1911. There was no further record of the case until 1916, when it came to light again and was continued five times. In October of 1918 it was stricken off. At this point the Chicago Crime Commission took a hand in the matter and the case was reinstated in September of 1919. In December of 1919, eight years after the murder, the case was tried and the verdict was not guilty. The jurors explained the verdict by saying that the case was too old.

American criminals, aided and abetted by those criminal lawyers who have no interest whatever in enforcing the law, have organized to obtain every possible delay in the administration of justice, secure in the knowledge that justice is almost inevitably defeated by delay. This feeling of security is usually borne out by the records, which, in America, are almost invariably records of delayed trials. In 1923, for example, there were 270 murders in Chicago. One hundred and thirty-five persons were tried for murder. Seventy of those tried were freed. Fifty-six were sentenced to the penitentiary. Nine were sentenced to death. Of the nine thus sentenced one was hanged. This record is one to which certain Chicago criminal lawyers can point with pride by way of justifying the large amounts of money which they collect each year from the criminals of Chicago for the purpose of throwing large and insurmountable delays in the path of justice.

The answer to this organization on the part of criminals lies obviously in some sort of counterorganization that will raise a loud and sustained hullabaloo whenever it encounters signs of unnecessary delay in the prosecution of

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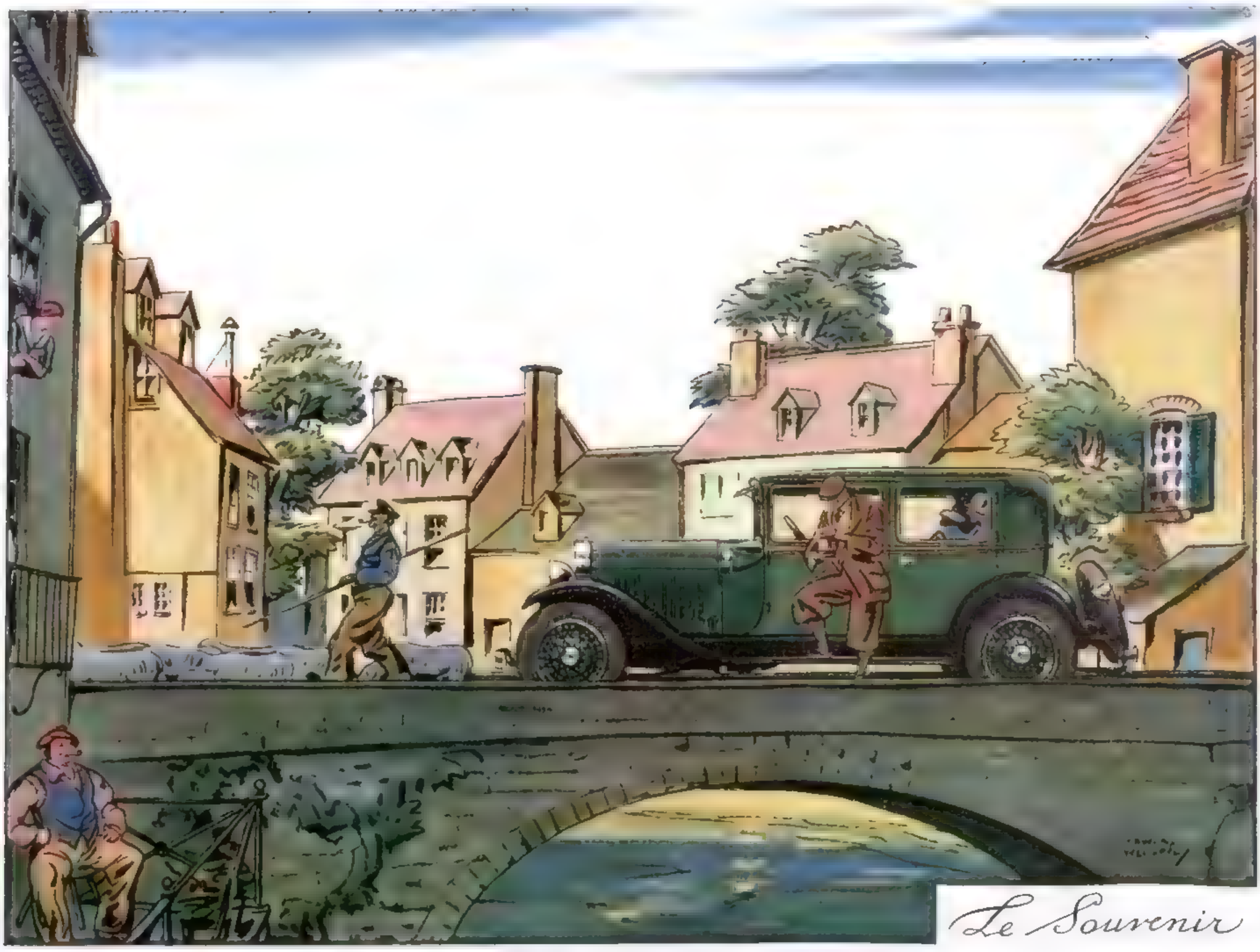

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(Continued from Page 45)

criminals. The operation of such an organization, and the peculiar situations that it must discover in any American city where it is everybody's business—and consequently nobody's business—to see that justice is properly administered, may be observed in the workings of the Chicago Crime Commission.

In 1917 two armed guards carrying a cash pay roll of some $25,000 drove up to the factory of Winslow Brothers, in Chicago, and leisurely descended from the automobile in which they were riding. As they did so another automobile drove up beside them, four men carrying sawed-off shotguns jumped from it, shot and instantly killed the two pay-roll guards and disappeared with the pay roll. This was Chicago's first daylight pay-roll robbery. Since that day pay-roll robbing has become a popular daylight diversion in Chicago and other American cities.

As a result of this first pay-roll robbery the respectable citizens of Chicago, who outnumber the crooks in the ratio of more than 1000 to 1, cried a great cry for immediate and summary action against the murderers. Action, however, was not forthcoming, and the outcry died away, as do all amateur and unorganized outcries against crime and criminals.

Something to Laugh About

SEEING that the affair showed signs of slipping into oblivion, Winslow Brothers went to the Chicago Association of Commerce and asked whether the business men of Chicago couldn't do something about it. As a result of this the Association of Commerce appointed a committee to report on the prevalence and prevention of crime; and the report of this committee resulted in a decision to organize the Chicago Crime Commission, backed and staffed by the Chicago Association of Commerce. It soon became apparent that if the Crime Commission was to be operated by voluntary workers it would be a spasmodic organization that would probably hold banquets once or twice a year, attack crime by passing resolutions to the effect that firearms ought not to be sold or that there ought to be a law against the manufacture of skeleton keys, and be about as effective as a commission for the suppression of handholding after eight P.M.

Eventually, therefore, the Crime Commission started its work with a membership of some thirty-five influential Chicago business men, under the active and continuous directorship of a former managing editor of a large Chicago newspaper, Col. Henry Barrett Chamberlin. Chamberlin's office equipment, when the commission started work early in 1919, consisted of a secretary, a stenographer and a two-drawer filing cabinet. In the beginning there was a large amount of carelessly suppressed laughter at the Crime Commission on the part of the more knowing Chicagoans; and the trembling done by criminals and officers of the law because of the creation of the commission could not be discerned with the naked eye.

The Crime Commission first turned its eyes toward the criminal records of Illinois, in an effort to discover what was going on and why, and who was engaged in it. Its first discovery was that there were no centralized criminal records in Illinois and there were no criminal statistics of any sort. Frequently records were scattered all over the state, but they were about as useful to a seeker after knowledge as a quart of water would be to a thirsty man if it were scattered over a ten-acre lot. The person or organization that wished to find out what had become of a certain criminal or a certain case might delve for weeks into various scattered records and still know considerably less than nothing about the subject in hand. There was about as much coördination and teamwork between the different agencies for the administration of justice as there is between Soviet Russia and the Epworth League.

For example, a warrant had been issued by the Division of Pardons and Paroles for the return of a man who had violated his parole. The warrant had been filed with the chief of detectives in Chicago, and for eight months the police department of the city had been hunting busily for him. During the entire time the man was in the county jail under his own name.

It is possible that the police department would still be hunting for him if the man, in a careless moment, hadn't attempted to break jail. Having thus brought himself into prominence, he was discovered.

It was at once apparent to the Crime Commission that all attempts to watch and combat crime in Chicago must necessarily be feeble and spasmodic until this situation was remedied. The same thing, it might be remarked in passing, is true in nearly every large American city which has not followed in the footsteps of the Chicago Crime Commission. The Chicago Commission took the attitude that spasmodic fights against crime are worthless; that unless someone can be in a position to stay on the job against crime all the time, the criminal, with his modern methods of protection and law evasion, will nearly always win; that irresponsibility flourishes because there is no organized responsibility to combat it.

It therefore went to work to place itself in a position where it could stay on the job all the time and watch all agencies engaged in the administration of criminal justice. The first move was to install in the headquarters of the Crime Commission a complete record of every case appearing in the criminal courts of the county in which Chicago is located, as well as the records of all criminals and all persons whose histories would be valuable to criminal investigators. There is now in the Crime Commission offices a large book, technically known as a docket, in which appears every case that has come before the criminal courts of Cook County since January 1, 1919. From this book any person may obtain, in five minutes or less, exact information concerning any case at all. To secure the same information in any other way, one would have to visit the clerk of the criminal court, the state's attorney, the coroner and the superintendent of police, and might easily be obliged to work more than a week in order to get what he wanted.

There is also, in the Crime Commission offices, a filing system containing nearly 300,000 cards. Among these are the records of between 40,000 and 50,000 criminals, professional bondsmen and witnesses in criminal cases. There are complete inside records of the big Chicago criminal cases of recent years, gathered by the operatives of the Crime Commission as a check on the activities of the regular crime-enforcement agencies. The Crime Commission, in short, made itself into a combination of a detective agency, a newspaper morgue and an army intelligence department.

Having started this work, the Crime Commission turned its attention to the Police Department of Chicago. In some districts there was a great deal of crime; in other similar districts there seemed to be very little of it. An investigation showed that in districts where crime seemed infrequent police captains were failing to report complaints. One Chicago police captain, for example, reported thirty-seven complaints over a period of one month, whereas the investigation of the Crime Commission showed that there had been 141 complaints. The same captain had failed to report forty burglaries. His idea seemed to be to show that the alertness of his lynx-eyed cops had made his particular district nearly, if not quite, as pure as the driven snow.

The Crime Commission sent a detailed report of this matter to the superintendent of police, who investigated on his own account and found that the commission's report was accurate in every detail. As a result there was considerable grief and a number of shake-ups in the police department; and the hearty laughter that had greeted the creation of the Crime Commission began to sound somewhat forced and hollow. There was also some anguish among various Chicagoans who were deeply pained at the Crime Commission's lack of reticence on the subject of crime in Chicago. It was—and still is—their contention that crime, like earthquakes and nasty weather, is something to be concealed from the world at large, lest somebody be deterred from visiting the neighborhood.

The Value of Real Estate

THE Crime Commission, however, takes the attitude that the larger the publicity given to crime in Chicago, the sooner it will be cut down. At any rate, the Chicago Crime Commission's habit of making criminal statistics available to the newspapers is largely responsible for the many deliciously humorous jests which imply that gunmen fight daily battles on every Chicago thoroughfare from four to six P.M. and from nine P.M. to one A.M., and that holdup men meet every train and remove wallets, stickpins and watches from all incoming travelers.

The Crime Commission then examined the situation in regard to bail bonds, and found—as investigators would probably find in many American cities—a scandalous situation. The city was sprinkled with professional bondsmen whose financial standing was sometimes lower than any other standing known to science. One professional bondsman, for example, scheduled an apartment building valued at $25,000 as surety. The building, however, had a mortgage of $11,500 on it, so that its net value was only $13,500. And instead of owning the whole building, he owned only a half interest in it; so that its value, so far as he was concerned, was $6750. When the Crime Commission first looked into his case and the cases of his colleagues, late in 1919, this gentleman was on bonds totaling more than $100,000. Between August, 1919, and February, 1920, he was accepted on bonds totaling $269,500, and all that he scheduled was this same piece of property, in which his equity was worth $6750.

Some of the professional bondsmen specialized in getaway, or China, bonds—bonds, that is to say, provided for criminals who intend to jump their bail and depart surreptitiously for China or some other distant clime. The prices of these bonds were a trifle higher than for ordinary bonds, which could be had at the comparatively moderate rate of $50 for each $1000.

Why China bonds should have been higher than ordinary bonds was not particularly clear, for forfeited bonds were rarely collected from the bondsmen. The only explanation was that since bonds were supplied for crooks who were going away, the crooks sometimes made a special effort to recoup all losses before departing. Two Chicago burglars, for example, were caught red-handed; so, seeing that they were in real trouble, they sent for a bondsman and asked the rates on China bonds. They had been searched and found to have $200 between them. The bondsman, being tipped off to this, charged them $200. They reluctantly agreed to this rate and were let out on bail. They at once laid, as the saying goes, for their China bondsman, tapped him on the head with a fragment of lead pipe, lifted $1000 from his person and vanished into the unknown. There were doubtless more hazards to the rôle of China bondsman than to that of an ordinary bondsman. The hazards were not financial, however, for the Crime Commission found that the uncollected forfeitures in Cook County amounted to between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000.

To Make Both Ends Meet

THE Crime Commission promptly opened an offensive along this line. The operating director of the Crime Commission went before the grand jury, and as a result a number of professional bondsmen were indicted. Not long after that the office of the state's attorney made an agreement with the Crime Commission whereby the Crime Commission's suggestion for the investigation of bonds was adopted. The bonding of criminals in Chicago is now carefully watched by the Crime Commission. The commission is also working to make it possible for forfeited bonds to be collected, so that the jumping of bail by criminals will not be such a popular pursuit in Chicago and its environs.

Having thus prepared the ground, the commission started work on one of the greatest enemies of swift and certain justice—swift and certain justice being the greatest crime deterrent ever discovered. This was the continuance evil. Up to the time that the Crime Commission started its investigations few people ever became excited over continuances, because the criminal records were so scattered and so difficult to locate that practically nobody knew anything about them.

The continuance might be termed the right and left bowers of the unscrupulous criminal lawyer. If a lawyer can get a case continued and continued and continued, the complaining witnesses become excessively tired of appearing in court repeatedly without getting any action, and eventually the chances are excellent that the case will wither up and blow away without anyone knowing or caring what became of it.

One of the most tiresome features of the continuance evil lay in the fact that if a thief was arrested and got a lawyer and a bondsman, and the lawyer had his case continued, the thief would step out on the street and commit a new crime to pay the expenses of the first one. In many instances a man whose case was continued several times would have five or six cases against him before he finally went to trial.

The Crime Commission, in its opening campaign against the continuance evil and the increase in crime that results from court delays, turned up the case of a man who was indicted on one charge of embezzlement and two charges of confidence game. He was first indicted in 1914, on the charge of embezzlement.

Criminal-court judges kept busy on his case for more than six years, during which time two juries returned verdicts of guilty against him. In spite of these verdicts, he was finally released on probation in one case and the other cases were stricken off.

This man's case was up before a total of thirteen judges during the six years that it took to find him guilty two times. Eleven different assistant state's attorneys appear on record in the court records. Thirty-nine continuances or postponements were granted by ten different judges before the case was tried, and six additional continuances were granted after conviction, making a total of forty-five postponements. Having been indicted in 1914, he was released on probation for one year, in 1921, and discharged from further probation in 1922.

The Crime Commission's system of keeping the criminal-court docket in its own offices causes an unusual number

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QUIET CITIES

(Continued from Page 7)

around me. What I felt to be destructive others enjoyed; they liked what I secretly dreaded. I would find myself in a small and very swift automobile at night; and torn between a bitter desire to protest and a dislike of apparent timidity, I would realize that the charming young person driving was in her proper and most relieving element.

Yes, I would have been better in the Albany of Claes and his wife Liedya Mey, for there I would have had no escape from my wiser self. I couldn't have hurried a lugger by a single tack down the Hudson; I would have had an early and tranquil supper at home.

There were, then, literally no dinner parties in the modern sense; there was no round of entertainments at all for the sober and the married. Albany was too frugal; it had no money for formal pleasure. It drank, for example, principally in family; Holland's gin was wedded to no more than water, hot or cold; the taverns were closed by nine o'clock; any Dutchman who wavered on his way home was fined and admonished. Drunkenness did, on occasion, exist, but it was a respectable drunkenness limited to single men or the heads of families. It was an end in itself or an accident, an isolated act and a falling from propriety, and it was promptly retired to bed.

The fretfulness of indiscriminate and raw cocktails, it seemed to me, ruined most dinners at the beginning. A cocktail was an appetizer, delicate and difficult to make; for perfection it must be mixed one by one; now there were cocktail shakers that held a quart—soon the quart would become a gallon—and their contents were beneath description; melted ice and orange juice and gin like the thin lash of a whip. All mellowness of spirit and human contact, all pleasant deliberateness of dinner and conversation, had been lost. Love itself, I was convinced, had been made thin and brittle by cocktails—by cocktails without sense or end. It did very little good, I had discovered, to give them up, for then the shrillness born in them was infinitely more shrill, the lack of charming amiability depressingly evident.

It was different once in Albany—pleasures were more limited, more frugal, and in consequence were greater enjoyed. Men talked quietly along the streets planted with sycamores; the women drew threads from the fine linen bands for their caps. It wasn't exciting and above all it wasn't loud. Taken back into it, I would unquestionably find it horribly dull, but the inescapable tranquillity would cure the strain in my mind, the slowness of movement reassure my spirit. The gain, the improvement, since then meant very little that was fundamental to me. The loss was enormous—the privilege to hasten all the forces destructive to an invaluable content.

It was practically impossible to realize that the past I had been engaged in was not engaged with the values that were supreme today. It had little concern, for example, with money. I did not mean that men then were free from avarice and the desire for luxury; I had no belief that they regarded money more indifferently; no, it simply didn't exist. There wasn't, in the present sense, any money at all. The states, even localities, issued paper notes; they were good, in decreasing value, locally; and after the Revolutionary War they became mere paper. British gold practically never found its way from a few cities on the Atlantic Coast. Alexander Hamilton really invented American money, but it was more than a decade before his invention reached the remoter communities. Thomas Armit traded French blankets and gunpowder for beaver skins; the buying in stores, the satisfaction of all the general debts of living, was by kind. Yes, in the modern sense, there were no rich; it wasn't yet possible for the average man to grow rich. He never considered it, because it was hopeless.

There was an actual democracy of labor; labor, rather than money, was exchanged; cooks didn't exist, since all women cooked; almost any man was a carpenter when he wasn't by necessity something else. This, while it lasted, bred an equality that was more than a theory. It didn't, however, last long; money, opportunity, appeared and the character of men and life changed. Perhaps it was an improvement. Yet, together with early hardship, there was early luxury, a particularly rich and complete luxury. I was thinking of the cotton planters on the lower Mississippi, soon after 1800, near Natchez. They had a life free from toil; the plantation houses, set in groves of oak trees, were cool, with spacious galleries; their tables were set with delicate foods; the women were charming in French muslins.

That life would have pleased me as well as Claes Mey's. Better. There was more sensual beauty and quite as much tranquillity. There was, too, the river. Sylvester Dering came into Natchez over the gangplank of a river steamboat, a traditional figure of the Mississippi. A gambler! He was at once characteristic and different from tradition, since he had come to hate gambling and was pervaded by a mystical religious force. He, like myself, had a passionate need for peace, for a rest from the eternal passage of dangerous and troubled water. His dangers, God knew, were more acute than mine, but his longing for serenity was no more vivid. He found it, for a little while, in Natchez—it made me quiet only to think of him, in precise linen, with his planter's hat beside him, sitting through the late Sunday afternoon on the bluff above the river.

I could see the streets behind him, the town, planted with China trees and bathed in a level golden light; on the right was the garden where he first saw Mary Alaways, set out in terraces and walks planted with dark green orange trees and paler lemons; and back of the town the plantations spread out in fields of cotton blooms opening white in the dusk and darkening to purple. A pastoral and, in essence, feudal civilization. The negro slaves gave it that latter aspect. As I considered Natchez and Sylvester Dering and his momentary friend, Damaris Vaun, I was conscious of a certain sympathy for the institution of slavery—then. It seemed to me to be neither inhuman nor inappropriate; I wasn't convinced of the existence of the brutalities asserted to belong to it by the different North. Even the North, I remembered, except for a few fanatics, had been indifferent to slavery. The efforts to found an antislave party—in reality it was no better than a free-soil party—had come promptly to nothing.

It seemed quite right to me for Sylvester Dering, in his effort at a new and happier life, to have his slave Juba. I thought it was an admirable relationship. Sylvester Dering, in ending all connection with the river, changed his name; he became an inhabitant of Natchez, a potential cotton planter; and it was absurd to conceive of him without a body servant. If I had been Dering—or, rather, Isaac Cordes—I would have bought Juba and treated him very well too. It would not have occurred to me that I was subjecting a human spirit to an ignominious slavery. It would never have entered my mind. Most men, anyhow, were slaves.

I regarded Isaac Cordes with envy—a man who had left a troublesome existence and for a little while gained peace. I would have preferred, however, to have kept it to its first simple form, than to have followed Isaac to his later evangelical heights. I saw myself dark in the face and lean in the body, dressed in white linen and riding through Natchez beside a carriage bearing my own particular Mary Alaways, a woman as fragile and sweet as an orange flower. She, too, would have on a broad hat, but tied with a broad blue ribbon under her chin; her dress, voluminous with crinoline, would be flounced apparently in white mist; her voice, like her hands, slow and full of graceful turns. A woman made out of beauty and simplicity.

My necessary attitude where she was concerned gave me pleasure as well—an arbitrary passion and care supported by long-barreled immaculate pistols. The pistols made life so exceedingly courteous and simple. An insult, a slight almost, was final. In Natchez, when Isaac Cordes was there, duels were not only formalities; the weapons and the distance saw to that. Dueling was, of course, an evil; it was fatally abused; but I wondered if the slackness and the laxness of the present was, after all, such an enormous improvement. I wondered if women preferred the present conduct of affairs.

I very well understood that, today, women were important in many more phases of existence than they had been soon after 1800; I knew that their social and economic position was immeasurably widened; but I saw strange signs of their feeling about that. It was not—it had never been—possible to consider women aside from men; the problems of women could not be isolated from the facts of men; and it was a fact that women were discontented in the exact degree that men failed in their engagement of masculinity. It was possible for a woman to love a man without courage, but it was improbable. Women did love ludicrous-appearing men, but their love was a constant apology and a shield. Women, I was convinced, had always been realistic about every quality in men except the sheer masculine virtues. That certainly—the general absence of masculine virtues—was why they were presently discontented. In place of men there were grocers' assistants and writers.

I would, for example, have infinitely preferred to be Damaris Vaun, a Natchez gentleman and planter, than me. Then I could have presented myself with assurance to the lovely Mary Alaways of my time. A beautiful feminine creature and a man of bitter courage. Ideal combination. In the event that either of us was affronted I would have crossed the Mississippi River to Vidalia, and there, in a grove of live oaks, shot out my responsibility to a legend since perished.

Pistols cured the curse of words; their period to all sentences was final. Any woman would rather have any man honorably dead in a duel than alive and making their private moments ignominious with explanations. The shocking truth was that women survived the men they were married to very handily. When they were past middle age they enjoyed the consequent peace and when they were younger looked forward to fresh and more satisfying adventure. A great many men today could be run together without making a giant.

Men, I realized, assumed heroic proportions in the golden dusk of time; their virtue was magnified and their faults diminished by years and report until they bore no relation to a recognizable humanity. It was necessary, in regarding them, to avoid a sentimental confusion of fact with romantic fable; yet I remained convinced that in the Washington of Andrew Jackson's first administration men were more considerable than they are at present. It was possible, for one thing, to distinguish them each from the other. They were individuals. Their opinions were their own; they were more often than not totally different from the men around them; and they announced the differences in certain and public and unqualified terms. They had the quality of courage which belonged to the relatively free.

While it was possible—in their capacity of human beings and politicians—to compromise, it was quite as possible for them to be uncompromising—a virtue almost completely lacking in the politician of today. They were then, as now, adroit; they could be circuitous at need—following the practical example of Thomas Jefferson—but equally each stood firmly on his own ground; there was never any faltering in the announcement of personal convictions. They even dressed differently, following their individual tastes and local habits. John Randolph of Roanoke wore buckskin breeches and a blue riding coat; he sat in the Senate Chamber in boots and silver spurs, with gloves and a heavy whip, a favorite hound at his feet; Colonel Benton liked an especially high black silk stock and John Marshall swathed his throat with white cambric; Samuel Houston wore a wide hat, a quantity of ruffles and a profusion of rings; David Crockett declined to leave off his buckskin hunting shirt; Jackson himself, in the Senate, had tied his hair in an eel skin.

They were not afraid to look and be different; no social tyranny made them all alike in dress and speech; they were not ruled by a relentless material ambition. Not entirely. They had, naturally, the faults of the men of today; the difference lay in the fact that the present men did not have their virtues. The virtue of independence had largely disappeared. Men now were not so much the servants of their own individuality as they were the representatives of the forces that elected and directed and made them. They no longer dominated events. Events crushed them. Events had evolved a new type of public servant—a servant and not a master. A circuitous path led to far greater reward than formerly.

Now everyone in Washington, when they spoke at all, spoke with the greatest regard for the susceptibilities of everyone else. They all preferred not to speak at all; it was better to be safe. Yes, there was, today, so overwhelmingly much to be gained by safety; the luxury of a personal pride had become too expensive.

For those reasons I preferred to concern myself with the days, the Washington, of Andrew Jackson. Jackson himself was not impressive as a statesman; he was, I am afraid, ignorant of a great deal that he should have known. He did not have the political genius of Thomas Jefferson. Jackson, in his public character, was hardly better than an indomitable fighter; but that, even in an age of extraordinary personal courage, was so notable as to be rewarded by the presidency.

He was narrow and unlettered; he developed, for his personal aims, a private cabinet within—or rather, outside—the cabinet; but, on the other hand, his views were completely public. He said what he thought; particularly, he expressed precisely what he felt; and that was more important for men in general than practical wisdom or economic understanding. There was a deep connection between Andrew Jackson's courage and truth, since truth, of course, might be at the same time an error. Truth was largely an attitude, a manner of approaching life rather than a comprehension. An ignorant man might be finely truthful and a wise man a source of lies. Jackson, in spirit and bearing, was truthful; and John Randolph was bitterly truthful; John Marshall was honorable with truth; their truths were different, but that made no difference to them. They were at all times plainly articulate. And for that reason, although the air about them was constantly troubled with bitter dissent, it was at the same time clear; it could be breathed with safety.

I thought, with General Washington in my mind, of an earlier decade—the winter, to be exact, of Valley Forge. The Continental Army then breathed an icy but singularly purifying air. The common soldiers, with next to nothing to eat and

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almost literally nothing to wear, were yet conscious of something sustaining in their apparently hopeless situation. Philadelphia was warm with greatcoats and bright with taverns; Philadelphia was rich; but its materialism and its power were reduced by lean and indomitable resolve. Alexander Hamilton's intellect was incredible; it was miraculous; but beside the integrity of Washington, it was unimportant.

And so, when I came to consider Philadelphia, a city in which I had been born, all my interest attached itself to Valley Forge, a locality and a symbol that gave a deathless beauty to the men faithful to it. The winter of Valley Forge was one of the historic occasions that the search of modern and skeptical scholarship was unable to dissolve. It was a solid fact. The suffering and the want were actual; the splendor was not false. Reading the contemporary accounts of it, the journals and officers' daybooks, partisan and adverse histories, I had a renewed feeling of the comparative ignominy in the engagements held out by the present. Certainly the splendor, the music, had gone. When I came to Sir William Howe, at late supper with his officers in Philadelphia, I was engaged by the bravery of their scarlet and gilt; they were officers and gentlemen in a moving and romantic and lost sense. There were, of course, admirable soldiers today, but they went to war with their rank and honors prudently hidden. They fought at a distance, like professors of mathematics; with vapors, like professors of chemistry. War, very laudably, had been made practical.

It would be a mistake to suggest that Valley Forge was the result of a passion for liberty on the part of a whole people. The contrary, as usual, was true; there were comparatively few men at Valley Forge. But then there was only one Washington. The cause of American freedom was exceedingly unpopular; it was widely regarded as a nuisance. Philadelphia was far more characteristic than was the perpetually retreating Continental Army. In the face of substantial British gold, Philadelphia had little interest in a depreciating patriotic currency. It owned no confidence in the commercial soundness of an eventual independence. That, of course, gave Washington's apparently insignificant command its imperishable luster. The fact that the individual men were innocent of a conviction of nobility did nothing to diminish it. Novelists were aware of the nobility of their impulses; they were sensitive to the beauty of their sacrifices; but soldiers without food, unshod against the winter ice, usually relapsed into obscenities and dull complaint. Even the motive that gave General Washington his supreme opportunity was not absolutely pure; it, too, had a practical and self-serving aspect; but it got itself immediately and shiningly clad in honor.

The Continental Army needed some transcendent garment, for it was bare of scarlet and gilt. Captain Ephrim Benezet, on a tour of duty, wore an old and dilapidated dressing gown. He possessed no distinguishable shoes. Yet he was young—young if, by necessity, a trifle severe. He had the confidence of Nathanael Greene and knew Baron von Steuben. He didn't, consequently, require an impressive mess jacket; at Valley Forge he would have had no opportunity to wear it. He lived, moreover, to be old; he came into a full recognition of his valor and incredible good luck.

Twenty years ago I would have infinitely preferred the early romantic existence of Gaut Penny, the New Orleans of the Louisiana Purchase, to the difficulties of Captain Ephrim Benezet, in Lieutenant Colonel William Butler's regiment. Gaut's adventures were laid in a tropical luxury of beauty; New Orleans could not have been surpassed for youth and love. It had been successively French and Spanish and French again; out of those nations and its remote situation it made an aristocracy in the most absolute and formal sense; it was at once passionate and gay and highly dangerous. The public squares were banked by roses and pomegranates and the gardens walled with orange trees; there were palms and avenues of magnolias; groves of myrtles; the night was perfumed with Spanish jasmines. All the exotic facts and perfumes and flowers which, twenty years ago, at once satisfied me and filled me with desire. Especially I would have dwelt with a lingering pleasure on Mariquita de la Colina, seated in the evening on the gallery of Gilbert Penny's plantation house, smoking a thin pale brown cigar. Twenty years ago, to be exact, I was twenty-seven, the precise age for an infatuation with a lovely Creole in a city of vanished loveliness.

I would, then, have liked the dress, the youthful exaggerated good manners, and particularly the danger. The young pallid girls who sold jasmine with jasmine in their hair were dangerous. The games of dominoes in the cafés were potential with danger. The Grand Chemin after dark was the reverse of safe. The keel-boat men of the Faubourg Ste. Marie were hasty with their knives. The polite society, floating on strains of waltzes and quadrilles, was underlaid with the constant possibility of immediate and formal death. The very qualities, the exact beauties, to bemuse the young—the young, but not a man close to fifty. The charm of the merely exotic, I found, had deserted me. Palm trees no longer seduced my imagination with their dry mimicry of rain.

When I came to describe Gaut Penny in New Orleans I was aware of the charm of his time, but its fragrance was the fragrance of potpourri. The rose leaves were dried and preserved with spices. Finished with the episode that made Gaut's youth romantic, I could see no further possibilities in him. He married Mariquita—that was all.

But what more could Gaut or I demand? It was the dearest fate of youth to love and marry some delicate and beautiful girl. It was the supreme privilege of youth to take her from other impetuous young men. That was true; but writing about Gaut Penny, I could not forget that it would be his fate to become prosperous and grow fat. The commission house of Casimir Penny & Sons was fated to be successful. Mariquita, always a big girl, would grow fat too—her indolence and the indolent climate would see to that—and her maturity would be hardly better than an uninterrupted and contented siesta.

I wasn't really greatly engaged with Gaut's affairs; I should have imagined him and known that New Orleans when I first began to write. Then, young myself, I would have been unable to think of anything more engaging than a passionate account of love in a setting of palms. I would have been convinced of its supreme importance. There was a chance, of course, that the youth was wiser than the man; at twenty-seven, it might be, I had a more instinctive and correct knowledge of values than now. Perhaps, but I doubted it. I was older; but in addition to that, the feeling about love stories had changed. It was, in the present, difficult if not actually impossible to write one—that was, with any intelligence at all. A love story simply would not take on the shape of a sufficient importance. It is quite possible that tomorrow a superb love story would make its universally triumphant appearance; but, unhappily, it would not be written by me.

No, I gave Gaut and Mariquita and the singularly charming city of New Orleans my best attention, and then turned with relief to Saxegotha Laws. I had a very different, a deep, affection for that solemn youth. He was a product of pioneer America, and for that reason alone I had a strong regard for him. He knew, it seemed to me, the best boyhood conceivable—in a rude cabin and clearing on the edge of the Kentucky wilderness. There was game in the forests, fish in the clear streams and Indians across the river. His harassed father was without sentimentality and his mother a toiling figure who sang hymns in the firelight of evening. Saxegotha had been free in a land of incomparable magic; he brought the cow and the sheep out of the forest at dark—the sheep bells were a tone higher than the bell of the cow—he chased the squirrels and crows from the corn, weeded among the turnips and muskmelons of the truck patch, warmed the ax blade for his father in winter, and owned a Sunday fustian roundabout and Marseilles pantaloons bought with the proceeds of a corner of timothy left uncut for no other purpose.

There was no doubt in Saxegotha Laws' mind about love—he didn't want it. To him it resembled the girls who inspired it, a frivolous waste of opportunity. He wanted, above everything else, to get learned, since it was very privately in his mind that some day he might be a statesman. Tremendous and laudable ambition. At any rate he came to Transylvania University driven by the need for learning; he looked on the girls of Lexington as deleterious; and so far as he was concerned, the most deleterious of them all chose to laugh at him. At that moment Nature betrayed him; his fate was not statesmanship, but a girl named Lucy Challen—an insignificant-looking little girl with a great pile of money.

That had the sound of a love story, but it wasn't, it wasn't because of its attitude toward love. Love in it was a calamity. It surrounded Saxegotha Laws with ease and little by little drained the vitality of his ambition and life. He had a great house and wide green pastures and famous horses; but he didn't, in his heart, care for any of that. His vitality left him, but his memory persisted—he recalled the ring of his early determination, the sweep of his ambition, and had a deep drink at a whisky sling. A humorous resignation took the place of any activity. Love, you see, was the reward of Gaut Penny's story; it was the tragedy of Saxegotha Laws.

This, to be entirely fair, was as much the result of some deep flaw in Saxegotha as it was the fault of circumstance and Lucy. His metal was not quite hard enough; the warmth of his heart destroyed the temper of his resolve. I didn't want to be Laws any more than now I wanted to be Gaut Penny; but on account of his memory, I preferred him to Gaut; his sense of values was better. He had, at least, the corrective virtue of irony. However, the life he cared so slightly for, the wide green pastures, spread out a pleasant panorama; honest race courses and honest whisky—I couldn't determine if Saxegotha had known the whisky with mint—and honestly partisan politics. Kentucky was west of the Alleghany Mountains and its affairs had a ruder and more stirring vigor than life, for example, in Virginia. Kentucky never was English. Saxegotha Laws, in a sense quite impossible now, was completely American.

Love, however, which was universal, conspired to ruin him; it dominated him; and a man dominated by love, by a woman, was lost to accomplishment. If he had dominated love, his history would have been very different. Then I wouldn't have written about him in Lexington but in Washington, a senator together with Henry Clay; but, unlike Clay, he would have supported Andrew Jackson; he would have been President in Van Buren's place.

The few days that William Henry Harrison was President was, in part, the result of a willingness in Boston, in Nicholas Elliset, to reach a compromise. General Harrison was a replica, in very pale tones, of Andrew Jackson; he had been a soldier in the West and defeated the Indians on the Wabash River and the British in Canada; and the autocratic merchants of Massachusetts chose him as a candidate that might separate the Western vote from the growing nuisance of democracy. That was very foreign to Elliset's character, a man usually without the slightest consciousness of any necessity to compromise. Where he was concerned, the opposition simply had no right to exist. When it did exist it was only because of the degeneration of the times.

Nicholas Elliset called himself a Whig, but he was, in reality, a Federalist, a member of the party of George Washington and Alexander Hamilton. He thought of the people, so dear—and so useful—to Mr. Jefferson precisely as he thought of the crews that manned his ships around the world; a human element only satisfactory when subjected to the sharpest discipline. They never, except through tricks at the wheel, had any rights or place on the quarter-deck.

That, for the Elliset family, in Boston in 1840, was a very successful and comfortable attitude. Nicholas was able to maintain it; Boston was organized and dominated by precisely such men as himself; it was their affair. They lived, mostly, on Beacon Hill and Summer Street, in dignified houses, with a bow window to the dining room, designed by Bulfinch; and in every case their names had been established before the Revolutionary War. They owned, in a way of speaking, the world; their flags and factors were in every advantageous harbor; and when, in the morning, followed by a servant with a market basket, Nicholas Elliset walked down to his counting rooms on India Wharf, his augustness was easily seen. It was clear to anyone what he actually thought of Western people and inland trade.

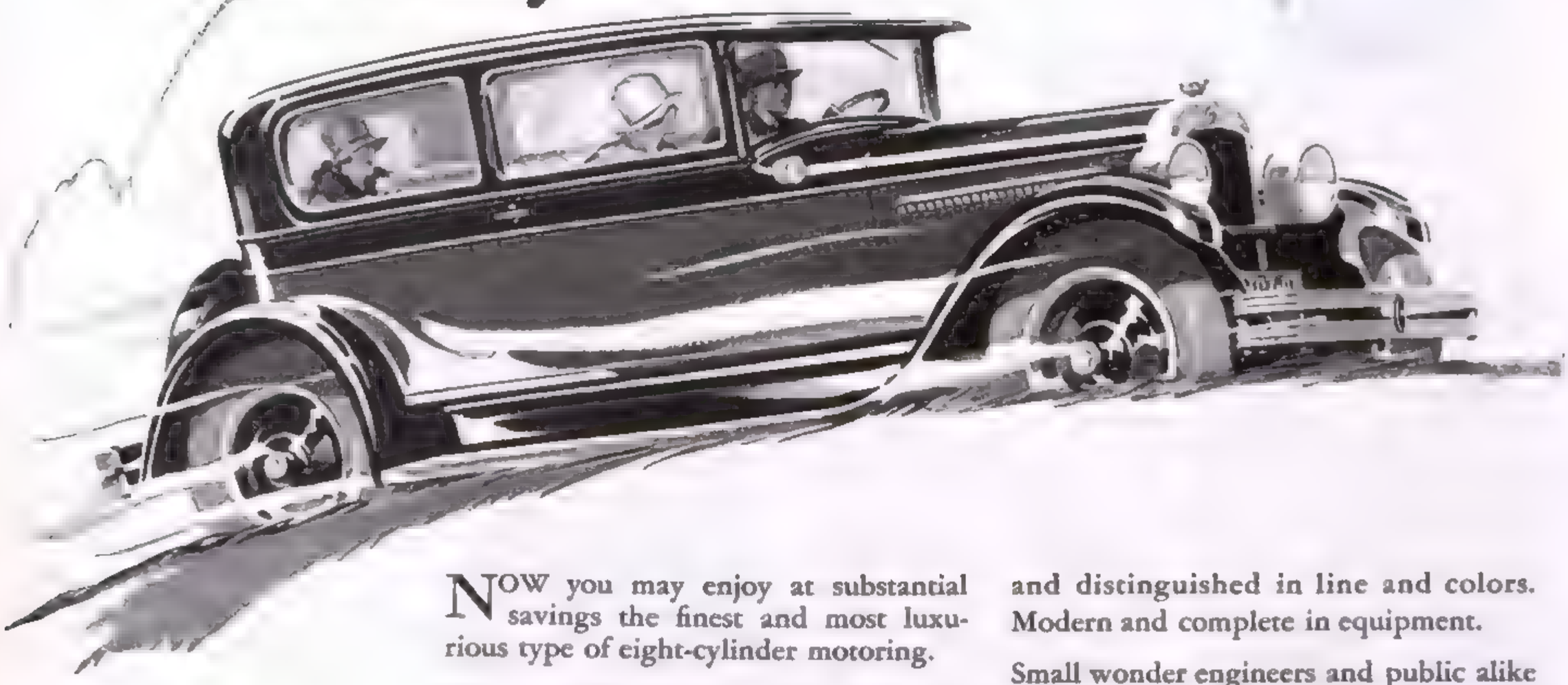
He was, like me, near the mark of fifty, and I flattered myself that I understood his beliefs and feelings remarkably well. I would have enjoyed being a Whig, a Federalist, in Boston then. I was by birth and association a Democrat, but that fact had very little reality to me, and God knew I would have had no tendency to associate myself with the enemies of Washington. I owned no talent for Thomas Jefferson. I would have been happy with Nicholas Elliset's power, the fine details of his living, his universal influences; and with all that, I would have especially liked his memories, so different from what surrounded his maturity—the passages and harbors of the South Seas, the Pagoda Anchorage on the Whampoa River. The islands of the East were innocent then, and naked except for casual flowers. On their silver beaches young supercargoes danced to a time wildly different from the decorum of Boston drawing-rooms.

That, for Nicholas Elliset, was a happy background and memory; it gave him a secret medium of comparison, a private ironic humor, which saved him from too much solemnity. It gave him, as well, an enormous advantage over his son Ambrose, who wanted to join the social experiment of Brook Farm. Nicholas had his own characteristic opinion of social experiments, of females in strange clothes, but he said little to Ambrose about that. He was too wise. He didn't even make clear what he thought of George Ripley, who had deserted his pulpit, of Bronson Alcott or Emerson. Elliset didn't, naturally, invite such men to his house—that would be like asking a paid orchestra for dancing to his dinner table—and it was conceivable that he'd have been short with Ambrose.

The East, however, had touched him, and his diplomacy with his son was grave and corrupt and deadly. I understood and agreed with that. So much could be accomplished by a grave and corrupting knowledge of life and women. A cold patience was fatal to a hasty and warm and ill considered humanity. I admired Nicholas Elliset's success and at the same time, together with him, knew that somehow it was hollow. He wasn't, with so much, sufficiently happy; formality had entered into his spirit. He was the victim of a state which his sense of humor showed him to be sadly limited. He had sailed dangerously around the world; as a boy he had fought pirates with dirks; and scarcely more than a boy, he had deserted reality—a reality of salt and perfumed adventure—for a pretentious and safe existence.

(Continued on Page 52

New Low Prices for Supreme eight-cylinder luxury



NOW you may enjoy at substantial savings the finest and most luxurious type of eight-cylinder motoring.

Not a *small* eight, or a *little* eight, but the big, powerful Hupmobile Eight capable of transporting seven passengers at 70 miles per hour and more, with ease and spirit.

An Eight bearing the hallmark of Hupmobile reputation, which means sound engineering, precision manufacture, honest materials and workmanship.

A finer Hupmobile Eight today than ever before. Faster, smoother, more powerful due to *High-Compression.* Rarely beautiful and distinguished in line and colors. Modern and complete in equipment.

Small wonder engineers and public alike pronounce Hupmobile Eight at its new low price, the dominant eight value in the present market.

View the latest series Hupmobile Eights today, if only to realize that the very utmost in eight performance is now available at far lower cost.

Fourteen distinguished body types. Standard line priced from $1795 to $2520 f.o.b. Detroit. Revenue tax to be added. Custom bodies designed and built by Dietrich.

Rest assured that the Distinguished Hupmobile Eight is thoroughly modern and complete in all features that increase comfort, dependability, long life and economy. Contributing to this end are such features as: double plate dry disc clutch, thermostatic and manifold heat control, cam-and-lever steering gear, vibration damper, oil filter, air and gasoline cleaners.

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD
THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE *Eight*

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

GLENN TRYON

Universal Star in *"Painting the Town"* and *"The Flying Nut"*

You have no idea what a thrill it gives me to know that the work my organization is doing, is entertaining and amusing people all over the world—and that it has brought entertainment to millions in small towns who formerly had no amusements except that which they could create themselves.

To these small towns, for a very nominal sum, we are presenting dramas and comedies enacted by the most talented stars in the theatrical world. That would have been impossible through any other medium than the moving-picture, and it proves that the people should support pictures in every way in their power. My advice to all of you, is to get in the habit of going to pictures regularly and thus encourage its perpetuation and development.

Also, one way of assuring yourself of seeing the best, is to ask your theater manager right now what Universal Pictures he has arranged to show this season. Mention some of the pictures you have read about in these talks and have particular interest in.

Very shortly Universal will start the production of Edna Ferber's celebrated novel *"Show Boat."* We have not definitely decided on the full cast and before we do I would like to ask those of you who have read the book to suggest the name of the actress whom you would like to see in the part of *"Magnolia."* I would like a quick decision and am very serious in asking your written opinion.

I wish you would write to me about Universal pictures. What have you seen lately and how did you like them?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

I would certainly have followed his example and cherished his secret discontent. Above all, I was engaged by his frank contempt for writers. He regarded them—and not without justice—as a sort of paid entertainers. They were not, then, very highly paid; they couldn't have Bulfinch build their houses, and so his attitude was comparatively easy to follow. It had the support of a general recognition.

No one today could lay down his clear social lines; no one today, the truth was, wanted to. The orchestra had been moved to the dinner table. The necessity for constant amusement, amusement at any price, had taken the place of a strict social integrity.

Society was far more excellent, exclusive, in Nicholas Elliset's day. An aristocratic deportment was still natural—the word "gentleman" had not been lowered to a term of mere sentimentality. It had, intrinsically, to do with obligation rather than with humanity. Elliset owned a responsibility to his inferiors, but it wasn't social. He based his life on the assumption of a complete superiority to the mass of men. Democracy had not yet conquered America.

All this was natural and, I thought, wholly admirable. It was impossible now, it was impossible for me; but I envied his hard clarity. I envied the admitted certainty of his position. Servants were servants, a crew was a crew. I suffered from doubt: I saw traces of the woman in a cook, of the man in a gardener. Writers were invited to my table and I liked them. I was a writer myself.

Nicholas Elliset was equally direct about reformers, the prophets of immediate equal justice. He knew that justice in the abstract and perfect sense could not exist. It was a chimera and he didn't propose to let it bother him. Some men had more money than others, some women were more beautiful than common, and not only was he not bothered by this—he approved of it. Why not? A few men were powerful, fortunately placed, and it was their business to govern the rest. They, the powerful, were responsible to themselves for that government. There, in reality, lay the beauty of the aristocratic attitude; there was its now-departed fineness. No appeal was possible from a high personal sense of duty; it made explanation needless. Men like Nicholas Elliset had no touch of the present weakness for sympathy. They had no nervous impulse to ingratiate themselves with inferior ideas and unimportant people. They took their privileges calmly.

There were great merchants today—or, rather, only yesterday; their power was not less but more than those of the past; but they were not aristocrats in an exact sense. Aristocracy had disappeared the day before yesterday. A general equality had taken its place. Combinations, the people of Thomas Jefferson, were risen to influence. Even women had begun to insist that there were more notable feminine qualities than an apparent beauty.

Perhaps, but not for me. It was increasingly evident that I belonged in the past—in the Boston that had occupied my thoughts, or Charleston. I would have been happy in either, but not in Charleston through the years of reconstruction.

The Civil War brought to an end the cities and times of my first preference. After that, improvement and noise began. The present was inaugurated. I wrote about Charleston in the 1860's because then, it seemed to me, its beauty was particularly moving, its honor strangely bright in the shadow falling upon it and upon the past.

The ruin of a long siege, of unrelenting civil conflict, was everywhere evident to John Fearnes; it lay all about his yellow-brick dwelling on the South Battery. It was not only physical, the mark of cannon, but abstract; the White Point gardens were pervaded by impalpable evil; the nights were blasted with an intangible corruption. Fearnes' existence, in that destructive dark, was fantastic; he called into being, for the most laudable of purposes, powers and influences from far below the precarious safety of a thin white civilization—a civilization of the moment. He sacrificed his peace of mind—he sacrificed his mind—on an altar so old that it was crumbling at the beginning of pagan ages. It was the opinion of Charleston that he had, as well, blackened his honor. I didn't think so; but perhaps I hadn't the material, the sectional understanding, for an adequate opinion. The use he made of a peculiarly dangerous knowledge, it appeared to me, lifted him above the standards of a conventional South Carolina judgment.

John Fearnes had called into being powers of darkness to combat darkness; he was fully aware of the consequent fatality to himself; and I regarded him as a man who had held the integrity of a code, an obligation of blood, above self. I wasn't so certain of the powers of darkness. I considered them with a trace of impatience and more than a pause of doubt. I didn't really believe in powers of darkness—that was, as independent agents, agents without sensible bodies. I was willing to deal with the power of suggestion, the presence of hysteria and primitive impulses in a small galvanized mob, and call it juju; but beyond that my skeptical disposition prevented me from going. I had been repeatedly told that there was a negro magic; I had heard extraordinary things in Louisiana and Oriente; but I insisted, for myself, upon the most commonplace and exact explanations. The explanations, then, I simply left out of my consideration of Charleston in the disaster of reconstruction.

Charleston was at that time, except for an occasional murderous explosion or isolated and indescribable cries, a quiet city; but its earlier tranquillity had gone. Its aristocracy, no less absolute than the breeding of Massachusetts, was vanishing; a different and loud economic world was in the uncomfortable process of birth. There was to be no place for arbitrary gentlemen luxurious on plantations of cotton. The soil of that privilege at last was exhausted. There was actually to be little ground for gentlemen anywhere. Leisure, together with large resources and a definite frame of mind, was necessary for gentility. The mind of Nicholas Elliset. It was hardly different in Charleston; gentlemen there were a little more sultry in their prejudices; the duel was prevalent; the climate, in other words, bore more sharply on the liver.

Charleston, in temper, lay midway between New Orleans and Boston, and for that excellent reason attracted me more than the two others. It preferred, in its cooler manner, the pistol to the foil; it had kept itself free, in a narrow sense, from trade. Charleston was the port, the warehouse, for South Carolina cotton; it wasn't commercial; there were no merchants in the manner of Boston. That difference, and not the negroes, brought on the Civil War and the triumph of commerce. An aristocracy, it was discovered, was not economically sound. It wasn't planned to wring the last dollar from every transaction of benefit or need.

I regretted the fall of Charleston; above everything else, I should have liked to live in a state not fundamentally commercial, a state with a slightly different measure of accomplishment. Money as a means rather than an end. It seemed to me in that existence life would be less hurried than it was now; personal integrity might even take the place of a metal symbol. Men, perhaps, would return to their individual pleasures and being.

In that event I could see the return of all the qualities and spirit I best liked; superiority would be recognized; the search—at least—for truth held honorable. The mass of people would be infinitely better situated, their opinions free from the petty tyranny of organization. When the Government grew oppressive, when the aristocracy forgot its obligation of justice, armed rebellion offered a masculine relief. It was immeasurably better to rebel than to sink into apathy. The mere effort of thought was priceless. All this, I firmly believed, was an aristocratic and not a democratic attitude. I agreed with Nicholas Elliset about the scope and functions of a crew.

Complete justice was, of course, an abstraction; it had never, in all the existence of humanity, been an actuality. Perhaps, since it was so cold, it was not in its perfect form even desirable. Life, quite different, was warm, full of faults and the payment for faults; life was inseparable from regret: and regret very often was one with beauty. Certainly beauty and loss were closely allied.

It was death that gave love its great tenderness. Who would be willing to face a million years in the same companionship? A million million! Death, the truth was, was greatly maligned. It was insensately feared. Still, the fear of death was one of the mechanics of keeping alive; and while I complained about the present, I had no urgent necessity to leave it. I preferred simply some aspects of the past; that was why it appeared so often in my pages.

Yes, that was why I wrote about it—the past, especially, in America. It had been my enormous good fortune to live for twenty years in an American scene that resisted improvement, a scene that remained traditional, green in summer with chestnut groves and maples and in winter white with snow. It was a countryside of hills and little valleys, with stone houses above the meadows and brick houses in town. The farmers, grown old and prosperous, once came into the town to live. Once! Now the farmers had almost disappeared. They existed simply to sell their farms for improvements. The bands of concrete drew more and more tightly about my house.

A clear musical stream, a bank deep with grass, lay at the foot of my lawn; for years it had been sweet with mint and violets; but within twenty days now it would be gone. A curbing had been ordered to take its place. West Chester was growing more important; its old character was felt to be incongruous with the march, the rush, of events.

Well, West Chester could be improved, but my memories, and twenty years, were safe. The fragrance of my bank, of the April violets and the summer mint, could not be taken from me. My life, anyhow, had been flavored by mint juleps and flowers. I could at least write about them. I had no intention of writing about curbs. It might be necessary for me to drive, at unhappy rates of speed, over ribbons of concrete, but I remembered roads. Thank God, I recalled lanes—crooked lanes with blossoming hedges. When I wrote I recreated the things I liked; they floated up from the paper and enveloped me. West Chester returned in its old simplicity.

I made dim images of the America I so vastly preferred to the one I had survived to see; I created the shadows of men instinct with dignity and courage; lovely and tranquil girls. I forgot the improvements, the noise, crowding in upon me. The present, the noise, of course, would prevail—until I was protected by an ultimate silence. Already, while I was alive, I was a part with the past. I returned in affection and longing to the quiet cities of unimproved, of comparatively uncurbed, times. Mint juleps and prodigal violets. Vanishing delights.

There was, of course, in place of them the concrete, the speed, the liquor thin like a whiplash. Recent benefits. I had lived too long in a different, a pastoral, air to enjoy them. I was young—the confession of accomplished age—in a better time. But what I regretted was more than my own youth; it was the youth of a magnificent land.

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	..	..	..	..	..	..
" other mods.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BR	BB	B 3	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon					A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		

No. 16

A great improvement—but!

Important facts about oil purifying devices

Oil contamination has always been a serious threat to automobile engines. And this contamination begins the minute the oil goes to work.

In many cars, means are provided to fight this danger. In some cases, distillation devices are used to drive off any fuel or water. In other engines, air is circulated through the crankcase. Frequently oil filters are used.

Normal crankcase temperatures used to be from 120° to 160° F. Now crankcase heat often reaches 200° or more. And—some distillation devices heat oil to 350°—and even 500° or 600° F.

In any case, the oil is subjected to more heat and more air. This tends to oxidize the oil.

What does that mean? Oxidized oil is oil that has changed into black sediment or sludge.

A new margin of safety in your lubricating oil is needed to resist heat and oxidation. Otherwise this sludge may result in clogged filters, ruined bearings or complete blockage of the lubricating system.

* *

Probably no other oil offered you today so thoroughly resists oxidation as Gargoyle Mobiloil. At every step in refining Mobiloil, this new threat to your engine has been kept in mind.

If your car is equipped to purify or rectify the oil supply, remember this: The benefit of this change may be accompanied by a serious danger if you merely say, "Give me a quart of oil." Miscellaneous oils, gasoline-by-product oils, and insufficiently refined lubricants may endanger your engine through failure to resist the oxidizing effect of air and heat.

And remember also—*no oil purifying device can ever turn poor oil into good oil.*

For the greatest margin of safety against oxidation of your oil supply, ask for the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car. Ask for it always by both name and grade—Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil "Arctic," Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," Mobiloil "B," Mobiloil "C," Mobiloil "CC," as the case may be.

WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
PATERSON, N. J., U. S. A.

Office of the President

Vacuum Oil Company, Inc. July 11th, 1927
61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Colonel Lindbergh's WRIGHT WHIRLWIND engine which was recently disassembled at our plant for inspection was found to be in perfect condition. No perceptible wear was found in any of the parts and all bearings were in excellent condition indicating perfect lubrication throughout approximately 90 hours of flying, including his epochal flight from New York to Paris. As Mobiloil "B" was used exclusively in this engine, the engine's condition is a splendid indication of the lubricating qualities of Mobiloil "B."

Very truly yours,
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORP.
(signed) Charles L. Lawrance, President

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Could you use an extra $1000.?

Think of it, an extra thousand dropped in your lap! A thousand dollars to use as you choose! . . . How many wonderful ways to spend it! A new car! A trip abroad for two! New furniture for your house! . . . Of course you could use that extra thousand. So, right now, make up your mind to be one of the winners—

1001 cash prizes in POSTUM'S

$10,000 Contest

Three big contests in one! 1001 prizes! Three first prizes of $1000 each! 998 others of from $1 to $500! No tricks! No stunts! Just a little easy writing! Read the details. They may well mean a thousand dollars to you!

SUBJECTS

"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 145 prizes of $1 each.

The 30-day test contest

THOUSANDS upon thousands have made this famous test—used Postum in place of caffein beverages for a month and noted their progress—and become regular Postum users forever after! Hundreds had written us about it before this contest started. How wonderful it was to find a hot drink that gave them everything except regrets! No sleeplessness! No jumpy nerves! No indigestion! None of the physical tax that caffein, sooner or later, must collect! Now we want to hear from *you*—whether you are a life-long user of Postum, or only a beginner. The best letter on "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me" wins $1000—and there are 333 additional cash prizes!

The Instant Postum made-with-milk contest

Throughout America, teachers and mothers join in telling us that Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk! A drink free from any trace of the stimulants that make most hot drinks bad for children. It is healthful—easy to make—and loved even by the children who "don't like milk!" These are facts which others have reported. Tell us why *you* think Postum is the best hot drink for children! A thousand dollars for the best letter—and hundreds of other prizes!

The "How I make Postum" contest

Postum comes in two forms—Instant Postum and Postum Cereal. They are the same drink—both made of roasted wheat and bran—but are prepared in different ways. Some people are enthusiasts for Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others swear by Postum Cereal—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Then there are earnest differences of opinion about the proper strength of the drink—whether it should be strong, weak, or "medium." Just as with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to prepare Postum so it is most delicious to the individual taste. Hundreds of cash prizes for the best letters on this subject—beginning with a $1000 prize!

Read the rules on this page—then enter the contest while there is yet time!

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to P. O. Box 584-B, Battle Creek, Michigan.
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m., December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928. This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.)

JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in both forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

Getting On in the World

Let's Talk of Wills

FROM long association with financial institutions there have come to me unusual opportunities to observe how much wiser it is for the average man or woman to make a will than not to make one; how much more sensible it is for one to have his lawyer draw up the instrument than to try to do it himself; and how far superior, in the great majority of cases, is a corporate executor and trustee—a bank or trust company—as compared with almost any individual undertaking to act in those capacities.

Property is never without an owner. When a person dies intestate the state steps in and causes his property to be distributed in accordance with the statutes "in such cases made and provided." But the laws of inheritance, the result of centuries of experience, are drawn to fit the average among millions of cases. They do not and cannot take into consideration the wealth, health or individual needs of any heir. In that fact lies the possibility of results which in some cases may be little short of disastrous.

The surrogate's office for the county of New York—which is Manhattan Island—handled 7927 estates in 1926. Of these only 2927 were provided for in wills. That would seem to indicate that only about one in three persons possessed of an appreciable amount of property dies leaving a will. It is difficult to understand why people are so neglectful. Undoubtedly it is largely due to ignorance of the consequences of failure to make proper provision for the disposition and preservation of property after the owner's death.

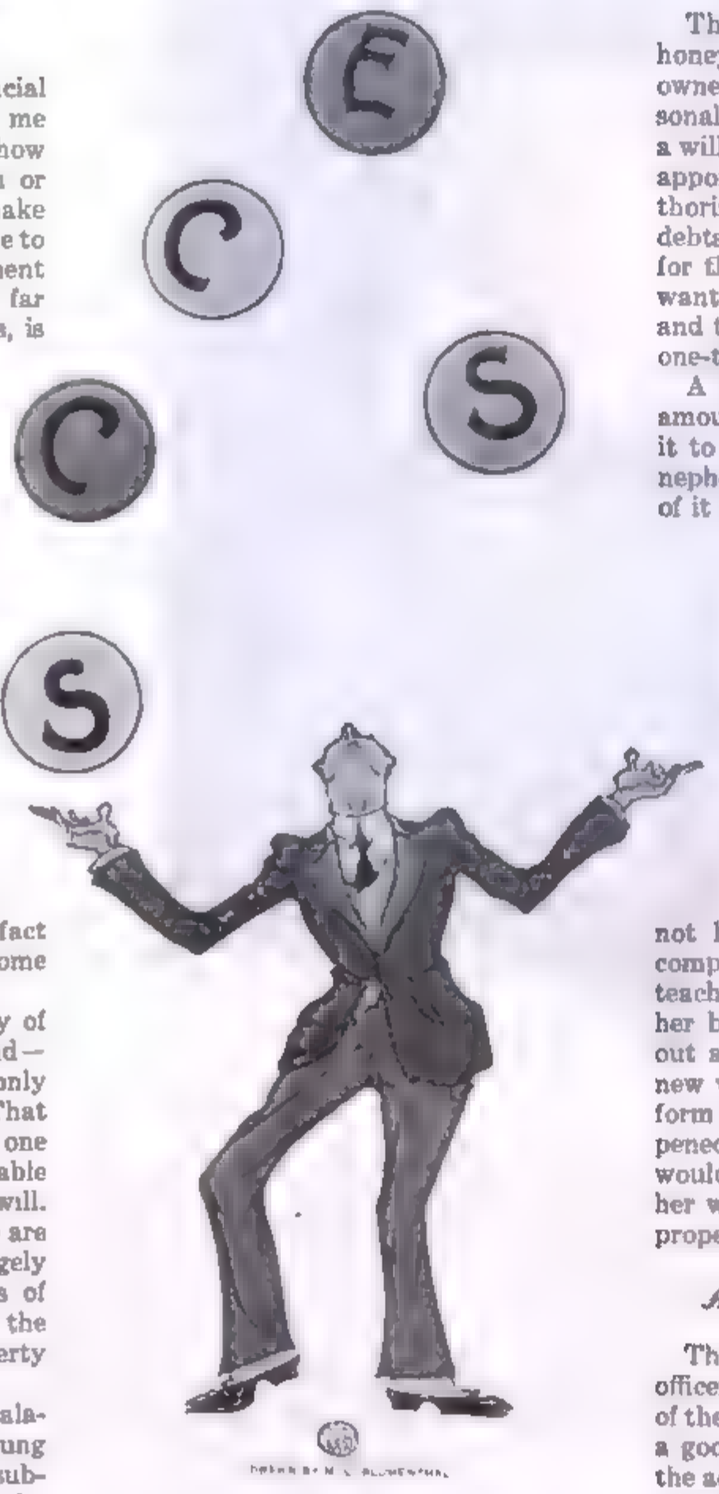
George Brown was an industrious salaried man who had a wife and two young children. He had his little home in the suburbs all paid for, and by strict economy he and his wife had built up a savings-bank account amounting to $750. His health was none too good, and he had not been able to get any life insurance. Moreover, he had put off making his will from time to time. "I've never got around to it," he told his banker, who asked him about it.

"Do you know what might happen to your property if you were to drop out suddenly?" asked the banker.

"No," replied Brown.

Delays and Deductions

"Well, I'll tell you what did happen in a case similar to yours," continued the banker. "This man had several hundred dollars in a savings account here. He owned his home, free and clear, but carried no life insurance and had not made a will. He died unexpectedly. Creditors began at once to press the widow for payment of their bills. She came to this bank to get the money they had on deposit here, but we had to tell her that we could not let her have it until she was able to present an order from the court appointing her administratrix of the estate. The court asked her if she was prepared to give the required bond for double the amount of the personal property. She had no friends with the necessary property qualification to go on her bond. So she had to pay a surety company for the bond—a fee larger than her husband would have had to pay a lawyer for drawing a will in which he might have stipulated that no bond was necessary. After several weeks she got the money, but it was not all hers. Two-thirds of it went to her children, and as they were minors, a guardian had to be appointed to look after their interests.



"Another case, a man and his wife had $600 in the bank and owned real estate valued at $4500. He died without a will. She decided to be self-supporting and keep the money and real estate. She disputed several bills rendered the estate. One creditor applied to the court for letter of administration. The widow engaged a lawyer. The creditor's action was defeated, but most of the $600 was used up in the legal fight. Other creditors caused the sale of the real estate. Upon forced sale it brought only $2700. When the debts were paid she had only $2000 left, where she should have had at least $3500. So that man's failure to make a will cost his wife at least $1500."

That was enough for George Brown. He lost no time in getting in touch with a young lawyer of his acquaintance. Together they drew up a sound and satisfactory will, with the bank named therein as executor and trustee. The will was left with the bank for safe-keeping. From that moment, Brown's mind was at ease, because he knew that he had done all that he could to protect his family in that future in which he would have no living part.

A woman about seventy years of age came into a bank recently and showed two bank books, the deed to a house and several bonds and stock certificates.

"My son Charles left these," she said. "He died a few weeks ago. He was my only son and lived with me. He said I was to have this property to live on in case anything happened to him."

To make a long story short, this man had left no will, and the property, instead of going to his mother as he desired, all went to his nephew, the son of an older brother who had died ten years before.

Then there was the case of Peter Mahoney, who had a wife and one child. He owned valuable real estate, but little personal property. He died suddenly, without a will. The land had to be sold. The court appointed a guardian for the child and authorized the sale of the real estate. The debts were paid and the balance invested for the child. The family was actually in want before the sale was consummated, and then the mother had the right to only one-third of the income for life.

A retired school-teacher had property amounting to $20,000. She willed $8000 of it to a friend and the balance to favorite nephews and nieces. She did not want any of it to go to a profligate brother. Having had a misunderstanding with the two women who had been witnesses to her will, this ex-school-teacher decided it was not safe to have these two as witnesses, so she crossed their names off the document and got two other witnesses, one of them the woman friend to whom she was planning to leave $8000, not knowing that a beneficiary is not a competent witness for a will. When the teacher died the entire $20,000 went to her brother, because the will was thrown out as invalid. If the substitution of the new witnesses had been done in due legal form by a lawyer, this would not have happened. To save the small fee a lawyer would have charged, this woman allowed her whole plan for the distribution of her property to be defeated.

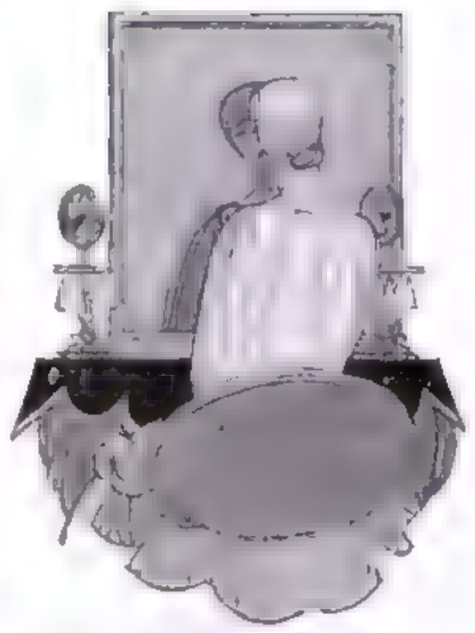
An Inheritance Gone Wrong

The following case is given by the trust officer of a Southern bank as an illustration of the unwisdom of having a lawyer—even a good lawyer—who is inexperienced with the administration of estates prepare a will without consultation with a trust officer or a lawyer who has had experience settling estates, and also as proof of the folly of naming an individual as executor.

"During the first influenza epidemic in 1918 Edward Black, on his death bed, called in his lawyer to prepare his will. He directed that his estate be divided into seven equal parts to give his wife, his brother, and each of his five children an equal part. He named his brother executor. The next day the testator died. Shortly thereafter his brother died. The wife of the testator qualified as administratrix and guardian of the children, all five of whom were under age. The estate was worth more than $400,000 and there were practically no debts. The assets were cash, stock, productive real estate, and some vacant lots and farm land—a well-balanced estate.

"The widow of the deceased brother demanded her husband's one-seventh of the estate in cash. A big sale was put on and the land brought wartime prices. The estate bought it in. A brother of the administratrix was a contractor and builder. He persuaded her to let him build her a home that would be in keeping with the size of the estate. He did so at a cost of perhaps $50,000. This was a mansion in that small town. A business associate of her husband persuaded her to put more than $80,000 into mortgages on the productive real estate to raise the money with which to build an office building. This was done, but the office building is bringing in a return of less than 3 per cent. Today, only a few years after his death, Black's widow and children are imploring our trust company to take over and try to save the estate. The liquid assets are gone. The income is not more than enough to pay the interest, taxes and

(Continued on Page 57)



Fight gum troubles before they start!

IT is our diet that undermines the health of our gums. For our food, dentists point out, is too soft, too quickly eaten, to impart to our gums the stimulation that should keep them robust.

That, briefly, is why gums soften, weaken and lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush," the earliest sign of gingival breakdown, is often a warning of serious troubles to come.

How Ipana and massage keep gums firm and healthy

Gum disorders are stubborn—difficult to deal with, once they gain a foothold. Yet, fortunately, they are often quite easy to prevent.

Dentists recommend massage—a gentle frictionizing of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers. And because of its content of ziratol, a preparation very beneficial to the gums, thousands of dentists direct their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste—for the gum massage as well as for the brushing of their teeth.

Test Ipana for thirty days

You'll find Ipana's taste a treat to your palate. And its power to clean and whiten your teeth will delight you. The ten-day trial tube will readily prove these things.

But the better plan is to start at once with a full-size tube from the druggist's. Use it faithfully for one month, and see how your gums, too, improve in firmness and in health!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P 107
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....
Address .....
City State
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This Gold Button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office

Men everywhere say:

"—the best-wearing silk socks in America —bar none."

Atlanta, Ga.

I have been buying "Realsilk" Socks for some time. Don't use anything else. They are better and cheaper.—J. E. Hunnicutt, Jr.

Boston, Mass.

"Realsilk" Socks are undoubtedly the best wearing silk socks you can buy—regardless of price.—Frank H. Sherman

Brady, Texas

I have worn "Realsilk" Socks and will say that they cannot be beaten for comfort and durability. I do not think that they can be improved on in any way.—Oscar Strickland

Birmingham, Ala.

I have been using "Realsilk" Hosiery for two years or more and it has given me the best satisfaction of any hosiery I have ever used.—F. B. Whiten.

Chicago, Ill.

I like "Realsilk" Socks immensely.—D. H. Cone.

Cleveland, Ohio

I've worn all makes of socks, but none can compare with "Realsilk."—John F. Andrea.

Fort Worth, Texas

All orders placed by me with your representatives have been filled with dispatch, and I take this occasion to say that there is no room for complaint. These socks are the best, without doubt, that are manufactured . . . I was, also, favorably impressed with the courteous manner of the young man who took my recent order here.—B. R. Kent.

Greensboro, N. C.

Have been wearing "Realsilk" Socks several years and they are very satisfactory and have long-wearing quality.—Chas. W. Lewis.

Holdenville, Okla.

The longer I wear "Realsilk" Hosiery the more confident I am that I cannot say too much in the way of praise for it and the workmanship.—John I. McCoale.

Idaho Falls, Idaho

I have always been very much satisfied with the service and merchandise of the Real Silk Company.—Dr. H. L. Willson

Jackson, Mich.

The "Realsilk" Socks are *ne plus ultra* in material and workmanship. One pair will outlast six pairs of anything else for me. I have never had a bad pair and have been using them for years. The pair I have on at this time is three years old and still going strong.—C. A. Bolen.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Have been using "Realsilk" Socks for about five years during which time I have found them to give excellent satisfaction. I find that a purchase of half a dozen pairs at a time will run me easily through six months.—J. C. Peary.

Kansas City, Mo.

The socks which I ordered are very satisfactory. I am very much pleased with the quality, as well as with the service rendered by your local office.—A. M. Wilson

Kittanning, Pa.

"Realsilk" Socks are far superior to any others I have ever used. They measure up in service to every claim you make for them. I won't wear any other brand.—Henry P. Alden

Long Beach, Cal.

Have received perfect satisfaction. You have a good selection of colors to pick from. Your system is above reproach or criticism.—Keith Wray.

Mitchell, S. D.

I formed my opinion of "Realsilk" Hosiery a year ago when I gave my first order. Have worn no other socks that can compare with them at all for appearance, fit or wear.—T. B. Weaver.

Minneapolis, Minn.

I have been wearing "Realsilk" Hosiery for several years and have found them to be more satisfactory than any other I have ever worn, and I have tried them all.—E. S. Hales.

Los Angeles, Cal.

I consider the wearing qualities of "Realsilk" Socks much superior to any I have ever worn. This takes in a lot of territory and a long, long time, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Mexican border.—C. C. Selden.

Montgomery, Ala.

I cannot see a chance for improvement in your "Realsilk" Socks. They are just as good, I think, as can be for the money paid for them.—J. H. O'Gwynn.

Moreland, Ga.

Two years ago at Muskegon, Mich., I bought four pairs of your socks. At this moment I am wearing one pair of them and considering that they have had two years of hard service are in fine condition. I have all kinds of socks and have paid all sorts of prices for them, but there are none that can compare with "Realsilk" Socks as to price, quality and service.—W. H. Bexley.

New Orleans, La.

I have been wearing your socks for four years and since receiving my first order I find that none wear as well. They are entirely satisfactory in every respect and I recommend your goods to all my friends.—Dr. J. C. McMahon

New York, N. Y.

It is next to impossible to wear out "Realsilk" Socks. They sure do wear and keep their good looks better than any socks I have ever had.—Phillip McGuire

Omaha, Neb.

Your goods will get my highest praise to everyone I talk to.—Steve Stefanovich

Oklahoma City, Okla.

It would be hard for me to find fault with "Realsilk" Socks. At no time have I ever received better value.—L. R. Gordon.

Oakland, Cal.

Have been greatly pleased with both the appearance and the comfort of "Realsilk" Hosiery.—Harry S. McCready.

Piqua, Ohio

"Realsilk" Hosiery has proved satisfactory to me in every respect.—L. G. Raglin.

San Francisco, Cal.

I find your hosiery very satisfactory.—M. A. Thompson

Salt Lake City, Utah

The last order was my third one, which I believe is evidence that I am entirely satisfied with your socks.—George T. Peterson

Shreveport, La.

Have been using your socks for years and find them the best on the market.—Clyde Roquemore

Tyler, Texas

I have been a wearer of "Realsilk" Socks for three years and I will frankly say I expect to continue to be a customer, as this hosiery is everything you say it is.—Horace J. Collum.

Union, Mo.

The socks are satisfactory. I do not see where there can be any improvement.—G. Kleuke

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie

250 Branch Offices in the United States and Canada Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

REALSILK

GOLD BUTTON BRAND

Super-Service

SOCKS

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(Continued from Page 55)

installments due on the mortgage indebtedness. The widow in the mansion has nothing with which to pay her grocery bills. Her sons, two of them now of age, say the estate would now be worth more than $500,000 if their mother had turned it over to the trust company in the first place, which she would have done but for the unsound advice she had received."

To summarize the lessons of experience in testamentary matters: You should make a will because it is the only way to insure that your own wishes touching the distribution of your property and the guardianship of your minor children will be carried out.

The probabilities are that the hard and fast rules of the state might not suit your case at all. They might totally ignore some of the special conditions that surround your heirs. By having a lawyer draw your will you lessen the possibility of costly litigation over your property after you are gone.

A new will can be made, or a codicil added to your old one, at any time. Circumstances that call for a change include: Increased or decreased assets, additional life insurance, new heirs or fewer heirs, infirmities or incompetence that may have come upon any of them.

Objections to the appointment of an individual as executor: He may not be willing to act; he may be absent; he may be too busy; he may be partial and unfair; he may not have the special knowledge and experience required; he may not have proper facilities for accounting; he may turn out to be dishonest or incompetent; he may become incapacitated; he may die before his work is done.

A corporate executor and trustee usually is preferable because it does not depend upon the ability or integrity of any one individual; because its trust funds are invested by officers whose business it is to know how to invest safely; because every estate thus handled profits by experience gained in managing other estates; because economy is effected by the system and the large volume of business transacted; because the trust securities are safely kept and subject to periodical audits by the state authorities; and finally, because a bank or trust company is permanent, never absent, and never incapacitated from any of the causes which affect the individual.

—T. D. MacGregor.

Uncle Sam Takes 'Em Young and Makes 'Em Great

ABOUT fifteen years ago a young Southerner went to Washington and called on his congressman.

"I must have something to do," he said "I have a college diploma, I have been admitted to the bar, but I face starvation."

"Well, my boy," said the congressman, "you know how it is around here—a dozen applicants for every job and the Civil Service Commission standing in the way of any influence I might exercise for you."

"I don't want an office," said the youth. "I don't even ask that you get me a position; simply get me something to do—anything that will enable me to live."

"Come back in a day or two and I'll see what can be done," the congressman replied as he waved him away.

When he returned the congressman confessed, "I am afraid you'll be insulted by what I am able to offer you, but it is the best that I can find. They have agreed down at the Treasury to give you a watchman's job."

"I'll take it gladly," said the young man, much to the surprise of the legislator.

A few years ago this young man, still comparatively young, quit the government employ to accept a place carrying the highest salary ever offered by outside interests to an employe of that department.

It came about because the young man assigned to the job of guarding a Treasury doorway had become interested in the Federal Income-tax Amendment to the Constitution. He began to study income taxes, which were little understood at that time. Later he procured a clerkship in the Internal Revenue Bureau. When Congress looked around for an expert to help frame the first income-tax law, the former guard was found to know more about the subject than anyone else in Washington.

It was during the war period that his knowledge attracted outside interest, just as it was during the after-war period that a young man, Alexander W. Gregg, age twenty-six, who began as a mere clerk and is now solicitor for that part of the United States Treasury Department having to do with the collection of more than $2,000,000,000 annually in taxes, secured recognition.

These two youths and many others who have come forward in the Government have been those who, while in a lowly position, studied to become experts in some new field not already preëmpted by older hands. It was General Dawes who said that "if one digs far below the surface record, it almost invariably will be disclosed that in nearly every big new undertaking the Government's chief guide was a youth who had burned the midnight oil in becoming an expert before his kind of expertness was in demand."

For example, there is Charles Wallace Collins. When Congress began the work of outlining a budgeting system, he was an attaché of the Library of Congress. He became interested. He studied the little-known subject and became, according to many, a world authority on governmental budgeting. He was the right-hand authority of Congress while the legislation was being framed and enacted. Then he became first assistant to General Dawes as head of the Bureau of the Budget. He is now Deputy Comptroller of the Treasury.

There is Francis J. Kilkenny, who also helped General Dawes to organize the budget. However, that was done when General Dawes was Comptroller of the Currency, back in the McKinley days. The reason for his selection at that time lay in the fact that Dawes had been impressed with his efficiency as a hat boy in a Washington hotel. He went with General Dawes to France and helped in the World War. He is now in business for himself and most successful. He lives in Chicago.

But young men, if energetic enough, might be expected to break through. However, there are those of the gentler sex who have made a place for themselves. Miss Mary O'Reilly is a technical expert in the controlling of such complicated subjects as the handling of billions of dollars of gold that pass through the assay offices and the making of gold coin. She figured largely in assisting a committee in Congress to frame legislation.

For several years she has been administrative expert in the bureau of the Mint. However, she began merely as a stenographer. Through sheer ability she became secretary and later chief clerk and is now assistant director.

It is a fact that much of the work of the Government, particularly the technical side, is carried on by men and women who began as humble clerks. They acted their parts in the popular drama found in every American city: "There is always a place at the top, if you work for it."

Uthai Vincent Wilcox.

On the Dixie Highway, Lake County, Florida

You Can, but why SHOULD you make HOME-MADE Candy?

Here's Oh Henry! all ready to eat, and made that home-made way. Why wrestle with pots and pans? 'Cause you know home-made candy's best? So do we! That's why we stick to this good old home-made way in producing Oh Henry! for you. Look!—you'd make it of the very things we use:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ⅓ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So when you want home-made candy just save time and trouble—say, "Oh Henry."

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

This "small-bubble" lather *softens every whisker*

Penetrates down deep to the base of each hair—makes it soft right where razor works

THERE is this difference between ordinary lathers and Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather—the Colgate bubbles are smaller—they penetrate deep down to the base of every hair.

"Small-bubble" lather works this way: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each separate hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

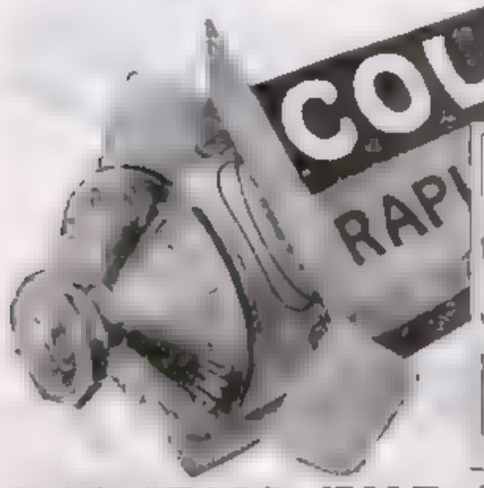
Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Confident, successful—face well-groomed

FREE—A WEEK'S SHAVES

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



Colgate & Co.

COLGATE & CO
Dept. 500J, 595 Fifth Ave. New York

Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name.....

Address .....

City..... State.....

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 42)

small figure in the simple green and white uniform of a colonel of chasseurs leading them on a white horse. They moved at the gallop which was the habitual pace of that familiar cavalcade where all were splendidly uniformed save one—the figure on the white horse, lurching in his saddle in characteristically poor horsemanship. The Emperor! No one moved in those ominously silent ranks. The hush was oppressive—gripped the heart. He passed to the right of the line, reined up before the Guard. He was speaking. The whole army waited in suspense. It was but for a moment or two. From those picked veterans came, in a new and vehement enthusiasm, the strangely stirring shout: *"Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!"* Lieutenant Desmarets, immobile on his horse on the left flank of the battery, wondered what the Emperor had said. Faintly, he could hear a band playing *Partant pour la Syrie*, the marching tune of the army. Around him disgruntled old revolutionary soldiers muttered defiantly, *"Vive la Republique."*

There was a thudding of hoofs, and the cavalcade drew up in front of Soult's corps, in front of the division of Vandamme; the small man on the white horse in advance of his staff, his simple cocked hat crossways across his head, while the generals behind him wore their gold-laced hats from front to back. He raised his hand, spoke in a vibrant, clearly audible voice.

"Soldiers of the Grand Army! You will not go to England! England gold has corrupted the Emperor of Austria, who has declared war on France. He has invaded our ally Bavaria. Soldiers! New laurels await you beyond the Rhine! Let us hasten together to beat those enemies we have already gloriously beaten!"

From those animated handsome features, from that vigorously confident voice, no one could have guessed that agony of suspense of the morning, that overwhelming shattering disappointment when the semaphore telegraph had brought the news that Villeneuve had failed to execute his orders, that he had weakly turned south to be blockaded in Cadiz, that the dreaded Nelson was after all back from the West Indies, that the invasion of England was impossible, the whole gigantic plan collapsed. Under that magic of his presence those densely ranked soldiers forgot their own disappointment. The whole world was transformed. What mattered it to them, avid of glory, avid of the excitement and booty of war, where and whom they fought, so long as they were led to battle and victory! The accustomed cry broke from them, spontaneously, deafeningly: *"Vive l'Empereur!"* To Lucien Desmarets it seemed as though the sun had suddenly come out again, as he also shouted it with all his lungs.

The Emperor trotted his horse up to the troops, came at a walk along the front of the corps, stopping every now and then, amid those frantic vociferations where thousands of shakos were waved on a forest of upthrust muskets, to say a word to this individual and that.

He approached the battery, and Lieutenant Desmarets felt a peculiar thrill of apprehension, of awe, run through him. The demigod stopped and spoke a word to the battery commander. He greeted him like an old acquaintance.

"Commandant! You were at Marengo and deserved the cross you wear. The rank of chevalier awaits you in Austria."

Desmarets saw the commandant flush up to the ears as he saluted, stammered something.

The Emperor turned to Capitaine Foliguet. "You also are a veteran, captain! Your service?"

Capitaine Foliguet saluted. "From the Year One, sire. Mayence, Italy, Egypt and Italy, sire."

"Not yet commanding your own battery? This campaign shall give you one. Commandant, send me this officer's name when we reach Vienna!"

He glanced at a grizzled old artilleryman, gun layer to one of the pieces in Desmarets' section, known as Brûle-Gueule from the short clay pipe in his mouth at every permissible moment.

"And you, *mon brave*, you do not wear the cross?"

"*Mon Empereur*, I have not received it."

The Emperor smiled—marvelous was that smile!

"So many brave soldiers deserve it. Remember to ask me for yours upon the Danube!"

He touched his horse, came level with Desmarets. Never had the young man seen the demigod at such close quarters, seen those large piercing eyes look into his from under their clean-cut brows. They seemed to dissolve his soul.

"Your war service, lieutenant?"

He had to summon up all his forces to reply, stammeringly, "None yet, sire. This is my first campaign."

Intolerable were those penetrating eyes; he could have no secrets from them. That handsome face smiled again.

"You will have opportunity to distinguish yourself. I also was once a lieutenant in the artillery."

In that subtly suggested hope of who knew what of miraculously possible distinction, he passed on. Everywhere behind his passage awoke that frantic enthusiasm. Desmarets yelled with the entire army: *"Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!"* Who would not gladly die for such a man, the authentic semidivine dispenser of glory such as the world had never seen! *"Vive l'Empereur!"*

"Vive l'Empereur!" Lieutenant Desmarets shouted it to the artillerymen of his section as the drivers lashed at their straining horses and the gunners hauled at the bogged pieces. Never had there been such a march as this which had already lasted five weeks. An hour or two after that bitter deception at Boulogne, the Emperor had issued the orders which were to place the Grand Army on the line of the Upper Danube before Austrians and Russians could effect a junction. The cavalry had moved off the very next morning. Soult's corps, with Ney's upon its right, had started three days later. Order after order, curtly specific, inexorable in requirement, charged with the fierce energy of that superhuman brain, that dynamic will which annihilated every obstacle, drove them on at a maximum of speed. By the end of September the entire army had crossed the Rhine on a wide front from north to south; Marmont from Holland at Mayence; Davout at Mannheim; Soult at Spires; Ney at Karlsruhe; Lannes, the Guard and Murat, the Emperor himself, at Strasburg; while converging from the distant left, Bernadotte had come down from Hanover and was at Würzburg. They were already nearly seven weeks ahead of the Austrian calculations, and every man in those columns knew it.

Drenched to the skin in the incessant driving rain—was ever weather more awful than this at the beginning of October, 1805?—Lieutenant Desmarets reminded his men of that already won advantage, as vehemently he encouraged them to get the long 12-pounders out of one mudhole after another. Near him Capitaine Foliguet leaped from his horse, himself hauled upon the rope: *"Hue, mes enfants! Hue!"* Once more, with a desperate effort, the haggard half-starved artillerymen dragged and pushed the heavy cannon from the morass while the hoofs of the suddenly relieved horses threw up founts of liquid mud. *"En avant, mes enfants! Vive l'Empereur!"* And they, mired to the eyes, their dark blue uniforms unrecognizable as such, cried breathlessly in answer *"Vive l'Empereur!"* as they stumbled plashingly onward

Continued on Page 60

They Are Fast, Powerful

We appreciate that speed is of major importance to many motorists. You will find the Paige eight a fast and capable car. Because of its four-speed transmission, you will enjoy a new sense of quiet and restfulness at high speeds.

An entirely new type of manifold, exclusive with Paige, gives exceptional speed, acceleration and power to Paige sixes.

The motors in all Paige cars are smooth, quiet and economical. They are completely water-jacketed, insuring efficient cooling. Filtered oil, under high pressure, lubricates them thoroughly. They have air cleaners, and bronze-backed, interchangeable bearings. Timing is by silent chain.

We invite you to experience the power and speed of one of the improved Paige sixes or eights on the open road. Many Paige models are now available at lower prices. The line includes twenty body types on four chassis, in sixes and eights, selling from $995 to $2665, f. o. b. Detroit.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

P A I G E

(Continued from Page 58)

along the deep-rutted track, the rain beating pitilessly in their faces.

Away to the right, across hedgeless stubble fields reaped in the recent harvest, an infantry column of Vandamme's division marched parallel, avoiding the road. The water streamed from their long blue coats under which they concealed their muskets, from the capotes over their heads. Many hobbled barefoot. Scarcely, indeed, was there a sound pair of shoes left in the army after so many hundred miles of road with never leisure to make repairs. Many walked with a curious, swayingly uncertain gait; they were asleep, marching automatically hour after hour.

Soaked through, chilled to the bone and desperately hungry, the young man urged on his men through the gathering dusk. Neither he nor they had eaten anything save a few potatoes that morning. If they did not arrive at the little town which was their halting place before that infantry column arrived there—and it was plainly trying to outpace them; its generals had ordered the drums to beat, the fifes to play, braving that torrential downpour—they would get nothing. Except for the Imperial Guard, contracted for by the great Compagnie Breidt, there were no provision trains and no magazines for that campaign. The imperial orders euphemistically bade the generals "provide themselves from the country." But in that headlong march the generals had never time to organize an adequate collection and distribution of supplies. Consequently the men pillaged for themselves as best they could—committing all manner of atrocities in that Bavarian country which was their ally. What mattered it? Onward! Onward!

Night after night in his headquarters the Emperor sprawled himself over the great maps surrounded by twenty lighted candles. Marked off the distances with compasses opened to the equivalence of seven leagues—a day's march. Sent staff officer after staff officer galloping through darkness and storm with curt orders that imperatively fixed the next day's attainment for each corps. Worked until the dawn with a superhuman mental activity, a lightning rapidity of judgment, in the precise coordination of all those gradually converging columns that must neither get across one another's route, become dangerously advanced nor lag hinderingly in rear; in the analysis of the constant stream of reports brought to him by fatigue-dazed, mud-plastered officers from the immense cavalry screen flung out far ahead. Somewhere to the south of the Danube, which they were approaching from the north, was concentrated an Austrian army of some 80,000 men, not yet joined by the Russians. Night after night, in those hours of intense labor while his wearied columns slept, the Emperor was planning to surround them before their allies could arrive.

Lieutenant Desmarets knew nothing of the purpose of those strategic combinations—not even to his marshals did Napoleon give a hint of explanation; he merely issued orders, to be obeyed literally. He had no idea where the other corps were, nor whither they themselves would be marching on the morrow. It was not his affair. In an implicit confidence that they were hastening to victory, he concentrated himself body and soul on bringing his own section of two guns through that torment of mud and wind and rain, on urging them forward, so that at least not through him should the column be delayed.

His earlier life—his family in Paris; summer days at Boulogne when in intervals of duty he had gone on excursions with vivaciously happy young *bourgeoises* who had flatteringly admired the smart severity of his uniform; summer evenings when they had danced and flirted to the music of one of the regimental bands seemed now a dream without reality. Only real was this never-ending nightmare of rain, fatigue and hunger, of ever-renewed effort through day after day. Yet was he buoyed up with an inward exaltation, an all-dominant ecstasy of the spirit which could ignore those physical hardships. This unromantic misery was but the necessary prelude to that near future of splendidly ordered battles, of vast conflicts in which kingdoms would be shattered, where, magnificently reckless of personal peril, the valorous victors would emerge bathed in the mystic effulgence of glory. Glory! He thirsted for it, dreamed of it, talked of it. And none in that army thought him strange.

The infantry on their right had been compelled to make a detour and had disappeared in the darkness. Torches were lit along the column of artillery, illuminating the ceaselessly descending streaks of rain. Onward! *"Vive l'Empereur!* Fagots there on the road! One more pull, *mes enfants! Hue!"* Onward! Onward!

"Vive l'Empereur!" The cry came in a vehement unison of deep-throated voices from outside. The sun was already shining through the little attic window as he pulled on his boots, donned his sodden tunic. Thank heaven, the rain had ceased! Down in the village street there was a clanking of harness chains, a stamping of hoofs, as the horses were once more put to the guns and wagons. Farther along, a battalion of infantry that had crowded into these billets with them was already marching off, was vociferating as it tramped away to a rhythmic tap of drum. He gnawed hungrily at a half loaf in the intervals of completing his equipment, gulped down the warm milk in the mug. The girl who had brought him these luxuries—she was the daughter of the people in the house—stood and watched him.

"Lucien!" she said. Quaint was the accent with which she pronounced the name she had learned last night. "Lucien! *Ach*, you will forget me!" Her tone was poignant. He guessed rather than understood the German words.

He glanced at her—he must hurry; surely that was Capitaine Foliguet's voice in the street!—tried to remember a German word or two for answer.

"Nimmer!" he said, giving himself time for a smile at her, relapsed into his native tongue. "Never will I forget thee, Katchen!"

She sighed in a melancholy that refined her plump, youthful prettiness, her blue eyes large upon him. At this time yesterday they had not known of each other's existence. Strangely swift were passions in those days when the whole world seemed in furious haste, when the tempest of war, sweeping over the land, uprooted all the anchored normalities of life, when the imminence of violent death—tomorrow, perhaps, or the day after—gave every moment an unwonted value. Last night she had preceded him—candle in hand—up the creaking stairs to show him his tiny attic under the roof. She had served Foliguet, Huard, Silvestre and himself at their frugal supper, and had smiled at him in some instinctive abruptly revealed sympathy, in a naïve admiration, in that deep-springing feminine impulse—from the profoundest sources comes that eternal intermingling of the mythologically symbolized deities of Love and War—toward the man who goes to battle.

Alone in that group he knew a few halting words of German, and she had flushed up to the eyes when he had spoken to her. Going up the stairs, in a *soldatesque* bravado he had slipped an arm around her, had snatched an innocently intended kiss. For a moment she had resisted stubbornly, fiercely, dropping the candlestick with a clatter; and then suddenly she had been limp in his arms, her mouth had sought his eagerly, persistently, as though unslakably athirst. It was surprising to him still—women were an enigma utterly beyond comprehension. Now, however, he was certainly quitting this particular enigma forever.

"Au revoir, Kätchen!" he said smilingly as he finished buckling on his sword belt and turned toward her for a farewell embrace.

She ran at him, threw her arms about him in a passion of sobs, of kisses that could not have enough of his lips, a passion of startling sincerity.

"Nimm' mich mit!" she cried, despairingly, holding him so tightly that he could not move. *"Nimm' mich doch mit!"*

He struggled to release himself. What the devil was the German for "impossible"? How could he take her with him? Down in the street, a trumpet sounded the *boute-selle*. He heard the movement of horses as the drivers swung themselves into the saddle.

"Kann nicht! Kann nicht!" he stammered, disengaged himself from her, stumbled down the steep stairs, her poignant cry a remorse in him. Confound it, he had left behind that uneaten piece of bread! Outside the house his orderly held his horse. He sprang into the saddle. Away along the street Commandant Treillard was cantering to the head of the column.

"En avant! Marche!"

The horses slipped on the muddy road as the chains took up the weight of the guns, as the drivers cut at them with their short whips. He glanced at the pale, fatigue-drawn faces of the artillerymen ready to march, musket on shoulder, behind the two cannons that were his darling own.

"Vive l'Empereur!" he cried to them.

They glanced up at him as with a new access of energy. *"Vive l'Empereur!"* they shouted, and stepped out behind the onward rolling guns.

From somewhere ahead came a sudden series of air-shaking dull thuds. A mud-bedaubed staff officer dashed through the village, sending up sheets of water from the puddles.

"En avant!" he shouted to them. "We cross the Danube! *Vive l'Empereur!"*

The entire battery responded as it increased its pace: *"Vive l'Empereur!"*

Lieutenant Desmarets craved only that the fight would not be finished before his guns could, for the first time, come into action. Glory! Glory!

It was the twentieth of October, 1805, a morning of brilliant sunshine. Lieutenant Desmarets stood in the line of guns, guarded now by sentries pacing up and down, which since the previous day had been in position near the village of Laupheim, on the road from Ulm to the Tyrol. The men sat around fires where black camp kettles hung on a branch between two forked sticks. A marauding party that morning had brought in quite a sufficient supply of food—a couple of cows and some goats that had been concealed in a woodland not far distant; an old peasant with a pitchfork had foolishly got himself killed in resisting that loss of his last possession. In the ruins of a burned-out hovel just behind the battery, a white-faced peasant woman crouched with two little children who wailed in their hunger.

She stared straight in front of her with awful unblinking eyes, as though she had gone mad. It had given Lieutenant Desmarets a most unpleasant feeling as he had glanced at her in passing. He wondered whether the men of his own section were to blame.

But he could not bother about that now. He took his field telescope from its leather case and scanned the country in front of him. In the middle distance was the line of infantry outposts. Farther away, on the crest of a hill cut by the road from Ulm, cavalry vedettes were in motion; magnified by his glass, were green uniformed—French.

There was no sign of the enemy. As everyone in Vandamme's division knew, the superbly maneuvered armies of the Emperor had cut the Austrians from their base, had already taken twenty-four thousand prisoners, had penned them in the fortress town of Ulm. Only toward the Tyrol could they hope to escape, and across the roads thither stood the divisions of Soult's corps. Lieutenant Desmarets secretly hoped that the Austrian General Mack would make that desperate effort to break out. Not yet had his guns come into action. Not yet, indeed, had there been that great pitched battle everyone had expected. As yesterday's imperial bulletin had stated, the Emperor had won the campaign with his soldiers' legs instead of their bayonets.

A wildly galloping horseman came down the road from the distant ridge, spurred up toward the battery barricade across the thoroughfare. Lieutenant Desmarets hastened to intercept him. Surely that rider brought news! It was a young aide-de-camp from imperial headquarters.

"Vive l'Empereur!" he cried to Desmarets, as perforce for a moment he walked his horse between the obstructions across the road. "General Mack has just surrendered at Ulm with all his troops! The Austrians are finished. . . . Where is Marshal Soult?"

Desmarets indicated the presumed whereabouts of the corps commander, and the aide-de-camp spurred on again. Officers and artillerymen—the entire battery personnel—came running up, demanding the news. He told them. They threw up their shakos in extravagant joy.

"Vive l'Empereur!" they cried. *"Vive l'Empereur!"*

It was a frenzy, wherein they shook one another's hands, embraced and danced and shouted again. From behind them and to right and left that shout came in an immense clamor as the news, amplified with the effective details the Emperor knew so well to add, spread through the division. The Austrians were finished! An army of 80,000 men had been annihilated at the cost of only 6000 French casualties! *"Vive l'Empereur!"*

Their rejoicing was still at its height when a staff officer cantered up with an order to the battery commander. Commandant Treillard glanced at the scrap of paper, initialed for it in the staff officer's order book, shouted to the trumpeter to sound the *boute-selle*.

"En route for Vienna, *mes enfants! Vive l'Empereur!"*

They shouted it again and again as hastily the guns and wagons were limbered up and, carrying off the uneaten meal, they got into column of route upon the road.

"En avant! Marche! Vive l'Empereur!"

Lieutenant Desmarets' last impression as the column moved off was of that woman crouching amid the ruins, staring after them with those awful unblinking eyes. He shouted again to blot out the memory of it. *"Vive l'Empereur!"* Glory! Surely the memory of that marvelous campaign would live forever in the memory of man! Yet secretly he was a little disappointed that that glory had not been won in the fires of battle.

It was the night of the tenth Frimaire, Year XIV—the first of December, 1805—a night of bitter cold where the stars shone frostily. Upon the dark hills and in the darker valleys of this stretch of up-and-down country, where for the past three days the Grand Army had been concentrated, glimmered and gleamed innumerable bivouac fires. Away to the west, toward the town of Austerlitz, the sky ruddily reflected the similar fires of the Russian Army. From the south, however, sporadic outbursts of musketry from pickets in contact indicated that the Russians were not confined to their original main position. They were, in fact, as everyone knew, stretching out to turn the French right flank on the morrow.

Lieutenant Desmarets, roasting his boots at a camp fire where potatoes were cooking among the embers, sat with Commandant Foliguet—promoted since Vienna, as the Emperor had promised, to command of the battery, in lieu of Commandant Treillard, left behind in hospital—with Lieutenant Silvestre and Lieutenant Huard, and discussed the probabilities for that next day, which would be the first anniversary of the Emperor's coronation. Foliguet once more read out, by the light of the fire, the proclamation which in the afternoon he had read

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out to the assembled battery, as it had been read out to every regiment in the army.

Soldiers! A Russian army presents itself before you to avenge the Austrian army of Ulm. . . . The positions we occupy are formidable, and while they are marching to turn my right, they will present me their flank. . . . We must vanquish these stipendiaries of England! . . . This victory will finish our campaign, and we can resume our winter quarters where we shall be joined by new armies which are forming in France; and then the peace I shall make will be worthy of my people, of you and of me. NAPOLEON.

Commandant Foliguet refolded that camp-printed proclamation which, audaciously prophesying the very manner of the enemy's defeat, was in every trenchant word subtly calculated to inflame the ardor of the troops.

"The Little One knows what he is about," he said as he replaced the paper in his sabretasche. "Precisely what he says, he will do. They must be imbeciles to stretch round the flank of a general such as he, with his army concentrated to pounce upon them. Those Russians are already *foutus*."

"*Tant mieux!*" remarked Lieutenant Silvestre. "I hope our winter quarters are in Vienna. I was billeted in the house of a little *Gräfin*, and if I had not had to march next morning ——"

"Silvestre has a mania for countesses!" laughed the red-haired Huard.

Lieutenant Desmarets had a flitting vision of the blue-eyed girl in that muddy village whose name he could not remember. He dug out a potato from the fire with the point of his sword.

Women were enigmas no man could understand. He felt that to talk of them in the imminence of this great battle was in some sort a desecration of that pure glory which alone should be in the thought of every soldier.

"For me, it is sufficient to be here," he said, with vehement sincerity. "Even if I am killed tomorrow. The soldiers of centuries to come will envy us ——"

"Well said, young man!" They started at that vibrant voice behind them. "Immortal will be the glory of tomorrow's battle! May I have one of your potatoes?"

They jumped to their feet as a short figure in a long overcoat, the collar turned up and his cocked hat drawn over his face, stepped into the firelight.

Despite that attempt at concealment, he was instantly recognizable. The Emperor! Behind him followed a dark group of his staff.

Desmarets' heart beat fast, his hand trembled, as he offered his yet unpeeled potato to that awe-inspiring idolized demigod. The Emperor took it with a pleasant word of thanks, broke it open and commenced to eat it hungrily. He glanced at Commandant Foliguet and identified him with instant memory.

"Well, commandant, you have your battery?" he laughed in that fascinatingly good-humored *camaraderie* he could assume. "I expect it to do marvels tomorrow."

Commandant Foliguet saluted. "It shall be served while a man remains, sire!"

The Emperor nodded, his mouth full of potato.

"I gave no eagles to my artillery," he said. "They have their guns!"

Desmarets thrilled with the magic of those words, with their terse implication of a sacred trust.

So long as he was alive no gun should fall into the enemy's hands!

Behind them was a sudden illumination, a sudden many-voiced clamor. "*L'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" The artillerymen of the battery had perceived the Emperor among them, had snatched up handfuls of the straw they were going to lie upon in their open-air bivouac, had lit them by the camp fires, put them upon the bayonets of their muskets, upon long poles. They crowded round, although at a respectful distance, under those improvised flaring torches, shouting: "*L'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*"

An artilleryman stepped out of that vociferating throng, halted smartly in front of the Emperor, saluted. It was the veteran known as Brûle-Gueule.

"*Mon Empereur,*" he said, "*me voici.*"

The Emperor stared at him, puzzled, for once not immediately recalling some past circumstance of acquaintance.

"*Eh bien, mon brave!*" he smiled at him. "What is it?"

"My cross, Your Majesty," replied the old soldier. "You told me to ask you for it at the Danube."

The Emperor laughed.

"I have it here for you, my brave fellow," he said, putting his hand into his pocket where for such occasions he carried a small supply of crosses of the Legion of Honor. He pinned the metal cross on the chest of the veteran. "Continue to deserve it!"

Brûle-Gueule saluted again. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" he cried in a formidable voice, performed a regulation about-turn and marched away.

That shout was now frenziedly reiterated from thousands of throats, amid an illumination of thousands of firebrands, of blazing wisps of straw, that extended swiftly throughout the entire vast bivouac. The army went mad at this news that the Emperor was among them.

He made a sign to his companions, turned to walk onward and smiled at Lieutenant Desmarets.

"Your potato was as excellent as your principles, young man," he said. "I shall expect to hear tomorrow of your actions!"

Could intoxication be more magically potent? Lieutenant Desmarets felt the blood surge to his head, felt all his soul released in him for incredible daring as speechlessly he saluted.

The Emperor went onward amid that picturesque glare of multitudinously blazing torches, amid that frantic enthusiasm which would not cease, amid those eager shouts assuring him that his soldiers would die for him, would give him victory as a gift for tomorrow's anniversary of his coronation.

When at last, after the demigod had returned to the straw hut which was his headquarters, and the clamor had ceased, that spontaneous illumination had been extinguished, Lieutenant Desmarets wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down to snatch a few hours' sleep. He found himself staring wakefully at the scintillations of the stars, found himself recapitulating every one of those unforgettable words: "I shall expect to hear tomorrow of your actions!" Glory! Glory! He was athirst for it. He would keep himself awake, would burn every trifling detail of that intoxicating notice forever into his brain.

He awoke to the blare of trumpets and bugles sounding the *diane*, to a rolling of drums. A thick white fog hid everything. He rose with stiff limbs, felt in his pocket for a hard biscuit he had saved from yesterday. Through the fog, away to the right, came the rapidly repeated dull thuds of heavy guns, a crepitation of musketry that became more and more vehement. The Russians were already busy on the French right flank.

He had no leisure to concern himself with that distant conflict. The battery was preparing for action. Its six guns were limbered up, each with its immediately attendant caisson behind it, and in rear of that the reserve ammunition wagon. To right and left through the fog he could hear the shouts of officers and *sous-officiers*, the clanking of harness chains, the rumbling of wheels on frozen ground, as other batteries prepared themselves; while from farther still, and behind them, came the bugle calls, the confusedly intermingled commands of infantry ranking into array. The two corps commanded by Soult and Bernadotte, constituting Napoleon's massed center, were getting into the formations prescribed the previous night.

In a bitter cold that froze him through his uniform, Lieutenant Desmarets sat on his horse by the side of his section and waited endlessly, listening to the violent cannonade, the savagely furious musketry volleys away to the right, where Davout's corps was resisting the advance of the Russian turning movement. Presently, far on the left, broke out another heavily concussive thundering of guns, another fury of musketry. The fog was thinning, although reënforced by the smoke of the abandoned bivouac fires, but nothing could be seen of those distant fights from this low valley where they stood. In front of them was dead silence, a seeming absence of any enemy. A little way ahead of his division, to the right of the battery, he could vaguely see General Vandamme, surrounded by his staff, motionless on horseback. Somehow or other, he did not know how, the word had been passed that Marshal Soult was with the Emperor on the headquarters hill, and would himself bring the order to advance.

The fog thinned yet more, left indistinctly visible a mass of high ground directly in their front—the heights of Pratzen, which Napoleon had been careful to leave unoccupied lest the enemy should be deterred from their idea of marching round his flank.

Yesterday Russian troops—in midexecution of that maneuver—had been seen upon them.

Now no sound came from them, while still upon the wings to right and left the noise of battle was a raging uproar.

Still they waited in that thinning fog—he could now clearly see the shallow brook directly across their front, the mist curling along it like steam—and still there came no orders to those two motionless corps of infantry and artillery. Commandant Foliguet brought his horse up alongside his, smiled at him from under his dew-dripping shako.

"The Little One is waiting for the Russians to be completely committed to their move," he said, with the divination of long experience. "Listen to them massing on the right!" In fact, that roar of battle swelled and rolled and thundered in ever more violent waves of noise. "Just a little longer till they are drawn out thin, and then—*en avant!*"

They waited. The wreathing fog drew itself up into the air, broke into rifts where they could clearly see the hoar-frosted grass of the Pratzen heights.

Suddenly through one of those rifts came an almost horizontal ray of sunshine—a ray that widened, that seemed to drink up the mist—the brilliant flood of sunshine to be henceforth celebrated as the Sun of Austerlitz. It revealed the heights of Pratzen completely bare of troops. Now?

Not yet. Still they waited—ten minutes, a quarter of an hour—Desmarets from time to time pulled out his silver turnip watch—nearly half an hour. The battle roar to right and left was incessant, and more violent than ever.

At last across their front came a furiously galloping gold-laced cocked-hatted horseman—Marshal Soult himself! He reined up by General Vandamme, waved his hat in the air. *En avant!*

There was a blaring of trumpets, a rolling of drums, shouts of "*Premier bataillon marche!*"—"*Deuxième—troisième bataillon, marche!*" from the infantry. Commandant Foliguet raised his hand: "*Batterie, marche!*"

They were in motion, were going forward in a long line of extended brigades, with two batteries in the intervals between each, and behind them a supporting mass of infantry in columns of companies. Formidably the bayonets glittered over the blue and white uniforms. Ahead of them the dark-clad *voltigeur* light companies were already splashing through the thin ice of the stream and were opening out as skirmishers. Close behind them came the entire corps, marching at its best pace, but in perfect formation, eagerly following its distinguished leader, who waved them on impatiently. From those dense masses came a reiterated vociferation! "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

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Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

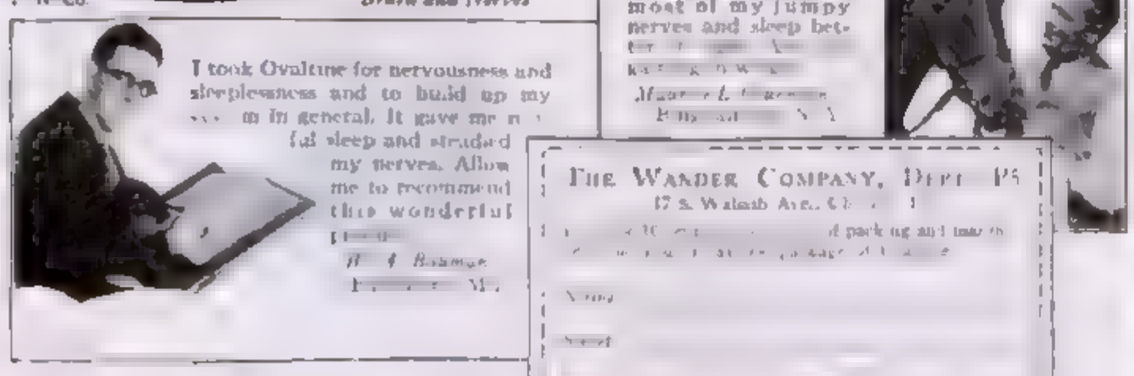
A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves


I took Ovaltine for nervousness and sleeplessness and to build up my system in general. It gave me restful sleep and steadied my nerves. Allow me to recommend this wonderful
most of my jumpy nerves and sleep bet-

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. P5
17 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Name
Street
City

Send for 3-day test

They were across the stream, were halfway—three-quarters—all but at the top of the long slope. The shouts were incessant, intoxicating. "*En avant! En avant! Vive l'Empereur!*" Lieutenant Desmarets almost forgot the fierce battle on the flanks in his eagerness to reach the summit. The extended *voltigeurs* who preceded them disappeared over the crest. The next moment there was a sharp irregular outburst of musketry, a couple of crashing volleys, and the *voltigeurs* came running back. The enemy were on the heights!

And then they themselves, suddenly among those disordered skirmishers, reached the crest. Ahead of them was a dense mass of Russian infantry, marching up to occupy the position, fortuitously encountered in a mutual unexpectedness. Through the sudden clamor of shouts from the French infantry—"*Au pas de charge! En avant! À la baïonnette! Vive l'Empereur!*"—through the rolling of drums and the quick detonations of the opposing skirmishers, Lieutenant Desmarets heard the stentorian voice of Commandant Foliguet: "Battery! Action front!"

Instantly the gun teams whirled round, the guns were in position, a caisson at the side of each, the artillerymen in furious activity. "With canister!" A gunner ran to the muzzle of each with the canvas cartridge. The Number Seven thrust it in, rammed it home, thrust in and rammed home the tin case of bullets brought by a second man, and jumped aside. For a moment the gun layer bent over the breech, adjusted the aim with wedge and screw, pierced the vent with a wire, primed it. Close behind him another man whirled the sputtering portfire around his head until it gave out a glare lurid even in that sunshine. "Fire!"

Almost simultaneously the six guns of the battery spurted red flame and a dense white smoke amid a multiple detonation so violent as seemingly to leave one permanently deafened. The guns were in battery fire. Lieutenant Desmarets had nothing to do but to watch that the men of his section were promptly obeying orders. Through the smoke he saw the men sponging out his two guns, saw the artillerymen working like maniacs to reload.

"Fire!" Again the six guns vomited in violent flame and crash, while away on either side other batteries also flared and crashed through the smoke, while there was a tumultuous clamor from the now scarcely visible infantry: "*En avant! À la baïonnette! Vive l'Empereur! En avant! En avant!*" The battery trumpet blared. "Cease fire!" The gunners stood motionless by their pieces. "Limber up!" The teams came trotting up to guns and caissons, their trace chains dragging on the ground. What had happened beyond that smoke? "On battery front, forward!" Six guns abreast, they advanced through the wreathing white fumes, saw that Russian infantry running back in disorder, the French infantry pursuing them. Beyond were other Russian masses, were Russian batteries that commenced to spurt red flashes and were suddenly whelmed in smoke. "Gunners, mount!" Old Foliguet's voice came as decisively clear as on parade. The gunners jumped onto cannon and caissons, hanging on as best they could in the absence of any permanent provision for them to ride. "Change direction left! Trot!" They wheeled slightly, trotted forward toward a little eminence on the plateau.

From the uproar ahead of them—an uproar of heavily thundering artillery, of a ceaseless irregular fusillade, of crashing volleys—came an ominous rushing in the air, a harsh whistle, another. Trotting by his two guns, Lieutenant Desmarets saw one of the off horses suddenly without a head in the instant before it went down. There was a momentary delay while the horse was cut free, while cannon ball after cannon ball came hurtling past or bounded lightly—and as if harmlesly—along the ground. Then on again, catching up the battery.

Immediately they were again in action—firing round shot now—against those batteries which had opened on them. The enemy had howitzers also; and now, together with those swishing solid missiles, came globular shells that fell vertically and lay on the ground hissing and sputtering before, infernally, they burst. Through all the noise came the voice of Commandant Foliguet as unconcerned as ever, shouting curt orders to the battery while he walked up and down behind it. Desmarets had also dismounted, and ran from piece to piece verifying the aim in that desperate duel against the hostile guns. He noticed that Lieutenant Huard and Lieutenant Silvestre were similarly busy behind their sections. As for the general battle, he could no longer grasp what was happening. Confusedly he was aware of the incessant musketry volleys, of the shouts of infantry that charged, of the violent detonations of other batteries firing to right and left of them. He tripped over a man horribly cut in two by a cannon ball, noticed with surprise that there were corpses all along the battery and that other men were wounded. And then again came the order to move, swinging now a little to the right.

They got into position, opened again instantly—this time against a long column of marching infantry which exposed its flank. He could see their round shot making long lanes through it—lanes at once closed up again—but they did not check its progress. It went on, until suddenly it was met by a mass of French infantry bursting from the smoke. There was one shattering volley, renewed smoke, a pandemonium of yells and shouts, and then that Russian column broke and dispersed, disappeared in another direction, out of sight. The battery trumpet sounded the "Cease fire!" Lieutenant Desmarets wiped the sweat from his brow, noticed to his surprise that his handkerchief was frozen stiff. He had seemed to be in a furnace.

There was a pause wherein he noticed that Lieutenant Huard was not there—killed, somebody informed him, by a round shot; he had not been aware of round shots coming among them—noticed the depletion of the battery. His guns had been luckiest. At the others some men had been doing the work of two. Commandant Foliguet had sent back for the reserve ammunition wagons to refill the caissons. For the moment there was nothing to do. He glanced at his watch, saw to his amazement that it was an hour since they had come upon the plateau.

He could now get some idea of the main features of the battle. Away to the right Davout was holding out in a desperately fought contest against the heavy masses which had been sent to outflank them. In the center the Emperor had accurately timed the charge of Soult's corps just for the moment when the Russian center was at its thinnest. It was now too late for the enemy adequately to reënforce it; the Russian battalions were now being forced gradually down the farther slope and, threatening to cut the Russian Army into two, the French center was obliquing slightly to its right in a movement that would presently envelop the troops fighting against Davout. Simultaneously the Russian right was engaged in a fearful conflict with the French left wing, where Lannes' corps was supported by the Guard. In between them and that almost separate battle, an immense torrent of Russian and Austrian cavalry suddenly came hurtling across the plateau, to fall upon Bernadotte's corps in echelon behind Soult's left. He watched them disappear into an inferno of detonations, of rolling smoke; and then come suddenly racing back, pursued by the gleaming cuirassiers, the green-clad dragoons of Murat; saw them wheel and rally, hurl themselves once more in a furious charge upon the French squadrons, become inextricably mingled with them in a scintillation of whirling blades, of rearing horses.

His attention was abruptly called from that combat. "Battery—action! At the

Continued on Page 68

"Nervous · · miserable · · *I had to give up all outdoor sports"*

ABOVE, MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN *of Philadelphia*

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was still terribly weak—was oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had *disappeared*. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

Mrs. Cyril E. Allen

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, when vitality is low, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh and wholesome as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, counteracts intestinal putrefaction, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, complete, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified—the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-47, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

(RIGHT)

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast . . . I did try it. Today, after eating Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be sure, enjoying the best of health."

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.

This modern, natural way to health:

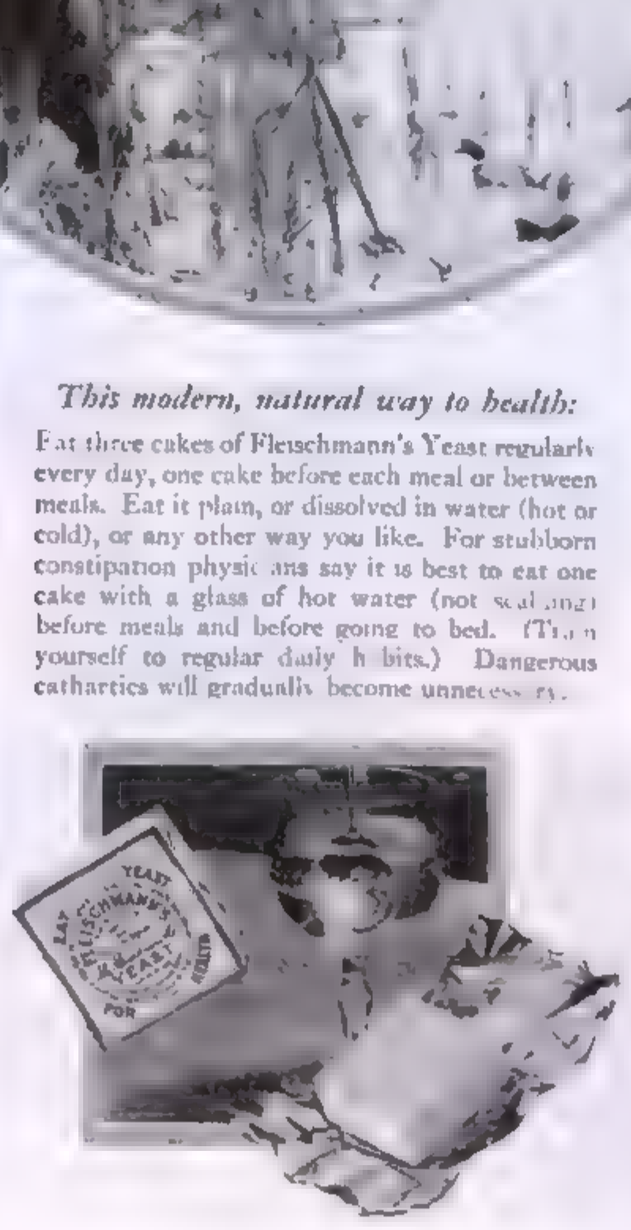
Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

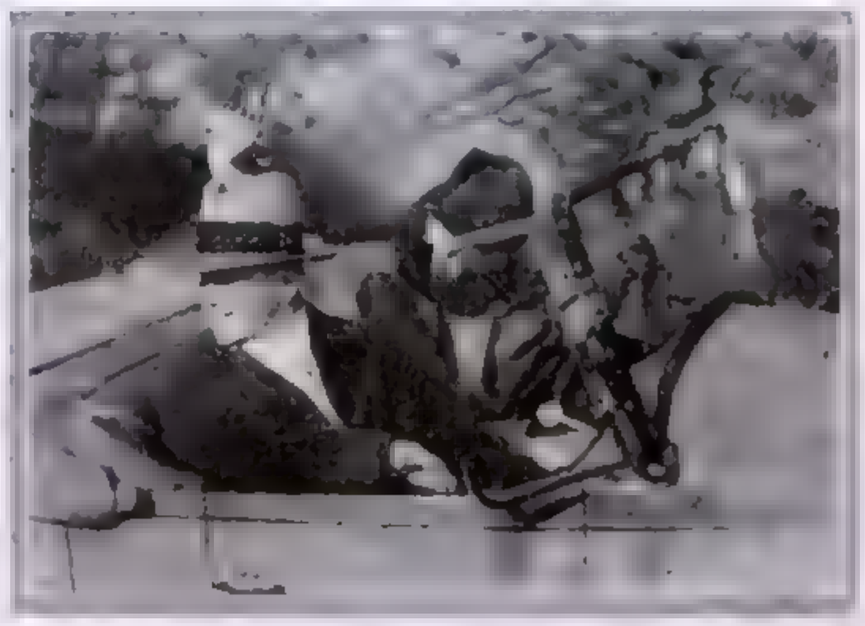
"TWO YEARS AGO I was just a shadow of humanity—I couldn't sleep; I was nervous, irritable—and so tired I was unable to do any kind of work.

"I came to Colorado for a rest. But still my unfortunate condition persisted . . . One day a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating a cake three times daily.

"Gradually I noticed a general improvement in my health. Today—my old tired feeling is gone. I sleep like a top. And my work goes splendidly."

IDA ELIZABETH HOWARD, Denver, Colo.





"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation eruptions started to appear upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Remedies of various kinds proved of no value. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. In a short time I noted improvement. The skin eruptions faded away. In a month I was my old self. I have had no skin disorder since. And I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REED, Detroit, Mich.

(Continued from Page 66)

cavalry! *Mitraille!*" A cavalry regiment was galloping to catch them on the flank. Frenziedly the trails of the guns were carried round; they were once more loaded with canister. "Fire!" That hostile cavalry was blotted out in the sudden wall of smoke. As it cleared, there was a rolling, continued thudding of hoof beats coming from almost behind them, a fiercely exultant vociferation, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" A regiment of cuirassiers crashed into that disordered enemy cavalry, vanished with them in furious swordplay.

So it went on, hour after hour. The battery was reduced to five guns—to four—and of them the artificers changed the wheel of one under a murderous hurtling of round shot. Commandant Foliguet still continued imperturbably to direct their movements, receiving from time to time orders brought by breathless madly galloping staff officers. Lieutenant Silvestre had a bandage round his head. Everywhere around them, in heaps, in long rows, were dead and dying men—were men who screamed for water—were men who, absurdly, crawled toward a rear which was far distant, which they would never reach. Always they had advanced in short stages, for which again the depleted gun teams were brought trottingly forward, increasing that relentless pressure upon the herded-in enemy masses which had thought to outflank them.

They were again in a duel with a hostile battery. Those enemy gunners fired with a diabolical precision of aim, every shot taking effect. He could see them coming, tiny black dots in the air, when he looked up from laying his two guns—he himself was now acting as gun layer. At one of the pieces Brûle-Gueule sat propped, with a pool of blood in lieu of one leg, his short pipe in his mouth, one hand caressing the cross upon his breast, giving him amazingly cool advice. Those tiny black dots rapidly increased in size, arrived in an appalling swish and thud. The last of them had sent up the wheel of another gun in a shower of splinters. They also had howitzers; the infernal shells arrived at intervals of half a minute, plumped among them, burst devastatingly. The men shrank from them, held back from the service of the guns, old Foliguet raving at them. One of them dropped a little more than a yard from Lieutenant Desmarets, and lay with venomously sputtering fuse, a round black object that meant death. The men reloading the gun scattered back from it with cries of dismay.

That could not be allowed. They must do their duty, whatever the danger. He must show them that shells could be braved. Glory! That was glory, to set an example! He stood stolidly, proudly, his heart seeming to stop within him while the fuse of the shell continued hissingly to emit its stream of sparks. He saw the lurid flare of its explosion ——

When he came to himself he was lying against a wrecked cannon, his tunic soaked. All around him was a vast chorus of pitiful moans; he had never realized that a battle meant so many maimed and wounded men. Far away, between relentless discharges of artillery, came wild, agonized shrieks. The French howitzers were firing on the frozen lake by which a Russian column was trying to escape, and were breaking up the ice. It was beyond his vision, beyond his concern. He murmured to himself, in an automatism of words, "Glory! Glory!" His real self saw his mother weeping over a miniature of himself she had had painted when he was a baby. And then, inconsequentially as in a dream, he saw that blue-eyed German girl—what was her name? Gretchen? Katchen!—casting herself into his mother's arms, saw them both shake convulsively in sobs. There was a sudden earth-shaking thudding—the thudding of hoofs, a wild vociferation from human beings that were incongruously normal, from other throats that gasped and croaked. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He forced his eyelids to open, saw a horseman in a crossways cocked hat, in the simple green-and-white uniform of a colonel of chasseurs, pass in a gallop at the head of a battle-grimed staff. That horseman, eagerly looking ahead, did not glance at him. He forced himself to cry, in a brief spasm of vitality, a final loyalty—*Dieu*, that dreadful weakness at his breast!—"*Vive l'Empereur!*" It seemed that his mother put her arms round him. But, he remembered in a last surprise, his mother was dead!

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

FROM COAST TO COAST ON HIGH

(Continued from Page 15)

children left that garage in single file, dancing regular jigs across the highway in an effort to get back to where they had come from when the tornado struck the prairie. We alone—four chains on four wheels—landed in a ditch on the outskirts of the hamlet and were obliged to spend the night in the cowboy hostelry, which was the only place where beds were to be found. Chicken dinners had been advertised at the drug emporium, which served as restaurant, pharmacy, soda fountain and notion store. Four of these we ordered, fancying nice tender portions from this land whereon good fowl must be raised, but again we were doomed to disappointment. Of all the tough old birds I have ever tasted, this one beat the bunch. However, we did not wish to antagonize those who were to be our hosts for the night, so we said jovially, "Good chicken you have here, but a little tough."

"Yes," replied the buxom cow lady, "she always walks around the block when there are newcomers in town."

Something New to Learn

That settled it; and try as hard as we might, we could not escape our laughter. The lady at the skillet looked at us as though we had all gone suddenly mad, and must have thought to herself that city slickers certainly had their nerve.

One bright morning thirty-one days after leaving Fifth Avenue we reached Vancouver, British Columbia, our journey's end. In a manner difficult to describe we were all rather sorry it was over. The girls—my wife and my companion's—played the game thoroughly with us and urged that we return home the same way. Their constant urging soon changed our minds. The car went home on a freighter and we took the limited.

That was my first experience. I had had everything that was coming to me and a great deal more Previous to that I had thought myself a good driver. I had felt there was nothing else, save the motor itself, for me to learn. I had served in the American Expeditionary Forces as an army chauffeur and later as a dispatch rider. I had driven the Allied commanders in chief Pershing, Haig, Foch and Diaz. I had carried messages on roads heavily shelled; a number of my closest friends had gone west. I had had two cars shot from under me; had been gassed on a number of occasions, and had done about everything with a car that it was possible to do. But I had only been transcontinentaling once; and I was, deep down in my heart, thoroughly sick of it.

Since 1919 I have crossed country, however, more than a score of times. I am now firmly convinced that my first experience was simply one of little knowledge, a too heavily loaded car and my share of all the hard luck in existence. Today I am a hard-boiled transcontinental-motoring fiend. I know every highway and most of the short cuts. I've done every city and most of the towns. I know where to find storms, fish, game, scenery—human and natural. I can almost predict the weather at different times of the year in the different states. Gumbo has no more terror for me, nor have washouts or lodgings. I know where to find and where to expect them.

Last year, according to the best automobile statistics, more than 500,000 cars crossed the country. Therefore, at the most reasonable figuring, practically 2,000,000 persons made the cross-nation highways their homes for a period of six months or so. The heaviest travel is, of course, in summertime, though last winter alone, on one of the routes through Texas, 33,600 cars passed. These figures are astounding to the person who thinks himself a pioneer in setting out on a transcontinental jaunt these days.

Hundreds of people make this trip annually for pleasure and for business. Many of the large houses have their salesmen traveling all the time. Speed tests, difficult interstate drives, all manner of publicity stunts are carried on at the expense of Nature, the roads and the leniency of some of the states.

Poor people and wealthy people are using their cars more now than they ever did in the prewar period. The number of new cars bought every year shows the tendency of the motoring public. And for every new car there are four seconds sold or exchanged. There is hardly a road the length and breadth of the land now that is not dotted with gasoline stations, on the type of some drug stores, where everything from a spark plug to a six-ply balloon tread for a ten-ton truck is carried.

Speed Madness

Speed seems to have become the keynote with even the most careful of drivers. Automobile accidents are on the increase. We see fast, judge more quickly, act less conservatively than we did even a decade ago.

Every summer when thousands of Americans go abroad they are astounded to find how slow and easy-going everything is over there. They can't grasp it. They fail to see how the majority of European nations get along in the general make-up of the world at large. Ox carts, mule wagons, goat carts, pony carts, victorias, broughams and all the transportation styles of a century ago are still in vogue in modern countries of modern Europe. The automobile and motorcycle are too expensive to purchase and to operate for most persons in European countries to think twice about.

In a manner, this lack of adequate methods of getting about is responsible in a large measure for the petty pokiness of many of our brethren across the seas. They just can't fathom us, because they have never been taught to understand us. Telephones to them are the private property of government officials and millionaires; telegraph stations are used for military purposes; messengers and the week's post are fast enough for them—and should be for us, they figure out.

Knowing Your Neighbor

Propaganda plays the most important part in their lives. They live, eat and sleep it. It is pumped into them in many ways by public officials. They fear war with one another because they are told the other nation is arming. Never having gone outside of their own community, they believe it, because they believe in the individual who told it to them. Their newspapers are few and far between; they are largely controlled by men who belong to the political gangs or who are financed by the government propagandists. Thus the news which leaks out to the people this way is colored and often altogether false.

It seems as though many of the Continental governments do their best to put up every barrier possible to prevent having their electorate find out too much about the other countries. Even if a person of medium means was able to afford the purchase of a car and keep it running, he would run up against all sorts of frontier and town ordinances which would soon sicken the hardest-boiled motorist. These laws, petty as they seem to us who are used to the wide open spaces and the unrestricted driving of the open road, are the very credos by which most of Europe is governed.

To our experienced officials, traveling through all Europe in a month or so, it is incredible that people fear war with their next-door neighbor when that neighbor happens to be from 50 to 400 miles away. We see in a moment one country, then another and another, separated by a line of guards, heavily armed, glaring at one another, and nothing more. Behind the lines, each country is as peaceful as the other; each has its own social problems to solve, each its own life to live.

Most of us fail to grasp the big point of transportation, however. True, Europe is far more advanced in its commerce in the air than we are, but it is away behind in its commerce on the highways and in its friendly relationship of people for one another on the ground. Up in the air, you do not understand the feelings of those who are beneath you; on the ground, you can at least talk to people and get their point of view.

The United States is a stupendously large land, you realize as soon as you do much motoring through it. There are different accents, different beliefs, different points of view; but on account of the constant flow of automobile traffic through each section of the land, every hour of the day and night, the ideas, thoughts, and even dialect of one section as it differs from the other, are readily understood by even the most bigoted of people.

Our great travel lanes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico and the Gulf—developed, most of them, since the termination of the war—play as important a part in the building of the nation as did the railroads of half a century ago. It would be an impossibility today for a war to break out between the people of one part of the nation and those of another part. It simply couldn't be done; we understand one another too well. If we have problems, we let our legislators fight them out; it is a better way than to attempt to have them arbitrated before a diplomatic body representing the propagandists of the region.

Lost and Found

In many parts of Europe, Asia and Africa it is still unsafe for any sort of traveler unless he is thoroughly familiar with the land through which he is passing. Here, everywhere water is good, food passable, hospitals modern, highways patrolled. The day of the stagecoach is past. One is safer today on the plains than in some of the larger metropolises.

In all my automobiling in this country I have yet to have an exciting experience on the open road. True, I have been held up in Chicago, the outskirts of Los Angeles and near some of the Southern cities; but I have always managed to elude those who were trying to relieve me of some of my minor belongings. I never carry much cash when I am motoring, not so much for fear of being held up as for fear that I might misplace or lose it. Generally I have found people scrupulously honest. On two occasions I left my pocketbook under my pillow in a tiny hotel where I was spending the night. On both occasions, in answer to my telegram next day upon remembering my

Continued on Page 73

Don't miss the comforts of well planned wiring

Light, cheerful rooms; switches to light your way upstairs or down; outlets for irons, cleaners and lamps, where you want them; complete wiring for light and appliances—all these are yours when you specify a G-E Wiring System.

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The G-E Wiring System is a system of house-wiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

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This name—du Pont—spells painting satisfaction

LOOK for the name du Pont on every can of paint you buy. It is your assurance of enduring painting satisfaction. Look for the dealer who displays the du Pont sign. He can tell you just how to achieve this highly important result.

Perhaps you mean to paint simply for purposes of protection. Perhaps you mean to paint in order to achieve new color harmonies, new decorative effects in the home. Either way, the du Pont line of paints contains exactly the right product to do the work—and to do it a little more effectively than it has ever been done before in your experience.

That's why it's wise to consult the du Pont dealer before you start to paint. You can depend on him. And where the work you plan calls for the professional mind and hand, see a master painter. He will gladly make an estimate on the job and will tell you just which du Pont paint, or varnish, or enamel, is best suited to produce the most enduring results, the most lasting satisfaction.

More and more, people are recognizing the importance of a name on a can of paint—the name du Pont. Du Pont paints are made by the makers of Duco. Look for the du Pont trade-mark on every can.

·VARNISHES··DUCO

A THRIFTY FOUR —
A THRILLING PERFORMER

CHECK Dodge Brothers new Four on every item of performance: pick-up . . . . speed . . . . power . . . . flexibility . . . . ease of handling. Your verdict on every count will be the same—*amazing!*

Never before has equal 4-cylinder performance existed. One horsepower to every sixty-eight pounds of weight. Mile-a-minute performance!

Big-car roominess—and seat comfort unbelievable in a car so trim and compact.

Body features hitherto provided on costly cars only . . . . integral belt moulding . . . . all-metal roof . . . . and many others.

Absurdly low gas and oil consumption. A thrifty Four—and a thrilling performer!

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW FOURS

(Continued from Page 68

loss, I received the pocketbook, with money and documents intact.

On the other hand, I have often had amusing experiences in the hands of the county law. Once, some years ago, while on a fast test run from Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles, I very nearly spent the rest of my days in a state penitentiary. Two years before, I had been traveling on a coastwise vessel down the West Coast from Seattle to Los Angeles. It was a tiresome dull trip and I had joined some people playing cards, a thing I usually avoid. In a very short time I found I was playing with a gang, and I got out of the game very much the worse for wear. I had reported the incident by wireless to the police and upon the arrival of the ship at her destination the group were apprehended at the gangplank and spent some time in a local penal institution.

But to get back to the story. I was making pretty fast time and was leading a group of three cars by perhaps an hour and a half, when I developed a run of bad luck—three punctures in a row. It was hot weather. It invariably is when one is at the wheel for any length of time. I stopped at a garage in the next town, got some tire patches, tubes and other supplies and set forth again. A large limousine had passed me while I was getting my tire material and someone had called me by name, but the car had disappeared before I could determine who the occupants were. Later in the day I passed it, but I was going too fast to recognize them, so I simply waved my hand and went on. I had two more punctures, and at the second one the limousine stopped a distance down the road ahead of me and someone called back asking if they could help. On the open road people are, I have found, invariably polite. I thanked them, but said I could take care of things myself; then they asked me where I was bound for, and I told them.

It was ten o'clock that night when I entered the outskirts of a little Cotton Belt town. I was fatigued from my tire work and was not so observant as usual. In the cotton-storage-house region it was very dark; the municipal lights had been extinguished. Blown-out fuse, I thought, and drove slowly on. A large touring car hove up alongside as though attempting to pass me, and I put on a little speed. The next thing I knew I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver in my left ribs and a man in a broad-brimmed black hat was standing on my left running board, ordering me, *sotto voce*, to follow the big car, which had at that moment darted into an alley.

Meet Baron Rothschild

For a moment I was terrified. Held up at last, I said to myself, and right on the outskirts of a town! Well, if all they got was my money, they were welcome to it. It would make an unforgettable tale to tell. The car ahead was swinging in and out of dark streets and alleys. I noticed, by its course, it was circling the town. All of a sudden it swung into a broad lighted street and stopped in front of a building which looked like a state armory. Here I saw a large crowd gathered; they swarmed around me the minute I came to a stop and a number of other men in broad-brimmed hats came over to my car.

I was ordered out of the car and told to stand a few feet off. Then some of these men, whom I had then learned to be police, took out all my bags, opened them and dumped the contents out on the dusty street. A crowd of urchins dashed in and the policemen kicked them off. Through all my clothes, private papers and medicines they went in a great attempt to find something.

Finally a big burly fellow came over and asked me my name. I replied truthfully, to which he guffawed and answered:

"Mine's Rockefeller, and meet Baron Rothschild," designating another big lout who was chewing a cigar at the other end of the table. Then he retired to another room with his colleagues, and at two in the morning a jailer told me to get out of the prison, that the officials had made a mistake. Next day I made formal complaint of this untoward action to the governor. An investigation was made and a report sent me later on to the effect that a large limousine had drawn up at the police station a couple of hours before I was apprehended. The passengers in it had told the police that a notorious gangster was traveling in a large car behind them, and that he planned to lead a jail break that night in the town where it appears they had just incarcerated a number of desperadoes. The police ordered the town lights off in the warehouse district and had gone down to capture me. Several months later, while visiting a Midwestern penitentiary for a certain newspaper, I ran into two members of the former swindling gang who told me they had been in the limousine and had thought this would be a good way to pay me back.

The Family Coach

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his family use their cars exclusively on long trips. Almost every summer Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller have taken their children to one or another of the natural parks to teach them their America first. Last year, while visiting at the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings, Mr. Rockefeller himself spent ten days with George Nusbaum, the park superintendent, exploring the latest findings of the race which dwelt there when William was conquering Great Britain. The Rockefeller boys and their clever little sister, now Mrs. David Milton, wife of a young attorney, have often been across country alone, and not once have they had any trouble with the kind of professional brigand which some people think they are going to meet the minute they get off concrete.

The late President Warren G. Harding was known in automobile circles as the motoring President. Mr. Harding made a number of long trips in the White House official car; and previous to this had crossed country four times himself by automobile, twice with his devoted wife.

William Pitt Trimble of Seattle, Washington, has made more cross-country trips, perhaps, than any other wealthy man. He has been across more than three-score times, sometimes making as many as six trips a year. Every fall he goes from West to East and every spring from East to West with all members of his family, traveling in three large touring cars. Each year some new point of historical, legendary or natural interest is visited. Mr. Trimble believes that there is no better way to educate young people on the greatness of their country than to let them see it at first hand. The young Trimbles, one of whom is now at West Point, know probably more about America than most of their schoolmates, though today there is an ever-increasing number of children who travel.

In the past two years almost every car I have met on the highroad was filled with youngsters. Never have I seen so many little ones on the move. Camp sites, tent and cottage cities, national parks and forests everywhere are filled these days with children whom the home folks have brought along. Heretofore many persons stayed at home because they felt they could not afford to go out across country and leave their little ones at home. But modern conveniences, comfortable new models of cars and the improvement in the highways have all had a share in helping to bring the children out in the open with the families, and in tending toward fashioning out a better mold of humanity in the land.

Too, this summer and last saw a gigantic increase in the number of hitch hikers on the roads. These, mostly boys, are following in the footsteps of the railroad hobos of a century ago. Not only are they anxious to see America first but also to earn a living during the summer months in other parts of the country. The wheat fields, the cornfields, the apple, peach, and pear orchards, the melon patch, the grape vineyards and the logging camps are besieged nowadays with more labor than is needed. This has come about in the past two years; even three years ago there was a labor scarcity of all forms at crop time in the West.

Some of these youngsters cross the country in a surprisingly short space of time and at practically no cost whatsoever. On the other hand, the surly or fresh youths who stand on the edge of all Midwestern cities in summertime often find it tough sledding. Last July, at Manhattan, Kansas, a youth was standing, dressed in his Boy Scout hiker's costume, at the corner of a street. He made no scurrilous remarks, no wise-cracks, gave no hint of any kind that he wanted a lift, even though it was hot enough to fry eggs on the running board. His whole attitude was so much that of a gentleman that he attracted my eye. I took him 500 miles of my journey; then, as he was going north and I was going south, we parted company. He told me he was en route from Boston to the apple country of Washington to learn the business there and bring back home with him all the knowledge he could so he could assist his father in his Massachusetts business. He was but five days out of Boston. Later he wrote me from Seattle. He had made the trip in eleven days! It had cost him less than thirty dollars!

The William Brickels, from Miami, Florida make their annual pilgrimage across country as soon as their children are out of school in spring; and every year they, too, go by a different route and try some new national park or point of scenic beauty. The result is that they are better able to compare the advantages and disadvantages of their native state with those of the states through which they pass, and are probably in a far better position to put into effect any number of improvements in their own property after they have seen things along the road.

On his visit to this country last year, the Crown Prince of Sweden and his sweet consort did much traveling in their State Department car, and Archduke Rudolf of Austria spent much of this past summer touring incognito throughout the country, with a faithful aide and chauffeur. Count Wilhelm Rovignio has been in this country for a decade—that is, ever since he was wounded in the war. He lives in a house on wheels, tours all over the place, accepting part-time jobs wherever he goes and whenever he needs the money. He has been a park ranger, a fire-control guard, machinist and hunter *de luxe* on more than one occasion. He is a big strapping fellow, six feet four, who enjoys the gypsy life of the prairies and the wilder sections of the land as much as he did the life at the Montenegrin court.

Linking the Coasts

Out in Nebraska, William Tilt, the best-known wolf hunter of the region, spends his autumns hunting down wolves that prey on the lonely ranchers, and his winters in touring the Southern section of the country in his big cut-down touring car.

Every year the highways in the various states are becoming better, so that every year a new link is added to some main transcontinental route. This past year has seen the completion of all links in the Lincoln and the Victory Highways from coast to coast. Today, on either of these two, one may travel on Class A or B roads from New York, Boston or Washington to San Francisco, Seattle or Los Angeles. More than 20,000 miles of paved highways were added last year to the 300,000 miles now in existence in the country.

Speed tests of all sorts have been carried out every year, officially and otherwise. The official record for cross-country travel is now held by a man named Miller, of San Francisco, who drove between San Francisco and New York in seventy-nine hours and fifty-five minutes. Previous to this an official record for a nonstop trip was held by Lieut. Leigh Wade, of round-the-world army-flight fame, and Linton Wells, a newspaper correspondent, who crossed the country in seven days and seven nights

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W. P. HOLLING writes:

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Every Nogar suit or top-coat is shipped direct to you from our factory—guaranteed to fit and satisfy. All seams double-stitched. Pockets of same strong cloth as suit. No flimsy linings to wear out. The shape is built in.

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COST LITTLE...LOOK WELL...WEAR LIKE IRON

without stopping their engine once. They were fueled and fed as they passed through cities, and were given the courtesy of the town through which they were passing, so that they were not subject to arrest for speeding or reckless driving.

On all the trips I have made from coast to coast I have not yet had an official reckoning, so my figures are unofficial and have been checked solely by garages, hotels and gas-filling stations along the route. The fastest single long-distance trip I ever made was in company with my brother-in-law, when I drove from Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles in ninety hours and fifty minutes driving time. Another time I crossed from New York to Los Angeles in ninety-five hours and five minutes running time. In 1925 I made a fast trip between Los Angeles and New Orleans, when I started at the same time as the fastest Southern Pacific train and came into New Orleans, after crossing five ferries, five and a half hours ahead of the train. Again I crossed on that same route and made the trip in fifty-one hours and fifty minutes. My best time through the Midwest I made in a drive from Washington to Denver in forty-nine and a half hours; and from El Paso to San Diego, I covered the 1000 miles in twenty hours flat.

The Daily Routine

My average cross-country speeds in the seven speed runs I have made from coast to coast have been from thirty-nine to forty-one miles an hour. This includes cities through which, not having police protection, I must slow down; deserts, with the temperature up to 120 in the shade; prairies, with rough stones and gumbo mud; in fact every condition met upon the open road. My fastest records were made in Louisiana, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. In the first named I hold the cross-state record of fifty miles an hour for seven hours without a stop.

Some years ago, when I first began to take an active interest in cross-country driving, I came to the conclusion that I had been doing things all wrong heretofore. Nowadays I go on my coast-to-coast trips no more heavily burdened than I would on a week-end. I seldom carry camping equipment; there are too many good inexpensive sheltering places on all the routes now. I ship ahead clean clothes and anything valuable. I put into the tonneau of my touring car only a few bags, my typewriter, papers and a phonograph. I have things so arranged that I can play music as I travel along. This helps to pass the time and keeps me from thinking about business difficulties or other annoying things which I have primarily gone out on the road to try to forget. My cars are standard. I do not believe in special bodies; they are too heavy and are too difficult to dispose of in the long run. I usually mount a large gasoline tank in the rear in place of the ordinary tank, as it does not require filling so often and I feel safer on the road. A forty or fifty gallon tank is as good protection and insurance on a car's rear as any amount of baggage when one is traveling along at a good rate of speed. I carry two, instead of the usual one spare tire.

On any trip, except when there are ladies in the car, I travel from 400 to 700 miles a day. To some people this seems incredible, but it has been such a regular practice with me that it seems the most commonplace thing in the world. If I did less than 400 miles a day, unless I had engine trouble or the roads were full of gumbo, I would think myself very unfortunate indeed.

My daily routine on the road is something like this:

Get up, have an orange and a glass of hot water	4 A.M.
Drive 100 miles or thereabouts and get breakfast of, say, prunes, cereal, eggs, coffee, rolls	7 A.M.
Drive 200 miles, get soup, sandwich, ice cream	1 P.M.
Drive 200 miles, get soup, milk, vegetables, ice cream	6:30 P.M.
Drive 100 miles, an orange and a glass of water, bed	9:30 P.M.

On some of my fast trips, after a light breakfast out of a vacuum flask, I stop only once a day to gas and oil up. The rest of the time my partner in the front seat feeds me oranges, plums, cantaloupes and dried meats. Often I consume as many as two dozen oranges a day when driving fast and dust is heavy.

I always wear black goggles, and sometimes my own glasses beneath them, for I am shortsighted and can see better with my own spectacles. Also, I invariably drive. I have never been on a single cross-country time trip when anyone else has even been at the wheel. To date I have never been arrested for reckless driving, and only once in my life for exceeding the speed limit. I do all my fast work out on the open road and always tone down to a slow but steady pace in the cities. I seldom touch seventy miles: my average speed being fifty-five, though more often fifty, as the vibration is not so great on the motor. And almost every car I have driven has gone to its reward before I was even so much as tired. In the past seven years I have driven, by actually totaling up the speedometers of my cars, 218,000 miles; only one-third of the daytime being actually on the road.

Personally, I prefer gravel to cement or macadam roads. I find them faster, less skiddy, and very much safer in wet weather. Some dirt roads in some states are well kept, fast and very worthwhile, but usually one has to be careful of them in wet weather.

Personally, of all the transcontinental highways, I prefer that named the Old Spanish Trail, which runs from Los Angeles through Phœnix, Arizona; El Paso, Texas; San Antonio, Texas; Houston, Texas; New Orleans, Louisiana; to Jacksonville, Florida. At all times of the year this is passable; it is well kept up, wide everywhere, the accommodations along it are excellent, and there are fewer towns, so that one can keep up a better hourly average.

Fairy Tales of the Highway

The best central trail, I think, is the Lincoln, with the Victory coming a close second. But both of these highways are closed from about October to May, except when one gets as far west as Kansas City. However, there is pavement from New York to Kansas City, a third of the distance across the country, so that is of course very helpful.

Some weeks ago, when on a transcontinental jaunt, I was boasting about how I never carried anything save my regular week-end equipment with me. A sudden cyclone arose. In ten minutes we were drenched; in ten more the road was as slippery as a cake of soap. I had no chains, no tow rope, no hatchet, no shovel, no extra food or equipment. I spent the night shivering in the car, unable even to light a fire, afraid to run the motor too much for fear of running out of gas. This was totally a misadventure. Now I carry a shovel, tow rope, flash light, chains, and other little necessities under my front seat. I am no longer taking chances, even if the road is said to be a boulevard all the way.

Like James Montgomery Flagg, I have found that in most walks of life men are truthful, but that in motoring everyone is a liar. All kinds of stories are told, most of them pure fabrication. Heat, highways, mountains—all come in for their share of the fish stories which go the rounds of the highways.

For instance I have heard on numerous occasions that it has been more than 150 degrees on the Great American Desert. But I have crossed it myself in the dead of summer and have never had the thermometer go above 137, and at that, there was no humidity, so that one would not feel it as much as 90 degrees in any city on the Eastern Seaboard. I have heard that there are places on the main line of travel where one does not see a dwelling for more than 200 miles. The longest uninhabited stretches I know of on this continent are

(Continued on Page 76)

Eager to meet its Comrades —comes *the Wolverine Sedan*

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3-in-One is pure; it's clean; it's different—a scientific compound of several high quality oils, each contributing its own valuable properties that are not found in ordinary oils.

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33 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE

(Continued from Page 74)

near Fort Stockton, Texas, where there is a stretch eighty-five miles long; and on the desert in Southwestern Nevada, where there is a stretch seventy-one miles long. There are any number of fifty-mile stretches, but never a place even 100 miles from house to house. If there was, some gas-filling station would set itself up and do a land-office business every twenty-four hours. There is a desert filling station on this order at a place called Glendale, Nevada, where the owners do a business in excess of $25,000 a year, because they are just fifty miles from the two nearest towns, and every car crossing the desert stops for something for the motor or for the occupants.

I have found it is very inexpensive to tour, much less so than one would imagine. Food and lodging average from two dollars and a half to five dollars a day, except in the resorts or larger cities. This is the day of cottage camps in many of the Western places; especially in Colorado and Utah one finds charming little log cabins with all necessary linen and toilet facilities for from fifty cents to a dollar a night, with the car taken care of also.

The weather itself, probably more than anything else, tends to break up a person's schedule. In the intermountain states of the West it is very foolish to try to keep to a schedule; schedules are meant for the Eastern states, where the highways and their condition are known quantities. The many times I have crossed the various desert portions of the country I have always met persons in cars, broken down or otherwise, who have told me that the weather, or what the weather has done to the highways, has put them out of their schedule and that they will have to miss such and such a wonder in order to get to their destination on time.

One Dollar a Mile

Any number of people have the misinformation that it never rains out on the desert and that all they have to fear there is a sandstorm. Though I have crossed country more than a score of times, I have never yet met with a real sandstorm, but I have been drenched by the cloud-bursts which hit there without any notice whatsoever. Once near Zion National Park, in Utah, it rained so hard for seven minutes that I had to wait three hours in one place for the waters to subside in a tiny gully into which the entire watershed of the mesquite and sagebrush desert swept itself. In that seven-minutes' rain, three feet of water had accumulated in a normally dry culvert; and I was told by old-timers that after a rain no one should attempt to ford any kind of stream that he does not know about, for often waters are held farther upstream by trees and refuse of all kinds, which barrier, with the force of the new water, is soon broken, so that a wall of water several inches high rushes like a torrent down the stream. Near Moab, Utah, I once saw a small roadster smashed almost beyond recognition by just such an event.

Traffic conditions in the different towns through which one passes on cross-country trips form an interesting study. The light system inaugurated by Deputy Commissioner of Police Harriss in New York in 1922 has been copied by every city, large and small, throughout the whole country. Doctor Harriss lately made the statement that the light system was no longer practical, but it will be a long time before many cities of the land will be convinced of this.

In some cities people drive more recklessly than in others. In some towns one finds more motorcycle policemen than in others. Once when I was hitting it up fifty miles east of Dallas, on a short cut between New York and El Paso, I was picked up by a county cop, an officious chap who fined me in money as many miles as I was traveling an hour, which happened to be seventy-eight, so that a big dent was left in my pocketbook.

In all my speed or pleasure trips I have had but two accidents, neither of them very serious, though both of them were startling enough at the time. The man at the wheel knows his car as the man at the tiller knows his boat or the man in the saddle his horse. He knows that if he blows his horn and is traveling at a certain speed, if the man in front of him attempts to race his little buzz wagon he is just giving himself a lot of unnecessary trouble. Often I have been passed when I was idling along, but any man who attempted to pass me when I was going at a good speed, I knew, was taking his own chance, because I knew that my car had had the road work to keep up the pace and could leave everything within fifty miles as far behind.

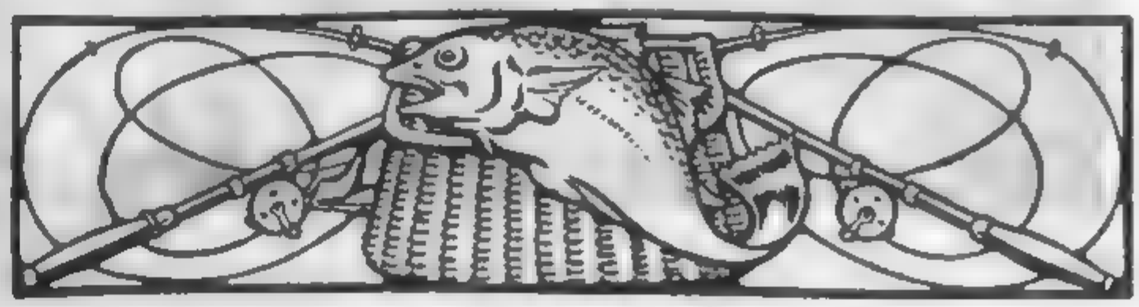
A Disappearing Flivver

Once, on the road between Palm Beach and Miami, Florida, five years ago, I was doing about thirty-five miles an hour and a flivver ahead of me was doing about twenty-five. When I blew for the road, he put on pep. After five or six efforts, I passed him. Looking in my mirror a moment afterward, I saw that the road was clear. My heart almost stopped beating. There was an embankment on the right-hand side of the road which went down to the beach. Stopping the car, I hurriedly backed up, saw the car over the bank lying on its side and, as I gazed, saw its four occupants clambering out, all unhurt. I helped them get their car back on the road, paid for their repairs and drove off.

Another time, when I was hurrying along a Maine road, my steering post broke, the car dashed across the road in front of an express train, climbed a stone wall, shot through a barbed-wire fence and dashed down a wheat field. In its mad careening across the territory the windshield had been broken, but the steering post had frozen together; so that I later drove 400 miles to New York and turned it over to a service station there. They greased and oiled it, and sent it to Long Island City to be given an overhauling. On the way over, the oil got into the steering post; the parts became loose and the driver only stopped the car in time to prevent his driving off the bridge.

I know many men who feel as I do—that is, that cross-country driving aids the nerves. Whenever I am run down, nervous, tired and grouchy I get into the driving seat, and a few days later, after the stiff, grueling routine of the road is ended, I am a new man. Douglas Fairbanks uses his car almost as hard as I do mine, and he says he is never in better health than when he is at the wheel.

I always use an open touring car. The top I either take off completely or keep lowered. In my present car, which I have had a number of years and in which I have done more than 50,000 miles, I have had the top up but four times in two years. When it rains I simply raise my umbrella and travel beneath it—a solution for any man owning a one-man top. I find that the full portion of the air, the rays of the sun, and my purring motor are far better tonics for me than all the golf links or tennis courts in existence. Besides, I am not old enough for the former and too old for the latter.



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Locating a Retail Store

By MILLARD MILBURN RICE

SOME of the preferences, the likes, the dislikes, the habits, of people are a bit difficult to explain. They exist, nevertheless, and a decent regard for these peculiarities is demanded of the retailer above all others, if he hopes to succeed. At possibly no point in his business career is this more important than in the choice of a store site. To set down here, however, a list of all the do's and don'ts to be followed in choosing a location for a retail store would be an obvious impossibility. Neither space nor my own knowledge would permit. Not long ago, though, I had impressed upon me in concrete fashion the practical workings of public likes and dislikes upon retailers, and these impressions, it seems to me, may be valuable.

In the Southern city of thirty thousand people I have in mind, there are two main business streets paralleling each other. I shall call them Main and First Streets, for those aren't their names. To all intents and purposes they are similarly located, and otherwise equal for business purposes. But it is woe unto the retailer who opens a store on First Street hoping to attract a high-class trade. He is doomed to failure for the simple fact that the high-class trade will not buy on First Street. On First Street are located the city's two principal hotels, one of them among the finest in the state; but First Street is given over to the second and third class shops that are always either having a cut-price sale or are selling out. This illustrates one of the conditions most easily recognized, and any person planning to open a store in this city would, by even superficial study, decide upon which of the two streets to locate. It goes back, I believe, to the days when a rough element frequented the saloons on First Street. But why the rough element chose then to congregate on First Street is still another question. It would be well worth while for any prospective retail-store proprietor in this city to learn the answer, however, which indicated the lengths to which such investigations may well go.

But Main Street has a problem all its own. The north side of Main is a fine business location; the south side is hopeless. Why, I do not know; nor do I think anybody else in town knows offhand. But it is a fact. I spent several months in the city recently, and among the first questions I asked one of the successful business men was: "Why are there no good stores on the south side of Main Street?"

"Why," said he, "the south side of Main has always been a poor business location. The shops there are continually going out of business for lack of patronage."

The Right Side of Main Street

There is the fact, but without the explanation. A large part of the city lies south of Main Street. I was staying in that part of the city, and my question grew out of the fact that at certain hours it was just about worth one's life to cross Main through the traffic. But people do insist on crossing.

Of course this isn't as foolish as it first seems. It is, apparently, largely a matter of goodwill. Someone has defined goodwill as the tendency of a customer to return to the old stand. I paraphrase. That definition was intended to apply to an individual store location, but it seems at least in some instances, and notably in the one I have cited, to work with reference to whole business sections. Somehow people got into the habit of going to the north side of Main Street to trade. To determine what started them in this would probably take considerable historical research. The fact remains, they did. And now they continue to trade there even at risk of their lives in traffic.

What is probably the most striking example remains yet to be cited. The city is hilly and the streets wander. The approach to the business section of town from the south is roundabout, by two steep, narrow streets. Someone conceived the idea that a good investment would be an arcade building cutting through the center of the block—where the grade was easy—from one of the residential streets to Main Street. This broad, smooth and inviting walk way, lined on each side by store rooms, would, he thought, become eventually a shopping center. All the people from the south end of town would walk through the arcade, and if, as a certain well-known retail cigar-store chain apparently has found, every passer-by is a potential customer, then this was the place for an arcade. It was duly erected, and was a miserable failure. True, the north end of the arcade opened on the south side of Main Street. That may have had some effect. But chiefly, it seems, people couldn't make up their minds to buy elsewhere than on the north side of Main. I heard it openly said around town many times: "If the arcade had only been built between Main and First Streets it would have been fine." Then, you see, it would have attracted both those who trade on Main and those on First.

The Empty Arcade

These facts speak for themselves and need no interpretation. They emphasize the importance of study of location in retailing, and I hope, throw a little light on the way the public's preferences must be considered. So far as the matter of location is concerned that is all there is to the story. But the subsequent action of the arcade owner in pulling out of the hole is worth noticing. He had, possibly, twelve store rooms in his building. One by one the tenants closed up and moved out, until he found himself with most of the twelve on his hands and vacant.

I do not know him, but I imagine him, at that stage of the game, doing some tall thinking: with—when I left the city—this result in the way of tenants, every one of whom he had attracted from another location: A barber shop—men will follow a barber they like into the wilderness if necessary; a women's hat shop; a corset shop—women feel toward these shops something as men do toward a barber shop; a florist's shop—this is somewhat on the border line, but service, no matter where the shop is located, probably decides success in this line; an adding-machine display room and agency headquarters for the city; a typewriter display room and agency headquarters; a cash-register display room and city-agency headquarters—none of these depends upon location, and they are frequently found on the upper floors of office buildings; two haberdasher's and shoe stores—the continuance of these is somewhat doubtful. The remaining store rooms were vacant, but if the arcade owner fights it out on that line he will shortly have his building full of tenants who can operate successfully regardless of ocation. Having mistaken public preference, he has at least applied to his problem the only possible solution.

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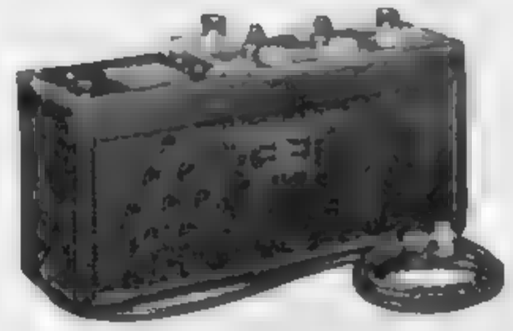

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WINGS OF SONG

(Continued from Page 27)

he would watch, with uneasiness mixed with a sort of paternal pride, the gardening operations carried on by his famous countryman.

Enrico delighted in this hard manual labor. It was in his blood to dig and to plant, to carry burdens and to cover himself with warm earth.

Father, looking on from the shade of the porch, would offer cool drinks, but all to no purpose. He would not stop until he had finished the two hours' work he set himself, and then he would hurry down to the beach and plunge into the cool sparkling ocean.

We were alone only on short motor drives in the afternoons, but we were so happy to be together that it made no difference as long as we knew that father was content. As Enrico said, "You will be at home only a little longer. We must think of father and not be selfish."

Have you ever noticed on a summer day that the wind will suddenly change and blow from the east, cold and full of rain? The sky, a moment ago so sunny and blue, is filmy with clouds and one has strangely a premonition of sorrow and trouble. Into the midst of these golden summer days drifted a fog of mysterious whisperings that gathered into clouds of suspicion and at last banked on the horizon in dark and threatening storms.

Father frowned and walled himself behind books and newspapers. There were long whispered conferences, which ended abruptly when I approached. I waited for my father to speak, but every day I grew more uneasy, for I did not know from which direction the storm was coming. At last one day father said sternly there were several things that had to be settled before I married.

First he wanted to know why Enrico had not enlisted in the Army. I reminded him that Enrico had already tried twice to enlist, once in the New York militia and then in Connecticut. Both times he had been refused on account of his age, and also probably because when his class in Italy was called he would have to serve in the Italian Army. Up to that time his class had not been called, but he was too much of a man not to hope that he would be able to take part in some of the fighting.

An End to Suspense

In the meantime he gave his services to the Red Cross, accepting only a medal as payment. By his concerts he had already raised several million dollars. Besides that, he bought a great number of Liberty Bonds, and I know that he gave privately to many relief organizations. I have in my possession a testimonial given to Caruso setting forth with many expressions of appreciation that by his concerts he had raised in all $21,000,000 for the Allied Armies.

But there were other questions. What would my status be in Italy as the wife of Caruso? He insisted that Coudert Brothers should be consulted on that question. Enrico went to Mr. Lorenzo Semple, of that firm, who later wrote father a letter reassuring him on that point and congratulating him on his prospective son-in-law.

It was quite right that father should think of my future, but Enrico and I felt there was something back of these questions other than a desire for my welfare. He seemed to us to be two persons. I think he wanted to say, "Bless you, my children, go and be happy with each other." I know he was fond of Enrico, respected him and admired him, and there were times when he seemed entirely contented that I should marry him. Then he would change completely, as though he were under the spell of some malicious influence constantly working against us, and for days he would not speak to us or notice us in any way.

Enrico had gone to Saratoga, where he was to give a concert. He was desperately unhappy at the change in father's attitude toward him and did not know what to do to please him. We talked to each other every day over the telephone, but it was unsatisfactory, as everyone could hear what I said. But he knew that I was worried and frightened at the turn of affairs, and although he did his best to encourage me, I knew he was as nervous and sad as I was. I foresaw that father's next move would be to end our engagement and forbid Enrico to come to the house.

I telegraphed to Enrico in Saratoga that things were going very badly and that I would like to see him. He immediately canceled a concert he had in Newport and hurried to New York to meet me. With a friend I went to his apartment and we talked matters over, trying to decide what to do. Enrico felt that there was no use appealing again to father, and yet if we went on as we were he would certainly forbid us to marry. We decided to be married and then there would be no more danger of being separated. We argued that possibly father would be glad to have the matter taken out of his hands and that once we had taken the decisive step he was romantic enough at heart to forgive us.

Caruso's Occupation

It was rather an unhappy and anxious couple that met the day of their wedding. Two friends accompanied me to Enrico's apartment at the Hotel Knickerbocker. There we found Enrico and Bruno Zirato in correct wedding costume, even to the gardenias. Enrico stood beneath the picture of his mother and wept, while Zirato tried to comfort him.

In a simple dark blue traveling gown, how far I was from the bride in white satin and tulle that I had imagined I was to be!

From the hotel we drove to the City Hall to get the marriage license. Clerk Scully, of the Marriage Bureau, did not recognize Enrico or did not hear his name. He asked him what his occupation was.

Enrico looked bewildered. "Occupation?" he repeated anxiously.

"Yes: what do you do for a living?" asked Clerk Scully, without looking up from the form he was filling out.

"Oh"—Caruso looked relieved—"what do I do? Why, I just sing, that's all."

We went to the Little Church Around the Corner to be married, but the rector in charge was away, so we went to the first one we came to after that, which was the Marble Collegiate Church, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street.

Enrico and Zirato wept all through the service, while my friends looked on anxiously. Immediately after the ceremony Enrico and Zirato dried their tears and we set out briskly for the studio of the Famous Players, where Enrico's motion picture was to be shown for the first time. When Enrico introduced me as his wife, Mr. Lasky looked so incredulous that he had to be shown the marriage certificate, on which the ink was scarcely dry. The whole company then overwhelmed us with congratulations and good wishes.

We spent two hours looking at Enrico's picture, and in that time the news of our marriage had leaked out. The apartment was filled with flowers and every moment a bell boy brought in a new sheaf of telegrams or notes of congratulation.

Enrico made me sit at the desk the moment we reached the hotel and write a note to father asking his forgiveness. We felt so sure that he would send us a message to come home that we were disappointed when we opened the telegrams and none was from him; and though many friends called us on the telephone to wish us happiness, the message that we waited for so hopefully did not come.

I passed the next day whirling along in a mist of telegrams, letters, visitors, presents,

(Continued on Page 82

Announcing the New

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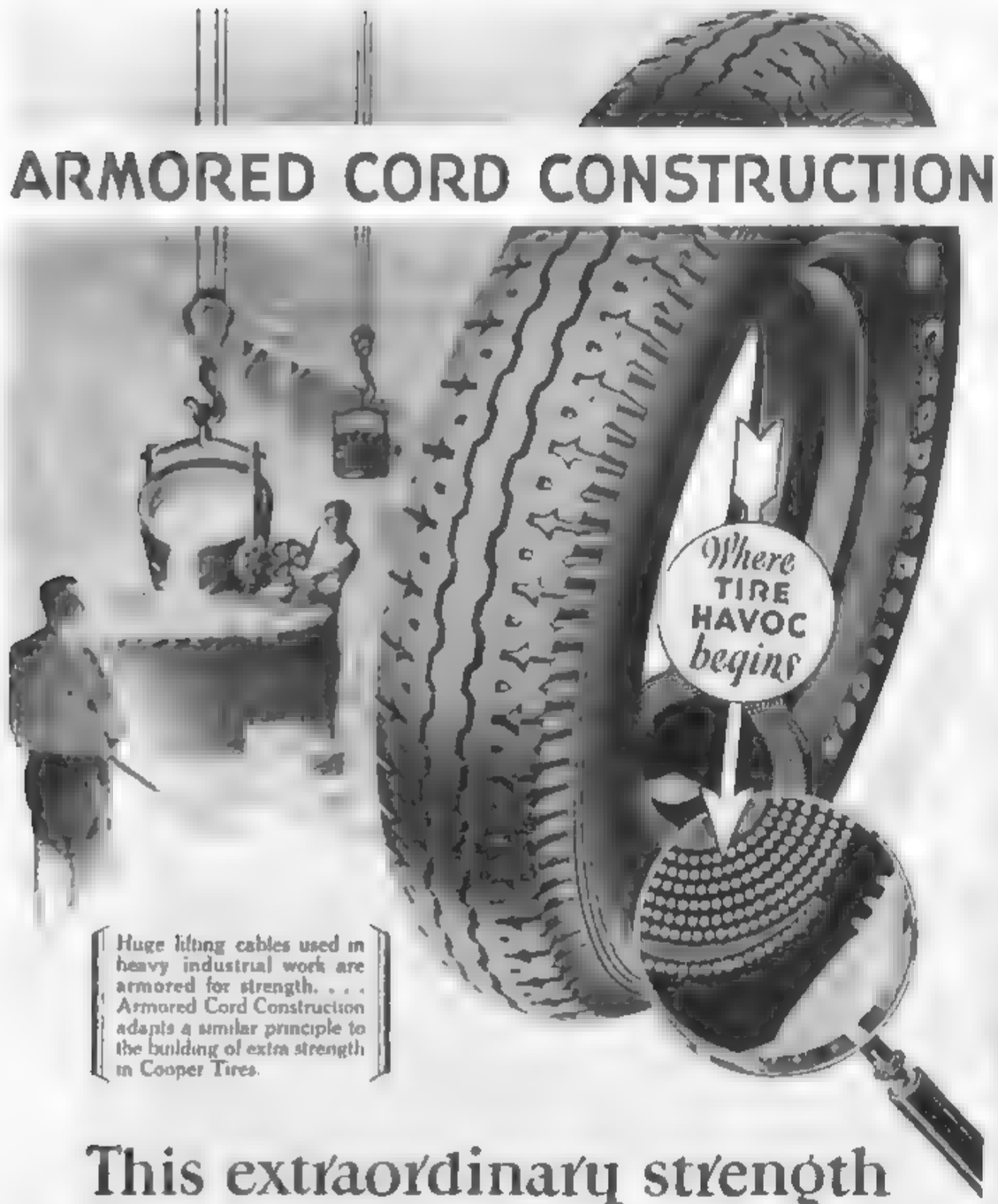

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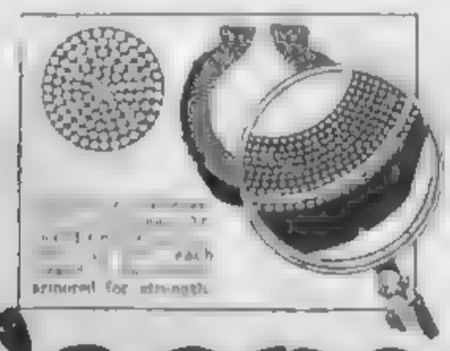

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(Continued from Page 80)

reporters and just people. Cables from all over the world fluttered down upon us—affectionate messages from my sisters and brothers, from friends near and far. Everyone wanted to add a little word to our happiness, and as the day wore on it seemed to me that nearly every person I had ever heard of was sending greetings to Enrico and friendly messages to me. I was dazed by the fierce and pitiless light that suddenly turned upon me and, thinking of my father, I began to be afraid that this publicity would not please him and would prejudice him against us. Enrico was used to living in the limelight, but to me it was a new and terrifying experience.

We tried to get out of the apartment to take a drive, but the moment we appeared we were mobbed by a jostling crowd of people. Enrico drew me back and I think for the first time in his life resented the public's extreme interest in his private affairs. Finally Mr. Regan begged us to go on the roof and pose for the photographers, as they were filling the lobby of the hotel and would not leave.

Later in the day we managed to escape by a rear elevator through the kitchen. We drove up to Van Cortlandt Park and congratulated ourselves that at last we were alone together and away from staring eyes. We jumped out of the car and immediately were surrounded by newspapermen, photographers and men with motion-picture cameras. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it.

Enrico tried to spare me as much of the publicity as he could, but did not try to prevent my reading the newspapers, and it was on that first day of my married life that I read an interview with my father in which, in a burst of anger, he said that he would never see me again; that I had married a public singer and that he would never forgive me.

This made me miserable and was a terrible blow to Enrico. He felt as certain as I did of father's forgiveness, and I think if father had followed his own inclinations and allowed himself to be ruled by his kind and generous heart, we should have had not only his forgiveness then but his love and confidence as he grew to know and understand Enrico. The knowledge of his anger troubled Enrico, but he still continued to hope that father would relent and send for us to come home.

The Insignificance of Eating

Gradually, much to our contentment, we slipped out of the columns of newspapers and were able to adjust our lives without being surrounded by reporters and cameras. The routine of this new life was so different from anything that I had seen or experienced that for some time it seemed to me I was not so much a part of it as an astonished spectator.

At home, meals had been served at regular hours. Now we ate at any time—sometimes not at all. If Enrico was practicing no one thought of food. If he was having an important conference nothing was said about a meal. If he slept late in the morning the day would start with luncheon, and on particularly busy days we might have only a cup of coffee until an eight o'clock dinner.

Enrico's suite at the Knickerbocker consisted of his bedroom, dressing room, the secretary's room, the studio, drawing-room, dining room, a pressing room and a room for the valet. After we married he engaged an adjoining suite with extra bedrooms and a drawing-room for me. In the old suite he transacted business, received his friends and studied. The new suite he looked upon as his home, where we might live as much as possible away from the world. At intervals during his busy hours he would stroll over to see me, and as it would have hurt and astonished him not to find me, I was always there. During our life together I left him only once, to go to a luncheon.

I often wondered how Enrico found time to do the many things that formed part of his daily routine. The mail alone took up a great deal of time, even though Zirato attended to the bulk of it. There were always anywhere from fifty to two hundred photographs to be autographed, as well as many personal letters that he invariably answered himself. Every day he gave four or five auditions to young singers who came to him with recommendations. He practiced six hours a day, and when studying a new opera or learning new songs, he spent even more time working with his accompanist, Salvatore Fucito.

Every week one of his cartoons was published in the Italian paper La Follia. Through his studio, except while he was practicing, passed a continual stream of visitors. Zirato could frequently send them away satisfied, but among them were friends from all parts of the world that had been associated with Caruso in one way or another, and they insisted on seeing him. He always found time to see them all, and he had that remarkable art of making each person feel that his whole attention was given to him and that he had plenty of time at his disposal.

Keeping Occupied

Usually all business matters were attended to in the mornings. For luncheon we would go to a little restaurant near Broadway in the Forties that was run by Doctor Pane. Enrico had once been able to do him a favor and Doctor Pane made a special point of cooking for him the simple Italian dishes that he enjoyed. After luncheon, which usually consisted of spinach, fruit, chops or chicken, and a very nourishing Italian soup, *minestrone*, Enrico would pass several hours playing a card game called *bazzica* with Doctor Pane and whichever of his intimate friends happened to drop in. Late in the afternoon we would return to the hotel, where Fucito would be waiting. If there were no auditions Enrico would practice until eight or nine o'clock.

In the evenings after Fucito had left no one was allowed in the apartment. Caruso seldom accepted invitations to dine or to attend evening affairs. Rarely he went to the theater. He liked to see Ethel Barrymore, who was an old friend of his as well as of mine. He also liked to go to any play in which George Cohan appeared. He knew him well and also his charming daughter Georgette, whom he had known as a little girl.

I think he would have attended the theater more often if he could have gone unnoticed. But whenever it was known that he wanted seats a box was forced upon him. He was always recognized and was called on to sing or to make a speech. Once I had to make a speech and I was so horribly embarrassed that I never wanted to sit in a box again. In fact, we were both content to have those few peaceful hours to ourselves, when we could amuse ourselves as we pleased.

I had a great deal of time alone, so I often had a book in my hand. Enrico would say, "Why don't you occupy yourself?" He did not consider reading an occupation, and as he did not like to see me idle, he soon found something for me to do. He came in one day carrying three large albums and two bandboxes full of loose stamps. These he wanted me to help him arrange in the books. So that was how we spent the evenings when Enrico was not singing at the opera house. We would sit, one at each end of the dining-room table, in front of us a pile of stamps to be sorted. Enrico, wearing huge gold-rimmed glasses, studied the stamps through a magnifying glass like a benevolent owl. He was perfectly happy doing this or spreading in front of him gold coins from his wonderful collection, of which he was making a card index. He liked to feel that I was keeping him company in his work and taught me about the stamps, perforations, watermarks and various little marks whose presence increased their value. I never dreamed of refusing to do this work, because it seemed to make him so happy.

(Continued on Page 85)

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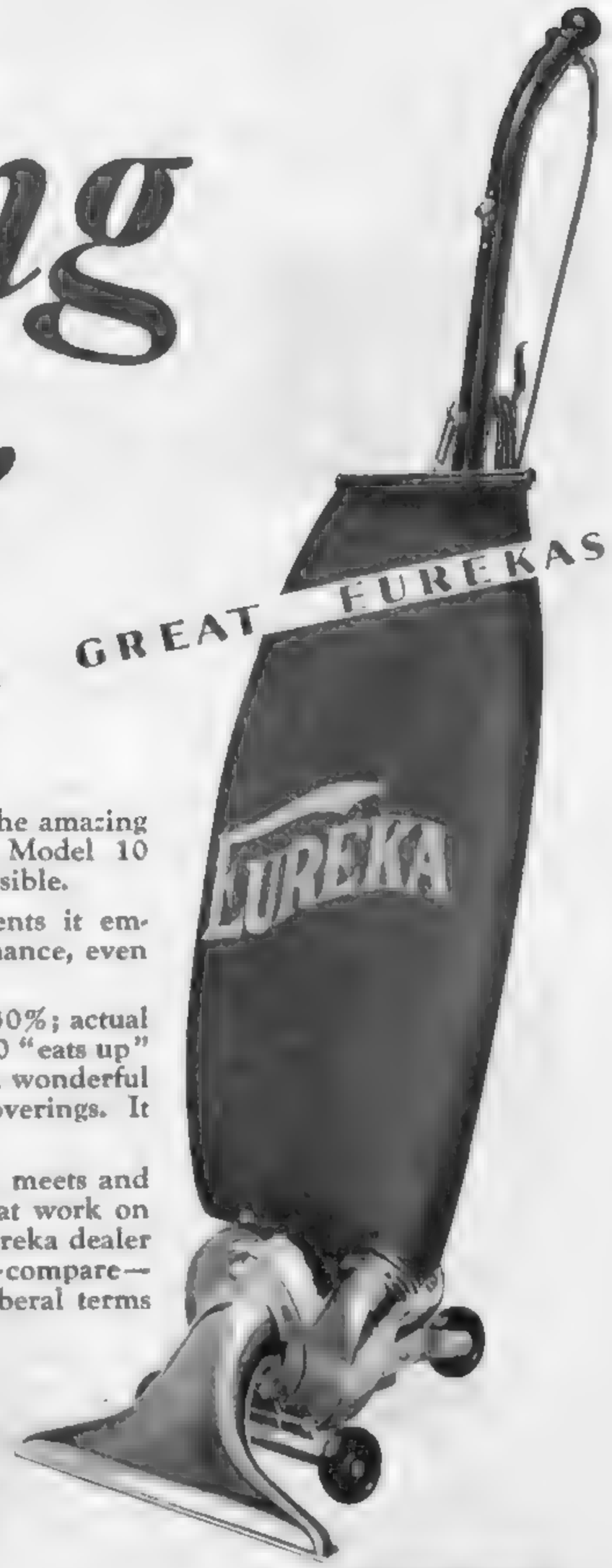

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(383)

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whatever you want to pay for it—
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First noiseless battery charging. Then successful light socket "B" power. Then trickle charging. And today, most important of all, Balkite "AB," a complete unit containing no battery in any form, supplying both "A" and "B" power directly from the light socket, and operating only while the set is in use. The great improvements in radio power have been made by Balkite.

This pioneering has been important. Yet alone it would never have made Balkite one of the best known names in radio. Balkite is today the established leader because of Balkite performance in the hands of its owners.

Because with 2,000,000 units in the field Balkite has a record of long life and freedom from trouble seldom equalled in any industry.

Because the first Balkite "B," purchased 5 years ago, is still in use and will be for years to come.

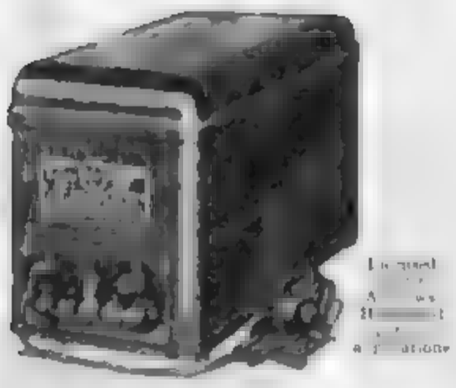
Because to your radio dealer Balkite is a synonym for quality.

Because the electrolytic rectification developed and used by Balkite is so reliable that today it is standard on the signal systems of most American as well as European and Oriental railroads. It is this principle, used in all Balkite Radio Power Units, that does away with the necessity of using tubes for rectifying current—that makes Balkite permanent equipment with nothing to wear out or replace.

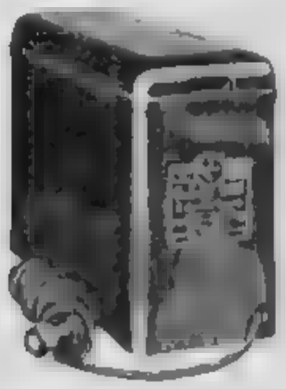
Balkite has pioneered—but not at the expense of the public.

Today, whatever type of set you own, whatever type of power equipment you want, whatever you want to pay for it, Balkite has it. Production is so enormous that prices are astonishingly low.

Your dealer will recommend the Balkite equipment you need for your set.



Balkite "A" *Contains no battery.* The same as Balkite "AB," but for the "A" circuit only. Enables owners of Balkite "B" to make a complete light socket installation at very low cost. Price $32.50.



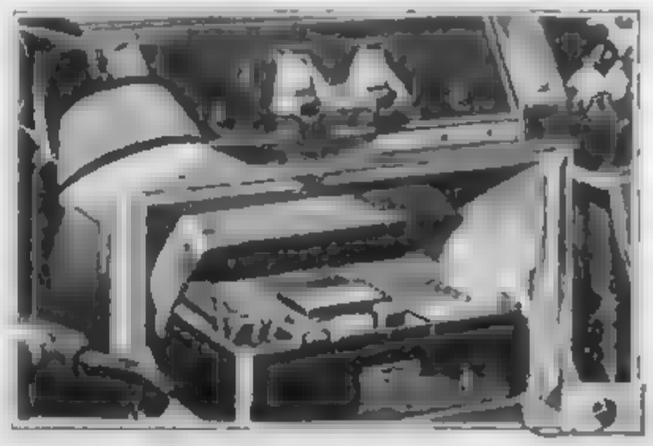
Balkite "B" *One of the longest lived devices in radio.* The accepted, tried and proved light socket "B" power supply. The first Balkite "B," after 5 years, is still rendering satisfactory service. Over 300,000 in use. Three models: "B"-W, 67-90 volts, $22.50; "B"-135, *135 volts, $32.50; "B"-180, 180 volts, $39.50. Balkite now costs no more than the ordinary "B" eliminator.

Balkite Chargers

Standard for "A" batteries. Noiseless. Can be used during reception. Prices drastically reduced. Model "J,"* rates 2.5 and .5 amperes, for both rapid and trickle charging, $17.50. Model "N"* Trickle Charger, rate .5 and .8 amperes, $9.50. Model "K" Trickle Charger, $7.50.

*Special models for 15-40 cycles at slightly higher prices.

Prices are higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.



Balkite "AB" *Contains no battery.*

A complete unit, replacing both "A" and "B" batteries and supplying radio current directly from the light socket. Contains no battery in any form. Operates only while the set is in use. Two models: "AB" 6-135," 135 volts "B" current, $59.50; "AB" 6-180, 180 volts, $67.50.

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC., NORTH CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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Willesden, London, N. W. 10

Balkite
Radio Power Units

(Continued from Page 82)

Incidentally I learned a good deal of geography, which I regret to say I have completely forgotten.

Around eleven or twelve o'clock Enrico would suddenly announce that he was hungry. Probably dinner would have been forgotten and I might have had nothing but a cup of coffee since breakfast. But I never reminded him of meals, because I preferred to wait until he was hungry and eat with him. So in the middle of the night he would send for an enormous loaf and a minute steak which the chef arranged in the form of a sandwich. Enrico would fall upon this ravenously, while I would try to eat it with some degree of delicacy. In the end I had to give it up, and the midnight supper to an onlooker must have appeared to be an orgy indulged in by famished souls.

When I found that I was to be so much in the house I bought some lovely house gowns and negligees. But Enrico said such things were pretty but not useful. He did not think they were good to work in and not at all appropriate for pasting stamps and putting in clippings. So he designed for me gowns cut something like a man's dressing gown, made of the most beautiful brocades. They were certainly very comfortable, even if at times they were rather warm.

In regard to his own clothes, he was fastidious almost to the point of absurdity. Even as a child, under the most difficult conditions, he insisted on being clean and neat. So now he carried his immaculateness to excess. He never returned to the house without changing everything he wore. He had quantities of clothes. It was a task of one man alone, working steadily, to care for his wardrobe. He insisted that I, too, should have many more gowns than I could possibly wear and as many shoes as though I were a centipede. He would never wear anything that was in the least degree old. Although he invariably wore dark ties and quiet-colored shirts, he always appeared a little eccentric in his dress. I came to the conclusion that it was the cut of his suits, which was not that of an English or American tailor, and that at the last moment he would add a flower in his buttonhole, and a bright handkerchief peeping from his pocket, and set his hat a little on one side. At home he always wore a dark brocade pajama suit, the coat cut like a house jacket. With this he wore a soft silk shirt with low collar.

The Ritual of Song

On the day Enrico sang at the opera the routine was different. The doors between the two apartments would be opened at nine o'clock and we would wake to the sound of music. Fucito would be in the studio playing over the music of the opera to be sung that night. Enrico would drink a cup of black coffee, take his bath and an inhalation, all the while listening to the music and whistling or humming an accompaniment. Dressing was a machinelike routine that had to be followed exactly. Two valets assisted him, and they were not allowed to speak to him or to make the slightest noise or any unnecessary movement as they went about their duties. Silently and noiselessly they handed him his clothes, shoes, collar, tie, handkerchief, while Caruso continued to hum in time with the distant music, glancing occasionally at the score that was propped on a music stand near by. The reason for this automatic procedure was that Caruso might give his entire attention to the opera. Woe betide the unfortunate valet who handed him the wrong article! Enrico would swear at him under his breath but none the less forcibly, and the unhappy man did not remain long in doubt that he had committed the unpardonable sin of interrupting the morning's program.

One of his household was a timid little man named Gravina, who in his early days had been a famous comedian in Italy. Soon after I was married he sought me out and, falling on his knees, begged me to intercede for him with Caruso. He was too nervous, he said. He upset the Signor Commendatore, and when he was sworn at he became more nervous. Would I kindly speak for him?

Of course I agreed to do so, but when I spoke to Enrico he only grunted and looked at me with a slightly annoyed expression, so I did not say any more at the time. The next day there was a new valet.

"What has become of Gravina?" I asked, feeling sorry for the poor little man.

"I dismissed him. He is no longer my valet," answered Enrico. "But since you were so sorry for him, I continue to employ him"—he paused and his eyes twinkled—"as associate paster of clippings." I learned afterward that he paid Gravina for this work $100 a month.

Later Enrico found him a position in a motion-picture company. He went to California and we heard he was doing extremely well. At the time of Enrico's illness Gravina hurried to his bedside, traveling across the continent to see his old master and to do whatever he could for him.

The other valet was a man connected in an interesting way with Enrico's early life. When Caruso was a young man living in Naples he was doing the military duty required of all young men in Italy. He used to go into the armory when no one was about and try to sing loud enough to fill the great building. One day his sergeant heard him and offered to take him to Vergine, who was at that time the best-known singing teacher in Italy. Enrico accompanied him nervously to the home of the *maestro*, where Vergine received them and listened indifferently while Enrico sang for him.

When he finished, Vergine said, "You can't sing. You haven't any voice. It sounds like the wind in the shutters."

Conditions Reversed

Enrico, instead of being discouraged, asked if he might attend Vergine's classes, not as a pupil but merely as a spectator. Vergine, walking off, shrugged his shoulders and replied that it was a matter of no importance to him what young Caruso did.

Enrico, nothing daunted, went to the classes and, sitting unnoticed in a corner, listened closely to Vergine's instructions to his pupils. The star pupil was a young tenor called Punzo. Vergine prophesied that he would be the greatest tenor of the age, and thought so highly of him that he permitted him to become engaged to his daughter.

A few months after Caruso began to go to the classes a competition was held. Many of the pupils of Vergine were to take part, and Caruso, coming timidly forward, asked the *maestro* if he might compete.

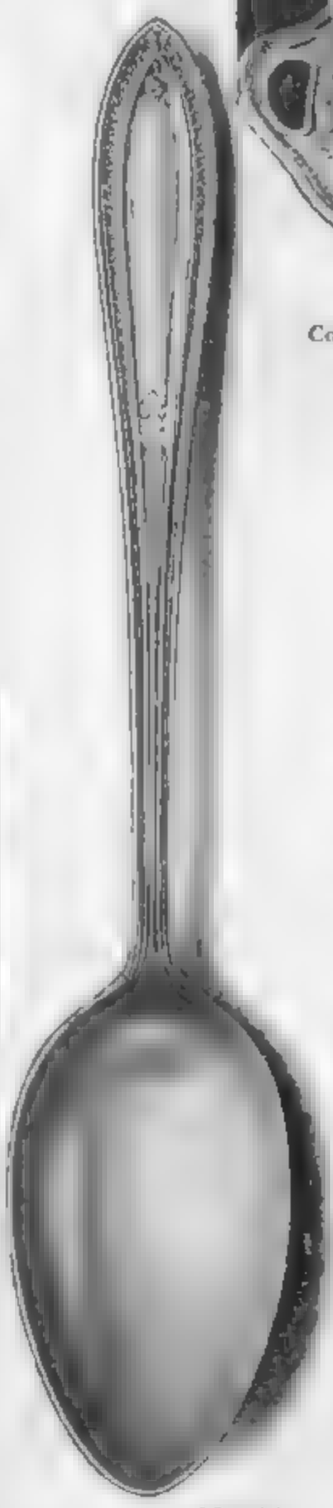
"What! Are you still here?" cried Vergine. However, touched perhaps by the boy's ambition, he gave his permission and Caruso sang. At the time Vergine said little in praise, but he immediately took the young Caruso into his class and after a while gave him a chance to sing a small rôle in opera.

Shortly before we married a man came to see Enrico, looking for a position as valet. When he said he was Punzo, Enrico remembered him and immediately engaged him. He treated him as he did his other servants, and when we went to Italy Punzo went with us. As we sailed into the harbor of Naples, Enrico called me aside and whispered, "Remember, Doro, in Italy Punzo is not my servant; he is my assistant."

With these two men near him, who were really more his friends than his servants, Enrico would dress, singing and humming all the while.

We spent a very quiet day. No business was transacted; there were no auditions, no visitors and no practicing except the gentle humming that went on for a short time in the morning. It was never quiet in the apartment. All day long there was a steady current of visitors. Zirato had to be in many places at once, seeing them in Enrico's place and sending them away satisfied, answering letters, cables, telegrams

Coffee Set
Coffee Pot $31.00 Sugar Bowl $19.50 Cream Pitcher, Gold Lined $19.50
Waiter, 14 in. $35.00



*Set of Six
Tea Spoons $3.75
Dessert Spoons 5.75
Dessert Forks 6.75
Dinner Forks 7.50
*In Flannel Roll and Gift Box

For those who love fine Silverware

ONE must ride high on the crest of an adventurous wave to achieve such a pattern as the new Sir Galahad. One must go questing—seeking the new in decorative design as the Sir Galahad of old sought the Sacred Emblem through strange lands and over troubled seas.

It is a decidedly *different* pattern—this newest Reed & Barton achievement. Different in its beautiful, decorative design. Different in the degree of grace expressed in its perfect proportions. In short, the Sir Galahad Pattern is traditional of the craftsmanship that Reed & Barton have expressed in tableware for more than a century.

Ask your jeweler to show you this new pattern today.

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All cutlery with stainless steel blades, new French shape.

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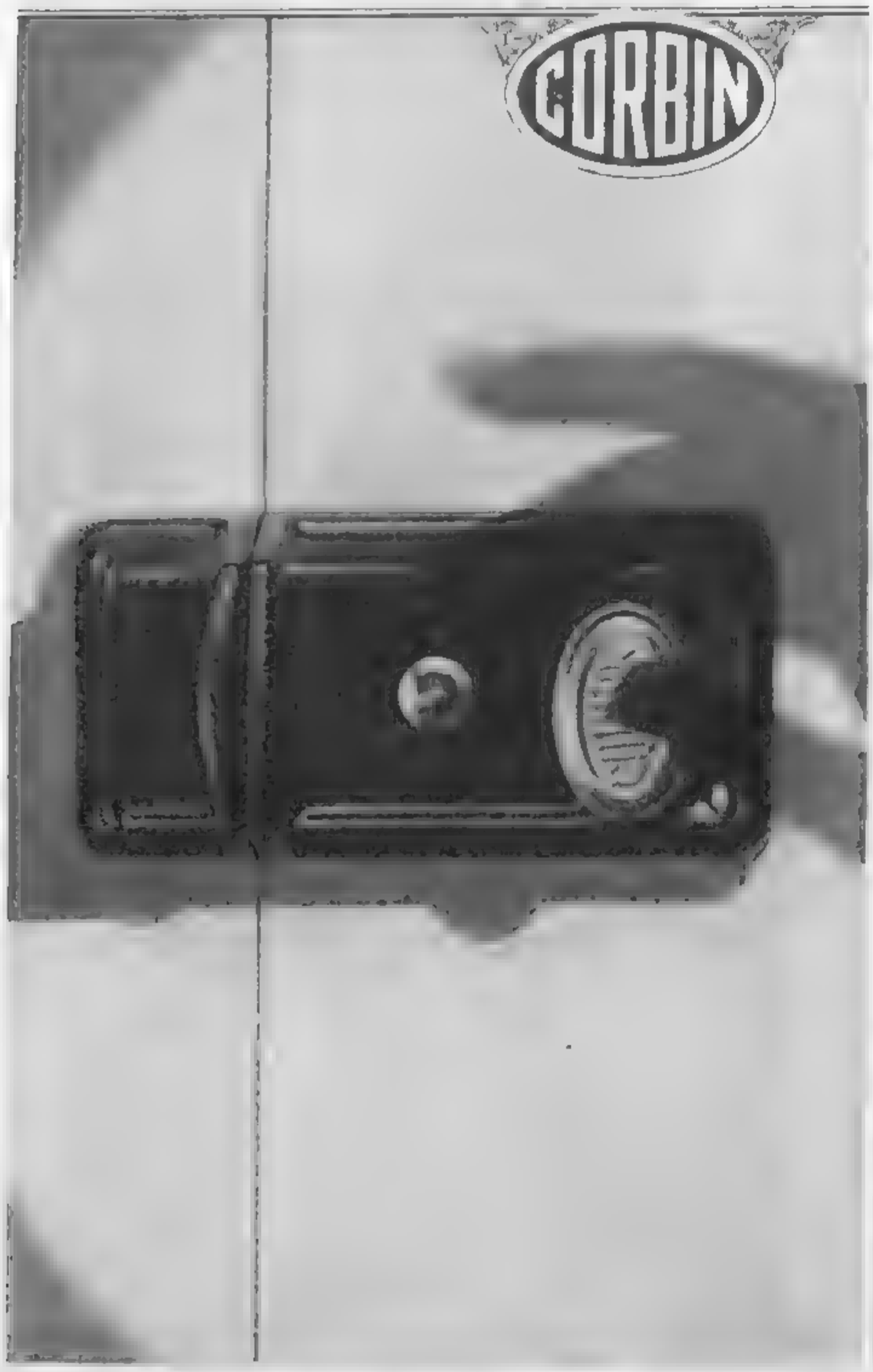
SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



One turn of the key and it's locked—two turns—and it's jimmy-proof

Another Corbin invention that owes much to necessity—the necessity for a lock that is really jimmy-proof. Two turns of the key will do it. For the second turn shoots the bolt twice as far. No burglar's jimmy can press this twice-thrown bolt far enough to one side to withdraw it from the latch. That is security—ask for Corbin Night Latch 472.

Wherever you use Good Hardware—Corbin—you can depend on it . . . locks that are burglar-proof, windows that resist the prying hand, doors that close against storm and stealth. Good Hardware—Corbin never fails to stay "on guard".

You'll find real interest in our booklet (S-10) on Security. May we send it?

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

New York Chicago Philadelphia

and invitations; sending out acceptances or regrets, making or breaking business appointments, seeing tradespeople, in fact attending to a thousand details, and protecting Enrico from every annoyance so that he could rest and be in good voice for the evening.

To escape from this tumult that in spite of Zirato's care would sometimes penetrate into the farther apartment, we would drive to the outskirts of the city and, leaving the car, walk for a mile or two where we could be alone, with no one to stare at us. We returned in time for luncheon.

At six o'clock Fucito would return and for ten or fifteen minutes would play exercises while Caruso let his voice out to its full volume. It was the only time he used exercises of any kind. While practicing he would walk up and down the room, stopping only when Punzo appeared in the door with a cup of black coffee. It had to be of an exactly specified strength and temperature or it ran the chance of being flung to the floor.

At seven o'clock, accompanied by his secretary, Zirato, and one of the valets, Caruso left for the opera house. He allowed himself an hour to dress and to make up. I was always with him in his dressing room, but he received no visitors before the performance.

Just before he went on he inhaled a quantity of tepid salt water. Drawing it deep into his lungs, he expelled it before it strangled him. I always watched this performance with some anxiety. Another rite followed that was almost religiously carried out. His dresser and his valet stood on each side of him. One man handed him a tiny glass of whisky. As he finished it the other man gave him a small glass of sparkling water and this was immediately followed by a quarter of an apple. Caruso believed that this cleared his throat.

In each of his costumes, at the point where his hands fell, were two shallow pockets. In each pocket he carried a small vial of salt water. He had become expert in using this on the stage, unperceived by the audience.

Caruso was always nervous before a performance. He never took his singing as a matter of course. Each appearance was for him the supreme effort of his life. He said once to me: "I know that I shall sing only a certain number of times. So I think to myself, 'Tonight I will hold back my voice. I will save it a little and that will mean I may be able to sing a few more times.' But when I go before the audience, when I hear the music and begin to sing, I cannot hold back. I give the best there is in me—I give all."

All Hard Work

At the end of the first act I would go to his dressing room to tell him how his voice sounded. Caruso never took it for granted that he sang well. In his heart he must have known it, but he wanted to be told again and again. He never wanted to be praised for anything he might do for people, for any kindness that he had shown, but he delighted in being praised for his singing, for his cartoons and for his modeling. And yet, no matter how much he was praised, he never seemed to absorb it into his personality. He seldom spoke of his singing or of music unless he was trying a new song, when he would turn from the piano and ask me how I liked it. Someone once asked him his favorite rôle and he replied, "I have none. They are all hard work."

Each time he sang, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan, visited him at the end of the first act. He kissed Enrico gravely on both cheeks, congratulating him on the performance. Although it was almost a matter of routine, Enrico always received him with surprised delight and would invariably ask him the same question: "How do you feel the audience to be?"

For each performance at which Enrico sang he was entitled to seventy dollars' worth of tickets, but there was rarely a night that he did not buy personally from three to four hundred dollars' worth to distribute among his friends. Caruso remembered to whom he sent the tickets and knew, too, in which seats he should find his friends. During the performance he would look for them, and if they failed to appear he would be bitterly disappointed, and it required many explanations and apologies to convince him that they had not remained away deliberately.

Caruso had a curiously humble feeling about annoying his friends. He was quick to see a fancied neglect or to imagine that they were tired of him. He often preferred to remain alone rather than disturb anyone. If it were suggested that he should send for someone to play cards with him or to chat for a while, he would shake his head and say, "No, no, Doro. He might be busy—he might not want to come, and if I asked him he would feel that he had to." He was very sensitive about such things as they affected his friends, but with his new relatives, my brothers and sisters, he was even more so.

One Thanksgiving evening I was not able to attend the opera, as I was just recovering from influenza, so Enrico sent my usual seats in the front row to my sister Torrance and my brother Romeyn. There was a long family dinner at my father's house that night, and it was late before they could get away. When at last they arrived at the opera house the first act was over. They were met in the lobby by Zirato.

A Steadfast Admirer

"Why—why are you so late?" he cried. "Mr. Caruso is so hurt that he cries. He thinks you don't come because you don't like him. Come quick now to the dressing room!"

Conscience-stricken, they followed the agitated secretary through the crowded corridors and back of the scenes. They found Enrico sitting dejectedly in front of his dressing table. As they came in he looked at them and turned away. "Nice family I have," he said solemnly. "Very affectionate family who don't even care to hear the brother sing. Perhaps"—with terrible sarcasm—"he does not sing well enough, eh?" It was only after many protestations and embraces on their part that he allowed a faint smile to penetrate the heavy gloom that darkened his brow. Later, however, he proved his forgiveness by winking at them in one of the most solemn parts of the third act of Forza del Destino.

After the second act of an opera I did not usually visit Enrico's dressing room, but spent that time in inviting to supper the friends we had agreed upon earlier in the day. When the opera was over I went to sit with him while he removed his make-up. He spent as much time taking it off as in putting it on, using a great quantity of pure cold cream made especially for him by an Italian chemist who took particular pride in keeping him supplied with it in large quantities. There was nothing unusual about the preparation except that it was free from glycerin and absolutely pure. He followed the application of this cream, which removed all the paint, with hot towels saturated in diluted witch hazel. Twenty to thirty of these towels would be applied to his face, followed by lukewarm applications of the same liquid.

When he was dressed he went to the stage door, and there we always found Mr. Scholl, a little German Jew who by day was an umbrella maker and by night the leader of the claque in the Metropolitan Opera House. Enrico never employed him in his official capacity any more than he ever paid for any advertising of his voice, but Mr. Scholl's admiration for Caruso was unbounded and he never failed to be at the door when the performance was over, to hold it open for his beloved tenor and to say, "Good night, Mr. Caruso."

"Ah, Scholl, good evening. Very kind of you to come."

(Continued on Page 89)

BOSCH RADIO

ARMORED

I am more than delighted with the marvelous tone qualities of the Bosch Radio. The clearness of the notes and the rich coloring of the tones, both vocal and instrumental, as they come to me through the air by means of your wonderful instrument, create the illusion of intimate proximity of the artist. Your instrument has attained perfection.

SIGNED

Ernestine Schumann Heink

Truly, Bosch Radio must have "marvelous tone" for that dean of artists, Mme. Schumann-Heink to give it such high praise. It has a superiority of tone values, a delightful clarity and startling naturalness based on the new achievements of Bosch Radio Engineers. These new six and seven tube radio receivers are fully armored and shielded and are tuned by an electrically lighted Single Station Selector, which gives you the desired broadcasting program instantly without interference, with but a touch of the fingers. Bosch Radio is wired for battery or socket power operation,—the last word in radio construction. Bosch Radio enclosed in beautiful cabinets of matched and finely finished woods—imposingly designed to harmonize with home decorative ideas. Built-in speakers or the Bosch Ambotone cone-type reproducer can be used depending on the model selected at your Bosch Radio Dealer. The Bosch Nobattry "A" a new and successful "A" power unit now ranks with the famous Nobattry "B" power unit. Hear Bosch Radio before you buy any radio.

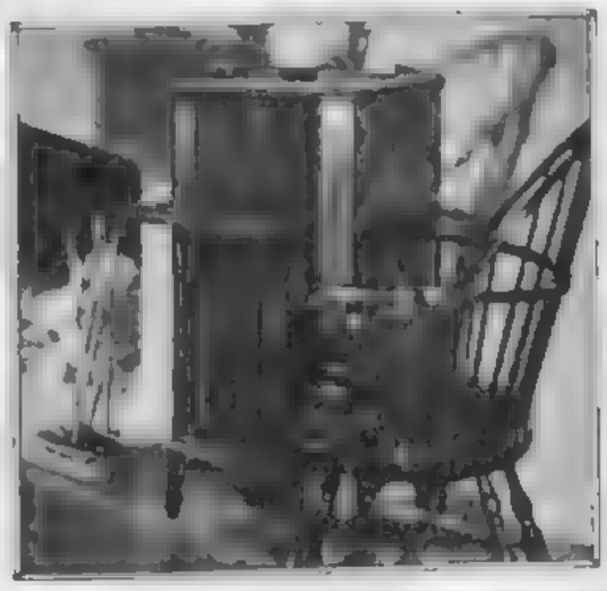
AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.

SPRINGFIELD MASS.

BRANCHES: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

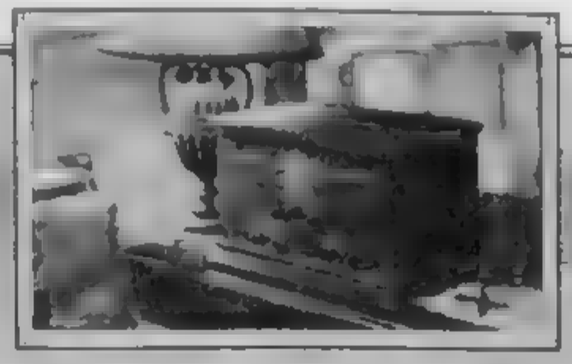
Model 76—Six-tube Receiver, Single Dial, cabinet type—wired for battery or socket power. With built-in speaker . $195.00
Without built-in speaker . . $175.00

Model 57—Seven tube Receiver, Single Dial, cabinet type, loop operated—built-in reproducer—wired for battery or socket power operation $340.00



All these Bosch Radio Models—ready for Bosch Socket Power Units—the Nobattry "A" and the Nobattry "B"—both totaling $100.

Model 66—Six-tube Receiver, Single Dial, table type, wired for battery or socket power . $99.50



RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE *of Conshohocken*

BEFORE summer entirely loses its charm and before winter grips us with its rigors, enjoy to the utmost our Indian Summer and the Harvest Moon.

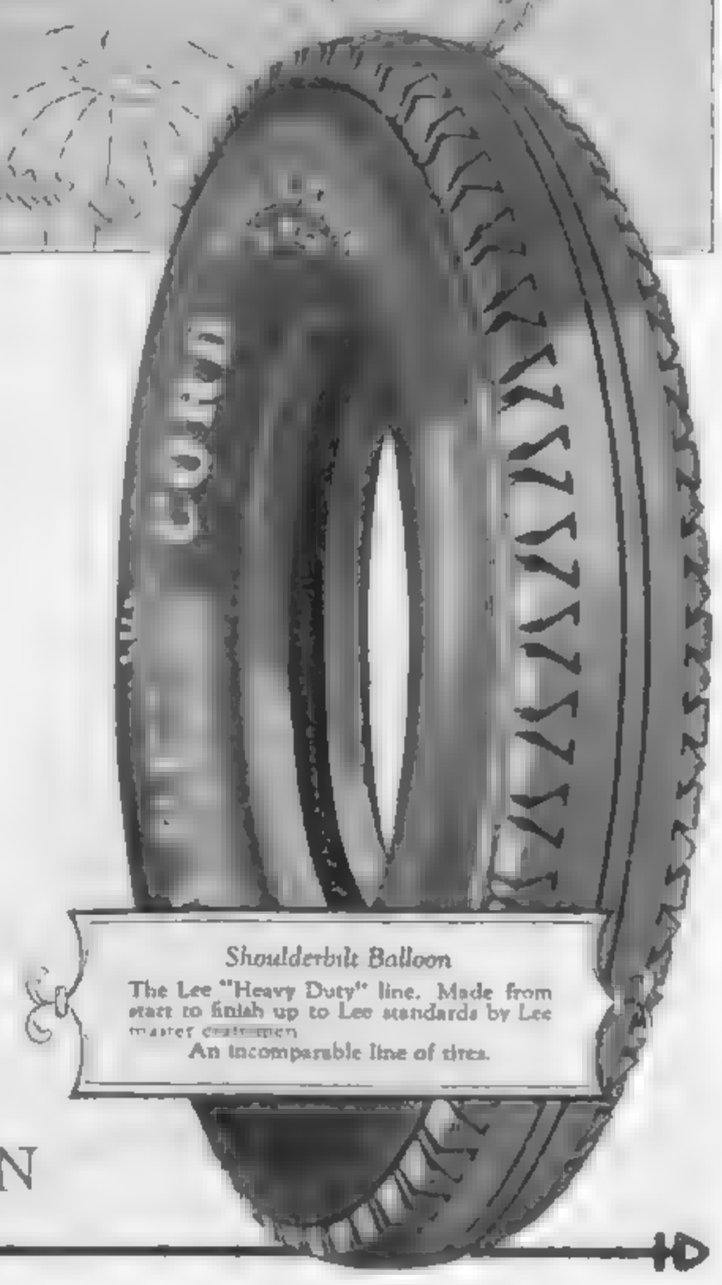
Colder days are ahead; harder driving over snowy roads; ice ruts which wrench your steering wheel and play havoc with tires. Equip your car now for winter with heavier and safer tires.

No sturdier Heavy Duty tires are made than Lee Shoulderbilt Balloons and Lee DeLuxe High Pressure Cords. Over over-size, they have more rubber than most others, while the design of the tread and its semi-flat surface insure the greatest possible protection against skidding.

The best of materials go into these tires, but of equal, if not greater, importance to you, is the old Lee tradition of care and thoroughness, which Lee workmen for many years have put into their work.

Since the best tires are mostly built by hand, the craftsmanship put into any tire means more than anything else. Lee builds nothing but good tires. You can trust them.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.


Shoulderbilt Balloon
The Lee "Heavy Duty" line. Made from start to finish up to Lee standards by Lee master craftsmen
An incomparable line of tires.

COST NO MORE TO BUY - FAR LESS TO RUN

(Continued from Page 86)

For those few words little Mr. Scholl would wait an hour or more after the great house was darkened. And no matter in what place Caruso sang, there he would be long after midnight, his little figure bowing at the doorway and his timid voice wishing him good night. During Enrico's long illness in the Hotel Vanderbilt, Mr. Scholl mounted guard at the door of the apartment, entering the names of callers in a great book, ushering in friends, replying to inquiries and barring the way to cranks and impostors. Except for his anxiety about Caruso's condition, I think he was happier doing this work than ever before in his life.

After long years of labor Scholl had managed, by difficult and tedious economies, to accumulate $5000. When he was entirely convinced that Enrico was well on the road to recovery, he took the savings of many hard years and returned to Germany. He was there when Enrico died, and his telegram was one of the first that I received at the hotel in Naples. "I am coming. Scholl." In the confusion that followed Enrico's death I did not think about Mr. Scholl until one day he presented himself before me, white, forlorn and apologetic. He had tried to leave Germany carrying his money with him, not knowing that it was against the law in Germany at that time to do so. He was imprisoned and his money taken from him.

After yards of red tape had been disentangled, he was released, but found that to reclaim his money would require another long delay. So he left it behind him and came directly to Naples. His devotion meant more to him than his ducats. After his arrival he went at once to Enrico's tomb. Leaning over the casket, he sobbed: "Won't you say one more word to poor old Scholl—only one more word to poor old Scholl, who loves you?"

As he did not recover his money, I persuaded him to return to America with me a few weeks later. Soon after we landed he followed his beloved singer into another world, perhaps to continue his chosen occupation, to open celestial doors for him, to bow and smile happily at the old greeting: "Ah, Scholl, good evening. Very kind of you to come."

Caruso's First Appearance

When we reached home after the opera, supper would be waiting for us and our guests. Enrico would change into a dark blue velvet jacket which he called his drinking jacket, although he seldom drank anything except whisky-and-soda before he went on the stage, and a little champagne afterward.

These suppers were always very gay and amusing, and everyone was delighted to be included in the invitation; they knew that when the strain of the operatic performance was over, Caruso was at his best. And what a best it was! He seemed to personify the very joy and richness of life as he sat at the head of his long table, laughing and joking and telling stories in his queer precise English. He delighted in making a joke in English—"Making a funny," he called it.

It was at one of these suppers that he told the story of his first appearance in opera. It is impossible to reproduce the best part of the story—his slow and careful pronunciation of the English words, the eloquent pauses, the dramatic gestures, shrugs and spreading of the hands, with his eyes shining as he acted again those days of his youth. He told the story with relish, but with a little sadness, too, for the boy who had suffered and a little pride for the man in the prime of life who had made good the promise of his early years.

In those far-off days Caruso was beginning his operatic career by acting as understudy for a tenor in a small company that toured the little country towns of Italy. The tenor was robust and never showed the slightest symptoms of weakness, so the young Caruso had no opportunity to appear in any other rôle than one that passed entirely unnoticed. Nevertheless, he was perfectly happy, because he had at last arrived at the point when he could travel around in a leisurely and happy-go-lucky fashion with congenial companions, and at the end of each week receive a small sum of money that never by any chance outlasted the first three days.

One afternoon the company, with its scenery and baggage, arrived at a town in which, as it happened, lived several friends of Caruso's who had formerly been neighbors in Naples. Fortunately there was no demand for his services that night; so, shouting a street song, he hurried off to find his friends, who received him with open arms. As Caruso would be with them only for two nights, they wished to celebrate his arrival in true classic style. Enrico entered into the festivities with high spirits, and by the time the stars began to peep out in the sky he was leading his companions in the songs they had sung together in the streets of Naples and drinking freely of the pleasant and potent vintage of that locality.

The noise and fun was at its height when the door burst open and one of his companions from the opera company rushed in. "Caruso, come! *Subito, subito!* The tenor has been taken ill. You must sing. Do you hear, Carusito? You've got to sing!" Dizzy and not sure that he heard aright, Caruso stumbled after the messenger down the narrow stairs. Supported by his comrades, he was escorted triumphantly to the opera house; they would have led him immediately upon the stage if the impresario had not chased the noisy followers out of the theater without any loss of time.

There's Many a Slip

Unfortunately Caruso did not remember the name of the opera in which he had to sing the leading rôle at such short notice, but it was one that he did not later include in his repertoire, one which is sung no longer; but he described with feeling the heat of the dressing room, the closeness of the wig on his aching dizzy head and the terrible difficulty he had in stooping down to put on his shoes. He managed to finish dressing more by the sense of touch than sight, for, as a matter of fact, nothing remained steady before his eyes long enough to be seen. He had to make a dashing entrance, which he accomplished without mishap; he got through his first aria, but he could not remember any of the stage directions, continually getting in the way of the other singers, to their dismay and annoyance.

It was not long before the audience realized his condition, and to add to his discomfiture, they hooted and howled, shouting directions and encouragement and turning the performance into a riot, which proceeded in front of the curtain to the hilarious accompaniment of cheers and laughter—and behind the scenes, with hisses and imprecations.

At the end of the performance Caruso was promptly dismissed from the company. He walked away from the darkened theater, scowled at by his companions, who felt that he had disgraced them, laughed at and mocked by the little boys of the street, who ran after him shouting, "Ubbriaco! Ubbriaco!" drunkard.

Quickly sobered by the night air, he saw what an opportunity he had lost, the very chance he had been awaiting eagerly for months past. He needed no one to tell him that he owed his disgrace to his own fault. But that thought has never yet helped anyone to a philosophical state of mind or made it possible to endure misfortune more easily. It was a broken-hearted boy that buried his face in his pillow that night.

All the next day he remained in his little attic room; and as the hours dragged on, the events of the night before seemed more disgraceful, his plight more desperate and life less and less worth living. Toward dusk, alone and without food, hungry, weak and discouraged, he decided to end his life. But how? With what weapon? All his money

His little feathered friends restored his youth by giving him a new interest in life—

ALL through the strenuous years devoted to business he had dreamed of the time when he could retire and live on his income.

An old friend sent him a pair of canaries

The time arrived while he was still vigorous and young enough to enjoy life—yet he was restless, unhappy. He missed his old associates, the activities that once crowded every hour. His health began to fail. His physician told him that he was doomed unless he could find something that would occupy his mind.

Just then an old friend sent him a pair of canaries. The male was a trained singer of rare beauty. The idea of breeding canaries occurred to him and he found, to his delight, that a wealth of interesting information was available on the subject. He changed one wing of his house into an aviary and bought canaries of many varieties.

He began to experiment with the mating of canaries to produce unusual beauty of plumage and range of voice.

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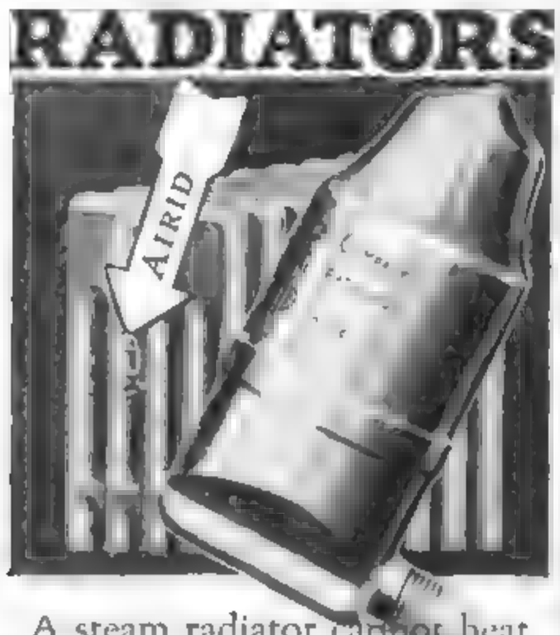

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had been lavished on the festivities of the previous evening he shuddered now at the thought of them—consequently he could not buy poison—"nor for that matter, a rope," he thought gloomily, looking up at the beams over his head. He had never owned a gun. He got up and thrust his hand down into his coat pocket. There was one lira hidden in a hole in the lining. Not enough for poison, but enough for a bottle of wine before he died; he would fortify himself with the wine and then consider further how to die.

He slipped down the stairs and in a few moments returned with a bottle of red wine. Hastily he drank some, feeling better even as the wine flowed down his throat. He set the bottle down and looked about him. Whether it was because he had had no food or that the wine was unusually strong, certain it was that the thought of suicide had lost its appeal. At any rate he would enjoy the wine in peace and later consider the question of death.

But after the second drink he felt even less inclined to allow his thoughts to dwell on unpleasant matters—in fact, he felt a strong urge to seek out his friends of the night before and tell them what a great injustice had been done him. He could sing as well as that pig of a tenor! Just let him have another chance and he would show them how a tenor ought to sing—not roaring and gasping and breathing hard, but softly—so—growing louder, gently rising from one register to another.

He began to sing softly, swimming his hands in the air as he rose to the notes and soared upon them. Ah, the song was so beautiful, so simple, so —— He broke off and listened—a trampling on the rickety stairs—someone bounding up, up, quickly, like a goat. Caruso sprang to his feet as the door burst open. "Caruso, come!" gasped the messenger. Caruso, asking no questions, bounded down the stairs, paying no attention to the puffing messenger who tried to keep up with him. But a word here and there reached him: "They won't listen to the tenor! . . . They hissed him! . . . Call for you!"

Caruso stopped short. "Call for me? Liar! They don't even know my name!"

"Not your name," panted the boy. "They call for Ubriaco."

A Taste of Fame

How lucky that he had the good red wine inside to fortify him! He would sing now. Let them wait and he would show them! "*Madonna mia,*" he whispered as he ran. "*Madonna mia.*" It was a breathless prayer—and it was answered, as prayers sometimes are when we determine that they shall be. In ten minutes Caruso came rollicking onto the stage. Ah, thanks to that wine he is still fortified! The audience greets him with howls. They leap upon their seats, shouting, "Ubriaco! Ubriaco!" He begins his aria. Silence. Not the voice of a great artist at that time, but the voice loved by the people, full of natural emotion, of surprising sweetness and melody. He sings the riotous audience to silence and then to frenzy. He comes before the curtain again and again, drunk, not with the good red wine but with the first sip of success, the taste of which was to be on his lips forever after.

And then what triumph! The company delighted, the tenor frowning darkly and threatening to leave at once, no one trying to stop him. The impresario, apologetic, increases his salary then and there to the splendid sum of ten lire a performance—which was, when you had it in your hands, all of two dollars and a half.

If there were no guests with us after the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, Enrico would eat a light supper of consommé and cold chicken and wander about the apartment, still nervous from the strain of the evening. He would stand in front of the vitrines that contained his collection of bronzes, enamels, coins and watches, and opening the doors, silently take out one beautiful object after another, examining it and fondling it as though he derived a spiritual comfort and quiet from communion with it. Only a few of his most valuable pieces were in the apartment; the rest were in the Canessa Galleries, where Mr. Canessa, an old family friend, took charge of them. Mr. Canessa, who is an antiquarian of international fame, often brought rare and beautiful objects of art to the attention of Caruso, but in the end it was always Enrico's own taste that decided the purchase.

Caruso in a Scene From "My Cousin"

In Il Carroccio—the Italian Review—Mr. Canessa tells how Caruso came to be a collector. One day as they were talking together Mr. Canessa showed Enrico a tiny gold coin on which was engraved the head of Queen Arsinoë II.

"That little thing costs five hundred francs," said Mr. Canessa carelessly.

Caruso took it into his hand and examined it intently. "It's beautiful. I like it. But what is the use of only one? I don't want one coin."

Mr. Canessa laughed. "There is only this one," he explained. "It is a very rare specimen."

"Very well, then," said Caruso, "it's mine."

That was the beginning of the purchase of gold coins and medals, collected from all countries and of all ages, that finally made Caruso the owner of one of the unique coin collections of the world. There were more than 2000 specimens, bits of metal dating from the fifth century B.C. to the present time.

From gold coins Caruso went on to collect watches, bronzes, pottery, antique glass, enamels and furniture. It became his pastime to haunt old shops, to wander through the narrow streets of ancient towns, to attend auctions and to spend hours poring over priceless collections in the great museums of the world. From the dark shelves of dusty shops, from tombs of Egyptian monarchs, from Pompeii and Persia, from French châteaux and castles in Spain, from monastery and mosque came the treasures of the Old World.

To walk through his collection in the Canessa Galleries is to move through an atmosphere of romance that opens the heart and stirs the imagination with its remembrance of the great ages of the world. One passes from one splendid epoch of history to another and comes close to the gorgeous figures that have been woven into the immense tapestry of civilization. Here is a bronze Bacchus made by that great craftsman, Leone Leoni, which is really a comic portrait of Morgante, the court dwarf of Cosimo de' Medici. Here is a tiny snuffbox encircled with pearls, presented by a royal prince to General Lafayette, who, besides being a general, was an accomplished courtier. Over there is a mortar of the early Renaissance that might have ground the poisons of the Borgias. Beside you is a chair bearing the emblem of Saint Francis of Assisi.

In cases are ranged exquisite opalescent glass, frail bubbles, made by the hands of craftsmen in the year 2500 B.C. and used by the ladies of the Egyptian courts to hold their rarest perfumes. There stands a Persian vase, ancient and beautiful enough to have held Omar's crimson wine. On the walls hang medieval embroideries in colored silks, laced with gold and silver threads, delicately wrought on velvet and portraying the prophets and saints, seraphs and angels of the monasteries, and double-headed eagles and banners of royalty.

In His Museum

How many tireless fingers worked on this gown, stiff with embroidery and jewels, that was made in the golden age of England, whose luxury-loving Queen Elizabeth may have numbered it among her 3000 "embroidered and laced gowns." With its roses, carnations and tulips, its wreaths and floral devices, and heavy designs of gold and silver thread, it is a garment fit for such a queen.

Furniture, watches set with jewels, fragile glass and deathless bronze, gold coins, tapestries and terra-cotta vases—it would require many volumes to do justice to their loveliness. And Caruso knew the history of each and all—knew and loved to tell it. Holding a bit of glass or bright Limoges enamel in his hands, he would caress it as he talked, as tenderly as though the polished inanimate surface could respond to the touch of his fingers. Late at night, when the house was still and the noise of Broadway a distant thunder, he would arrange and rearrange the glass shelves in the vitrines, placing the enamels, the watches, the snuffboxes, with due regard to size and color, considering all the details, even to the pattern of the antique lace that lay beneath them.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Caruso and Mrs. Goddard. The next will appear in an early issue.

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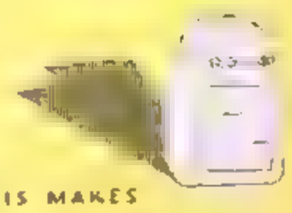

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GERMANY STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 31)

cherished illusion. Much publicity has been given to German industrial methods and processes. In many instances they were ingenious, notably in the dye industry and the creation of synthetic products. But this near-wizardry in chemical engineering did not make for large output save in dyestuffs.

Germany got her reputation as producer before Uncle Sam achieved his motor miracle. The moment he turned on the valve of mass production German industry became a back number, and it remained so until the past two years.

If Germany had been forced to contend only with these factors she might have escaped the drastic reverses that studded the postwar period. To the agencies I have enumerated must now be added the monster inflation which gave industry a purely superficial expansion and then collapsed with that well-known dull thud.

Out of inflation developed the industrial imperialist of the type of the late Hugo Stinnes, who followed the rainbow of the vertical trust. His tendency was typical of the times. The vertical-trust idea was the last word in a self-sufficiency that would reach from the mine where the raw material was produced to the setting down of the finished article, whether dynamo or motor car, at the door of the customer. It was a magnificent dream. In reality, so far as Stinnes was concerned, it led to a vast hodgepodge of more or less unrelated enterprises that included hotels, forests, ships, printing plants, cinema outfits and electrical works.

Stinnes was able to rear his empire because he bought with a falling mark and could thus get real assets for a song. Moreover, he temporarily took the control of industry out of the hands of the banks, and this maneuver stimulated the orgy of expansion. The moment the mark became stabilized and real values and attendant costs began to poke their heads over the ocean of depreciated currency, Stinnes was confuted. Instead of being the arbiter of credit, he became the victim of it. Had he lived he might have salvaged some of his holdings. With his passing, the banks once more stepped into control of industry and they have been in the saddle ever since. The Stinnes episode serves to explain how German industry took on its balloon feature and why it dropped to earth.

The Industrial Revolution

One more episode will round out the approach to rationalization. It was the invasion of the Ruhr, which was a defeat for German and French industrial imperialists alike. A dispassionate review of that effort to dig coal with bayonets shows that both sides were wrong. Force has never accelerated the economic machine. What the Ruhr incident did do was to unite the German state and German industry on a get-together basis that now makes for nation-wide development.

The Ruhr adventure led directly to the introduction of the *Rentenmark*, the first outpost of stabilization. This in turn was followed by the erection of the Dawes Plan. Out of monster mistake emerged good.

Recovery still tarried. The Dawes Plan imposed a heavy taxation. Money rates soared to well-nigh unbelievable heights and credit almost went to the vanishing point. The riot of spending a collapsed mark was followed by a shrinkage in buying that paralyzed home trade. Unemployment grew. The panic of 1925 to which I have referred was the result. Germany presented the incongruous spectacle of an exporter doing big business at a loss because imports of raw materials offset all the selling.

But more good was to come out of those parlous times, because they formed the approach to the industrial revolution which now enables Germany to step out.

German industrialists realized in 1925 that if they were to stick to big production they must reverse their methods. Then began the so-called rationalization process. Stated in the simplest terms, it means the regrouping of industries so that each factory can concentrate on a specific or highly specialized process. It brought about the scrapping or the complete renovation of plants with labor-saving devices patterned on the American plan. New institutions have risen, equipped with the machinery that makes mass output possible. In this concentration of industry you have the explanation of the widespread unemployment that obtained until last spring. So many factories were merged that much of the old personnel became unnecessary.

With centralization of production has come ability to produce at a lower cost, which in turn enables Germany to hold her own with American goods in world markets. Incidentally, much of the recasting of the Teutonic production machine has been made possible by American money.

Rationalization sped trustification. Just as groups of factories fused for specialized process, so did kindred interests begin to merge. The combine era broke. So widespread is the mood for consolidation that it rivals the American period when New Jersey was the mother of trusts. The Germans, however, have no Sherman Law to cramp their expansive style.

Wiping Out Old Methods

During the past two years exactly nineteen major consolidations have been perfected. They are in iron and steel, coal mining, potash, oil, machine shops, electrical appliances, shipping, chemicals, textiles, and especially artificial silk, paper, breweries, banks, air transport, department stores, motion pictures, leather and insurance companies. In addition, endless smaller cartels have been formed inside the larger industries. There are not less than twenty-five groups, for instance, in the chemical trust alone, each one functioning on its own so far as its specific product is concerned.

One significant feature of all the big trusts is that they are, without exception, developed along horizontal lines. This makes for close cohesion of kindred interests and frustrates futile effort with uncoordinated entities. Evidently the Germans have come to believe in the old motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

With trustification has come direct financing of output and with it a growing independence of the German banks. State coöperation, especially in power projects, is another manifestation. A further development is specialization within the trusts themselves. An illustration of economy is in chemicals. Before the great chemical fusion the various factories were turning out 14,000 different products. These have been reduced to 2400.

Everywhere is a ruthless wiping out of old methods. In no activity is this more evident than in coal. The Ruhr area, backbone of the industry, has been entirely remade, with every device known to scientific mining. Contrast this with the antiquated conditions in the British fields and you will find out why the German coal output for 1926 exceeded that of 1913 and why German coal exports last year established a new record, with 29,000,000 tons. Of course the British coal stoppage helped to swell this volume, but man to man the output in Germany is almost double that of Britain.

This intensive industrial activity is not confined to the huge groups. Despite consolidation and reconsolidation, many new small enterprises have developed. The increase from 8,000,000 plants in 1918 to 3,500,000 by May 1, 1927, has been entirely due to the springing up of smaller units. When all is said and done the real prosperity of Germany rests, in a sense, with these comparatively little units, just as the unshakable bulwark of a nation's resources lies in the reservoir of her small savings.

All the German trustification that I have described was well and good so far as it went, but it did not literally go far enough. As conditions were stabilized at home, a new menace arose abroad. With her restored Lorraine, France was becoming a power in steel. Italy, so far as Europe was concerned, was running away with artificial-silk production. Furthermore, the Franco-Belgian economic union, mainly in heavy metals, arose to create additional complications.

With the return of confidence came the kindred rebirth of an economic vision which before the war had planted the Teutonic product wherever the sun shone. So the Germans now said to each other: "If we are to get back we must expand our national trusts into international groups and thus allocate markets and prevent ruinous competition."

As you have already seen, she had the nucleuses in the shape of her cartels and trusts. It was a simple step therefore to tie them up with similar units or industries in other countries. Nor were the competing nations averse to negotiation. France feared German competition and Belgium yearned for deeper economic kinship with her one-time invader.

The net result is that today Germany is working partner in a series of international mergers which include potash, steel, rail manufacture, incandescent-lamp making, rolled wire and iron-pipe construction, enamel, benzine, aluminum, glue, copper, pig iron and bottle making. An Anglo-German chemical agreement is in the making and an Anglo-German shipping alliance is among the possibilities.

The most notable illustration of merger is in steel, which links up a considerable part of the production of Germany, France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar. Since I have already explained the details of this consolidation in these columns, it is only necessary to bring it up to date. One incident will show how it works. Despite the fact that the German quota is 43.17 per cent of the total, she exceeded her allowance during the first quarter of this year by about 1,000,000 tons, which entailed a fine of nearly $4,000,000. Every ton in excess of the quota is penalized four dollars. The fact that she could easily pay this penalty shows that her industry is sound.

The Chemical Combine

The economic and political significance of these international trusts is obvious. Not only do they guarantee and allocate markets, as is notably the case in the Franco-German potash combine, but they unify production on a large scale and tend toward the absorption of inefficient units into efficient ones. The partition of production is reaching the point where each area will eventually be employed in the output of that for which it is best suited. No less effective is this as a mission for peace. Nations are not apt to plunge into war with neighbors who constitute a considerable portion of their meal tickets.

We must go back for a moment to the individual German trusts. Each presents a definite achievement. Obviously it is impossible to deal with all. I will therefore take the vast chemical combine as an illustration of what has been accomplished, because it typifies the industrial recovery.

Not only is this the largest enterprise under one German control, ranking third among industries on the basis of gross export values, but its activities today have a peculiar significance for the whole human race. This develops from the production of oil from coal. The trust owns the process and has begun to develop it on a commercial basis. The oil operation has a distinct

(Continued on Page 97)

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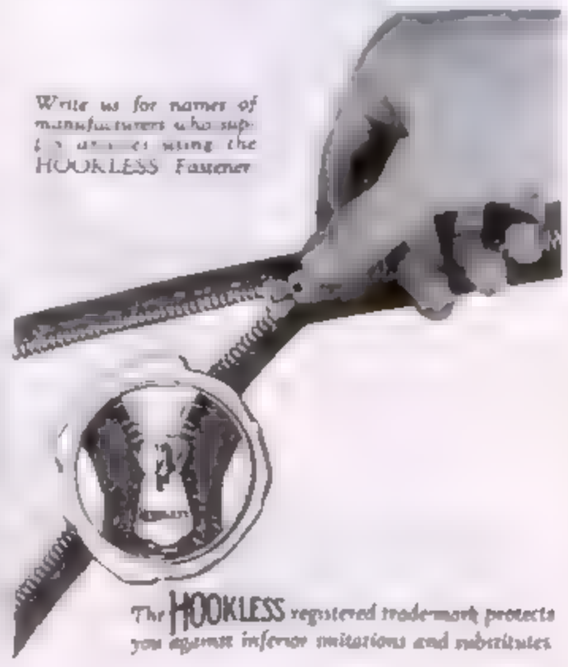
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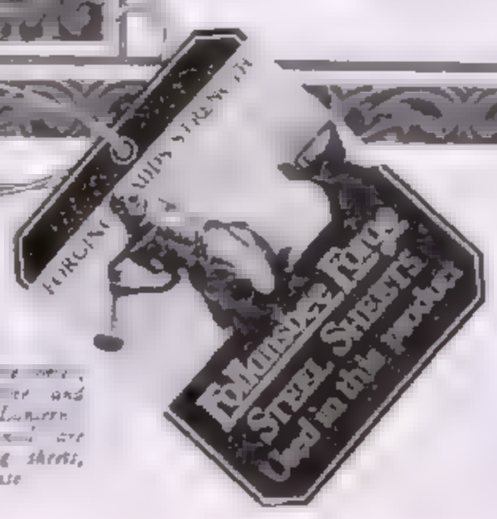

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(Continued from Page 95)

American bearing in the fact that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has acquired a share in what may ultimately bring about a new era in fuel.

The German Chemical Combine, or the Interessen Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie—these words broadly mean community of dye interests—represents the consolidation of the six leading German dye plants. With them are associated various independent subsidiary undertakings in chemicals and explosives. The foundation capital of the holding company, as we would call it, alone is 1,100,000,000 marks, or more than $250,000,000. Last year the shares rose from 115 to 390. These securities bear something of the same relation to the German stock market that Steel, common and preferred, bears to the American. In each case they represent a fundamental industry.

No phase of the chemical industry has escaped the I. G., as the trust is more commonly known. Its largest activities are in the production and sale of dyes, pharmaceutical and photographic products, synthetic nitrogen and other artificial manures, alcohols, artificial silk, medical supplies, paper and films. Its plant at Merseburg is the largest producer of fixed nitrogen in the world. In expansion, production allocation and reduction of overhead, the I. G. expresses the new German mass industrial effort. Typical of its self-sufficiency on the raw-materials side is its increasing interest or actual ownership in coal and lignite fields. Many of these are located in close proximity to the trust factories.

German supremacy in chemical research is an old story. Like big production, the business of synthesis has long been a thing to be revered and developed. During the World War, when she was hemmed in by a ring of steel, Germany produced from paper a myriad of articles ranging from stockings to car wheels. The time has arrived when a new and what may prove to be a historic distinction has come to the Teutonic laboratory—the synthetic-oil process now focusing universal interest.

In some respects it promises to be as epoch making as the coal-tar dyes in the past century and the creation of synthetic air nitrogen in this. Self-sufficiency in synthetic-oil products would save Germany $50,000,000 a year, which, by the way, is the same amount she paid before the war for Chile nitrates now replaced by the production of nitrogen fertilizers from the air.

Liquid Coal

For years science everywhere has had its eye fixed upon a substitute for crude petroleum. Like the understudy for rubber, gold and precious stones, it persistently baffled investigation until the inevitable German found a formula.

There was a particular stimulus behind the quest. For one thing, Germany must import practically all her oil. In the second place, a substitute for real crude, once commercialized, is a well-nigh priceless asset in view of the rapid absorption of petroleum reserves on the one hand and the corresponding march of the motor on the other. Finally, Germany is obsessed with an almost feverish eagerness to develop processes based on local raw materials and thus achieve a larger independence of imports. Germany has abundant coal, and coal or lignite forms the basis of synthetic oil.

After years of patient study three processes have been perfected. The first is the so-called Bergin, or Bergius, process of dust-coal hydrogenation discovered by Dr. Friedrich Bergius, of Heidelberg. The second is the Dye Trust process of lignite hydrogenation employing Bergin patents, while the third is the Franz Fischer process of coal-gas synthesis without pressure. You will presently see what is meant by pressure.

The I. G. is concentrating all its resources upon the Bergius process. Under it bituminous or sub-bituminous coal is milled or pulverized to a fine powder to which 30 per cent coal tar or oil residue is added, thus forming a thick paste. This mixture is heated at a temperature of not less than 400 degrees centigrade while terrific pressure is applied. The carbon in its pasty state takes up the hydrogen to form the oil. The first-run oil is then distilled. These are the fundamentals. The rest of the operation is, of course, secret.

An average ton of coal with 6 per cent ash content yields 500 kilos of oil, 5 kilos of ammonia, 235 kilos of gases and 240 kilos of ash-rich coke. The latter is returned to the process and consumed, thus making it independent of the coke market. The 500 kilos of oils produce 150 kilos of gasoline, 200 kilos of Diesel and impregnating oils, 60 kilos of lubricants and 80 kilos of fuel oil. The 10 kilos of product unaccounted for are lost in the operation.

Synthetic-Oil Costs

The cost factor is, in the end, the determining one. The German figures, as a report to the Department of Commerce by Trade Commissioner William T. Daugherty points out, must be taken with reserve. In estimates produced by Doctor Jellinek, of the Bergius staff at Heidelberg, it is calculated that a 50,000-ton plant would cost 8,000,000 marks, or $2,000,000. A 10 per cent amortization on installation, an average cost of 10 marks per ton of low-grade coal, and electricity costs of three pfennigs per kilowatt hour—a pfennig is a hundredth part of a mark—results in the production of a product consisting of gasoline, motor fuel, impregnating oil, lubricating oil, fuel oil and ammonia, costing 92 marks, or approximately $23 a ton. With electricity generated at the plant the cost is reduced to 78 marks, or about $20, according to Doctor Jellinek. When you compare this with the market quotation of from 140 to 190 marks—$35 to $47.50—per ton for the natural product you can see that there is a considerable saving in the synthetic article. Whether it does the same job in the long run as the real thing remains to be seen.

Obviously, if the I. G. did not believe that they had a big commercial proposition, they would not go into synthetic oil on the immense scale that marks their effort. When I was in Germany in May the hydrogenation unit was up and operating on a small scale. The distillation plant was still a skeleton structure, with 15,000 men at work on it. Complete operation will not be reached until next spring.

All the oil distillation from coal will be carried on at Merseburg, where the huge nitrogen plant is located. The oil-from-coal establishment is therefore situated where it draws not only on the I. G.'s vast lignite reserves in the vicinity but also from a common supply of hydrogen produced there in enormous quantities for simultaneous production of synthetic ammonia and methanol. This means a great economy. Characteristic of German ingenuity, the I. G. chemists have solved the problem of producing cheaper hydrogen by blowing water over lignite instead of over the more expensive coke.

The I. G. expects to produce from 120,000 to 250,000 tons of synthetic oil a year. By the end of 1928 it is expected that Germany will produce by synthetic methods more than 20 per cent of the nation's annual consumption of gasoline. This affects us considerably. Of the 1,000,000 tons of petroleum products imported into Germany each year, 65 per cent comes from the United States.

An agreement was entered into last August between Walter Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and the I. G. to coöperate in the development and exploitation of all synthetic oil and other patents of both organizations. That we have not been far behind in research is shown by the German desire to continue the use of such American-discovered products as glycol, used in organic synthesis and the manufacture of certain medicines. It is obtained by a secret process controlled by

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says

Rupert Hughes

"IN George Washington's day, the Greeting Card was unknown. Christmas greetings from friend to friend, and neighbor to neighbor, were written with goose-quills and dispatched by stage to their destination. To-day, the same kindness and grace are reflected in the Greeting Card, which, like a bright flower thrown in one's window, brings friends to the yuletime fireside."

Thus Rupert Hughes, novelist and short story writer, whose latest book "George Washington" is acclaimed as one of the leading biographies of the day.

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the Standard of New Jersey. The union of these two vast concerns for a common scientific effort to confute the exhaustion of Nature can be regarded only as a step of world-wide interest.

Before we leave the subject of combines, there must be a brief reference to German air traffic; first, because it has been developed on a larger scale than in any other country; second, because of revived interest in aviation growing out of the trans-Atlantic flights. Germany, with her Zeppelin tradition, is determined to achieve part of her rehabilitation through air supremacy. With eighty airports within her confines, she stands preëminent in civil flying and looks to world domination with a twelve-day-around-the-world service from Berlin.

Once more you have the now familiar spectacle of coördination of kindred interests with state aid. What is known as the Deutsche Luft Hansa—the German air trust—represents a consolidation of all the lines organized since 1921. The nucleus was the Deutscher Aero Lloyd, which was supported by the entire German aeroplane industry, except the Junker concern, which operated its own service. Due to competition, these rival lines lagged financially. Last autumn the Ministry of State Traffic insisted upon a union, and the Deutsche Luft Hansa was the outcome, with a capitalization of 25,000,000 marks. It now controls all German flying and receives a government subsidy three times as large as that granted by the British Government to develop civil aviation.

The combine has stimulated flying to the point where the air trip in Germany has become almost as common as a railway journey. Rates are so low that they can successfully compete with steam-transport tariffs. Last year German aircraft covered 3,812,856 miles over a network of airways that increased from 10,913 miles in 1925 to 12,673 miles in 1926. Nearly 60,000 passengers were carried during the past twelve months, an advance of 50 per cent over the corresponding preceding period.

These figures, however, tell only part of the story. To comprehend the extent to which German aviation has expanded you must know that it is now possible to reach every community of importance within the Reich by aeroplane and to cover practically all Europe. Berlin is linked with Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, Brussels, Paris, Barcelona, Vienna, Moscow, Madrid and the principal cities of the Baltic States. There is a transalpine route from Munich to Milan. With affiliated external lines, Germany is part of a system of airways that roll up the imposing total of 35,000 miles.

Week-End Air Trips

Berlin is the hub of this mighty wheel of air transport. Her principal port, the largest in the world, is at Tempelhof field in the outskirts of the metropolis. I spent a morning there in May. It is bigger and better organized in many respects than either Croydon, the premier British air station, or Le Bourget, outside of Paris, the French aviation capital, where Lindbergh landed after his historic dash.

Tempelhof is the Clapham Junction of the air world. I make this comparison because Clapham, near London, is probably the most bustling railway center anywhere. During my stay there six aeroplanes arrived and departed. Passengers from Copenhagen, for example, alighted and in fifteen minutes sped on to Munich. The system of change is so highly coördinated that a traveler can go from Paris to Moscow by way of Berlin with only four changes.

The latest kink in German aviation is the week-end flying trip. Every Saturday aeroplanes leave Tempelhof for various watering places, the return journey being made on Monday.

The Tempelhof field represents the final development so far in an airport. It has a completely equipped hotel where long-distance voyagers who desire to break their journey with a good night's sleep can have adequate food and shelter. The hangars are a vast improvement on any others that I have seen. Instead of the heavy doors that sometimes require from twenty to thirty men to open, the Germans have installed folding doors which one man can operate by machinery.

With characteristic thrift, the Germans have made Tempelhof a popular resort for the Berlin populace. On Sundays 4000 persons can be accommodated in the great open-air pavilion. Here they sit and drink their beer or coffee and get a vicarious kick out of the movement of the aeroplanes. Each arrival and departure is announced through a big megaphone and the crowd knows exactly where the machine hails from or where it goes. The whole show provides income and advertises aviation at the same time.

Tempelhof has a peculiar interest for me. As I entered its immense domain I thought of my last visit there. It was in the autumn of 1913 on the occasion of the annual German army review. In those days the place was dedicated mainly to military display.

Financial Chieftains

Under a huge oak—it was called the Kaiser's tree—the last of the ruling Hohenzollerns sat on a magnificent black charger surrounded by his brilliant staff. The sun gleamed on endless helmets, breastplates and orders. Before the then All Highest swept the flower of the German Army, while twenty bands smote the air. It was the most magnificent martial peace spectacle I have ever witnessed. Twelve months later the Emperor was on the road to eclipse and those troops that had stepped or ridden in such proud array were caught up in the maelstrom of the war of wars.

Today the only din that fills the air at Tempelhof is the incessant hum of aeroplane propellers. The Kaiser's tree still stands, solitary reminder of vanished pomp.

Out of complete readjustment of the economic machine has issued a new group of financial kings, each one a potential Stinnes in his way. Some were in authority at the close of the war, but all are now invested with fresh power. These men, who are the successors to the Von Gwinners and the Helfferichs, are to German industry what the elder Morgan, Stillman, Rogers, Harriman, Ryan and George F. Baker, Sr., were to that departed American day of interlocking directorates. They form a real money trust.

To appreciate their position you must know that until the Stinnes era the German banks completely dominated industry. As arbiters of cash and credit, they had their representatives on every board of directors. Big business was intimately linked with the famous four D banks—that is, the Deutsche, the Disconto, the Darmstädter and National, and the Dresdner. Private banks such as the Von Mendelssohn, Warburg and Bleichroeder houses have always had big industrial connections.

The banks had easy sailing until the ruthless Stinnes rose up and defied them. He bought the Berlin Handelsbank so as to have a technical position. The rearing of his stupendous conglomeration of interests was at complete variance with the established German custom. In a few years Stinnes became more powerful than the banks. The hour was opportune for his ascendancy. Inflation created such dislocation that the financial institutions were glad to keep their heads above the troubled waters.

When the two oldest Stinnes boys, through dissension and ill-advised expansion, brought their father's empire to the verge of collapse, the banks stepped in, liquidated the Stinnes Konzern, as it was called, and reassumed command of German industry. Today they are once more masters of the situation.

First among the new German financial chieftains is Jakob Goldschmidt, managing director of the Darmstädter and National Bank, who sits on the boards of fifty different companies, including the A. E. G., the great electrical firm; the Krupps, the Hamburg-American Line, and the Phœnix Mining Company. Next perhaps comes Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, who has been called the German Northcliffe because he owns a string of newspapers. Unlike the lamented British publisher, he is up to his neck in a ramification of industrial alliances. Early this year, for example, he bought control of the Ufa, the German movie trust, from the Deutsche Bank.

Third is Curt Soberheim, director of the Commerz und Privat Bank, who is on the boards of fifty-nine companies, being chairman of seven and vice chairman of six. Others of equal rank who were comparatively unknown outside of Germany a few years ago are Carl Fuerstenberg, chairman of the board of the A. E. G.; Dr. Louis Hagen and Baron Simon Alfred von Oppenheim, who are in forty-nine, fifty and fifty-seven directorates respectively.

Among the industrialists are two notable new outstanding figures. One is Otto Wolff. Twenty-five years ago he was a small dealer in iron at Cologne. Now he disputes mastery with the Krupps. He was largely instrumental in bringing about the formation of the new German steel trust. Inflation helped him to get a start, but, unlike Stinnes, he built his house of more enduring material. With the death of the elder Thyssen, who was called the Lion of the Ruhr, his son Fritz took over control and is today a vital force in iron and steel.

Of all the men I have enumerated, the most interesting and at the same time the least known personality is Jakob Goldschmidt. At forty-four he is almost the czar of German finance. His astonishing rise to authority shows that we have no monopoly on self-made success. The son of a small Jewish shopkeeper, he was born near Hannover. At fifteen he got a job as messenger in the Oppenheimer private bank at Hannover, where his first wage was fifty marks a year, or $12.50.

Avoiding the Limelight

At twenty-one Goldschmidt was a trained banker. Five years later he organized his own private banking house in Berlin, which he subsequently merged into the Darmstadter institution, of which he became director at thirty-five. He was the youngest man to hold that post in Germany.

It was largely due to Goldschmidt's efforts that the amalgamation of the Darmstädter and National Bank was effected. With this merger he became the active head of an institution that rivals the one-time prestige of the Deutsche Bank, corner stone of the prewar German world-trade offensive. It is worth mentioning that in his early days with the Darmstädter bank Goldschmidt had as obscure colleague Dr. H. Schacht, now president of the Reichsbank, the premier financial post in the Reich.

Despite his amazing leadership, Goldschmidt avoids the spotlight. He is seldom interviewed and has not sat for a photograph in fifteen years. I first met him two years ago, when he was chairman of the bankers' consortium which liquidated the Stinnes interests, where he achieved an adroit job of salvaging. I saw him again last summer. He is of medium height, with a smooth, alert, almost boyish face. His manner is more animated than that of most German bankers. In America we would call him a live wire. I asked Goldschmidt to summarize the German economic position and he said:

"After deflation had been completed Germany had two principal difficulties to contend with. One grew out of an over-expanded production which, from the technical point of view, was out of date. The other was a small consumptive capacity resulting from the destruction of capital by inflation. It was therefore necessary to reduce the apparatus of production to a level corresponding with consumption.

(Continued on Page 103)

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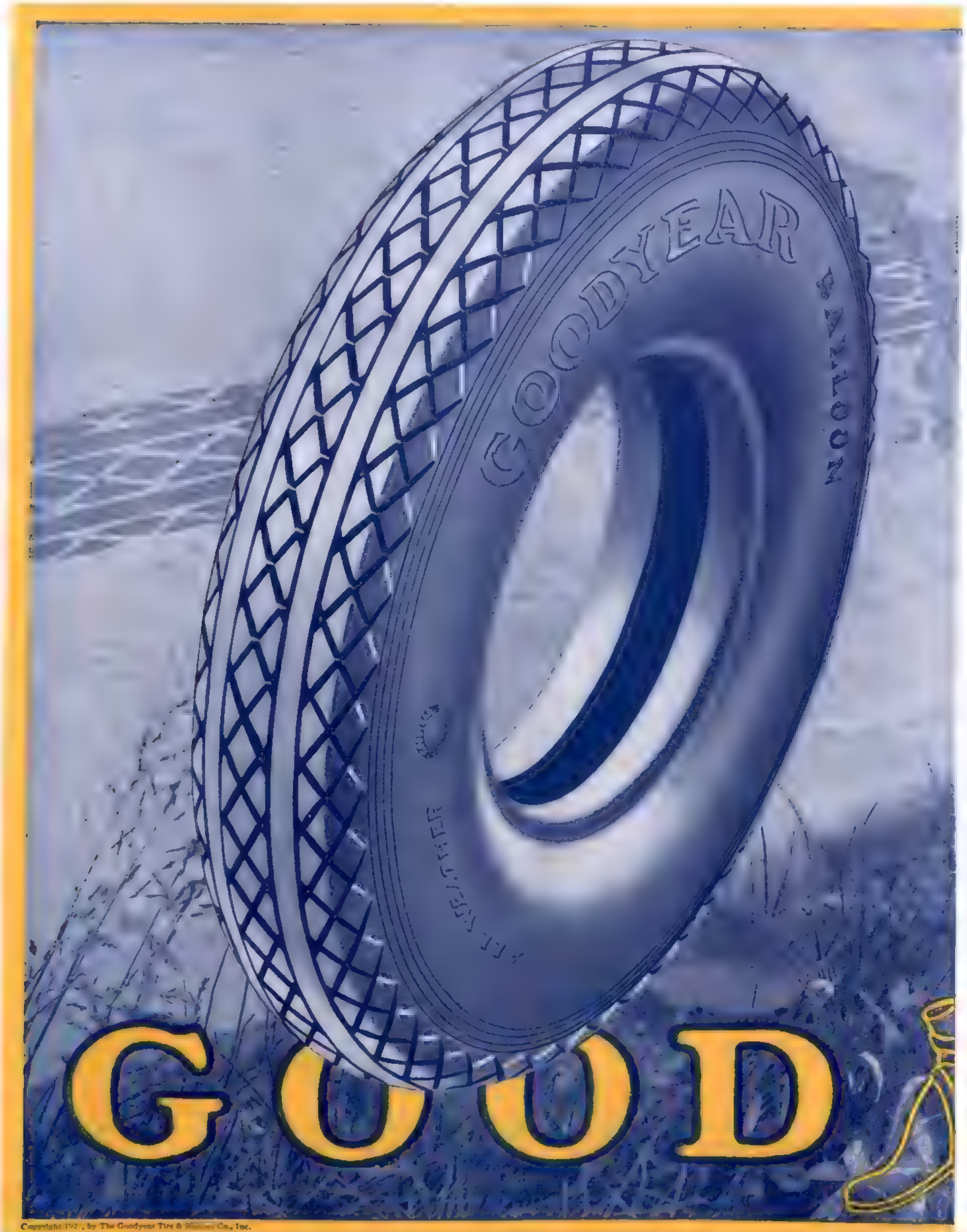

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(Continued from Page 98)

and then develop it so that the goods produced could compete in quality and price in the markets of the world.

"Production was accordingly reorganized through an extensive process of amalgamation. It was accompanied by the introduction of modern methods. Inefficient producers have been eliminated. The big vertical concerns have been broken up and replaced by soundly constructed horizontal combinations organized to adapt output to consumptive capacity. The execution of this task was accompanied by a series of crises which seriously affected our whole economy. That it was possible to surmount these crises was proof that the kernel of our economic organism is thoroughly sound.

"In order to carry out this process of rationalization foreign financial help was essential because of the shortage of German capital. In fact, it has not yet been possible to dispense with this assistance. The total of foreign capital now invested in Germany in short or long term amounts is between 5,000,000,000 and 6,000,000,000 marks.

"There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether this indebtedness constitutes a danger for the German economy. In my opinion the menace is insignificant so long as the recovery of German economic life is not disturbed by unforeseen external influences, particularly those of a political character. It is obviously necessary for Germany to carry out her further foreign borrowing with careful consideration. An important factor in this connection is constituted by the balance of payments and the balance of trade, particularly as regards exports of German goods. For some considerable time it will not be possible to increase German exports considerably in order to provide German industry with foreign balances. Rather will it be necessary in the next few years to reduce imports as far as possible, and to enable domestic consumption to be increased and supplied as far as possible at home. At the same time we must cut down unproductive expenditures in trade, industry and the civil services to a minimum consistent with efficiency."

A Deficit in Trade

"In any case it may be said that the new foundations of the German economy are stable. They should enable the foreign capital lent for reorganization and maintenance to produce sufficient returns for interest and sinking-fund payments. The heavy burdens now resting upon Germany require careful control and close observation. Only sums applied to productive purposes and for long enough periods to enable them actually to reproduce themselves can be of real value to the economic structure."

"We must strengthen and expand our consumptive capacity by greater production, and at the same time perfect our production so that it can turn out goods of high quality and low price. When this has been achieved the automatic reduction of imports and the increased competition of our products in the markets of the world will bring about the necessary improvement in our international balance of payments."

When Goldschmidt referred to an increased consumptive capacity he put his finger on what is developing into another stabilizer of recovery. Slowly but surely the German manufacturer is departing from the traditional single-track policy of big production with exports as the main outlet. He has begun to exploit the home market on a scale never before attempted. In this drive is part of the antidote for the adverse trade balances that have almost become chronic.

Notwithstanding all the ink spilled over German exports, the trade figures disclose a continuous deficit. Although German trade showed an increase in 1926 over the preceding year, the excess of imports over exports was nearly 800,000,000 marks. This year the shortage is heavier. In April alone imports topped exports by 300,000,000 marks, while for the first quarter of 1927 they reached 877,000,000 marks, or more than the whole adverse balance of 1926.

This deficit grew out of the need of such essential raw materials as cotton and copper, as well as foodstuffs. They have had the effect of accelerating the movement for self-sufficiency. In connection with German exports you must keep in mind the fact that a big volume is for payment in kind under the Dawes Plan. When Germany, for example, sends dyes, chemicals, coal, timber and electrical machinery to France as indemnity they take the place of goods that she might be selling to French customers.

America is the model in the new effort to expand the home market. Our selling and advertising methods are being initiated with success. Even the German-made movies are being pepped up along Yankee lines. Among the innovations that indicate the change in merchandising procedure is the introduction of installment selling. It is being applied not only to automobiles and radio equipment but to a vast variety of manufactured articles. The first five-and-ten-cent store—in terms of twenty-five and fifty pfennigs—was opened in Germany this year at Bremen.

Germany's Black Friday

Joined with the speeding up of domestic sales is a new trade offensive abroad. Formerly the German producer had an export agent in Hamburg who, in turn, dealt with a representative at Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Calcutta or Hong-Kong. Now the middleman is being eliminated and the American branch-house system adopted. It makes for direct selling and a corresponding reduction of overhead costs.

Patriotism is being stimulated. Chambers of commerce are being organized in every oversea German colony with the idea of renewing national and commercial interest in the fatherland. This is notably the case in South America and the Far East.

The German Government is standing squarely behind this offensive with subsidies and export credit insurance schemes. The latter are divided into two groups. One is for Russia, as you will soon see, and the other includes the rest of the trade world.

Furthermore, Germany is linking herself up with the whole universe of trade with commercial treaties. The latest and most significant is the favored-nation agreement reached with France in August last after more than two and a half years of negotiation. It marks an epoch in the relations between the two once-belligerent countries and is evidence of the rapprochement that has finally come to pass. Under it French perfumes, wines, soaps, porcelains, silk, woolens and several other manufactured articles have the benefit of a low German customs rate, while German chemicals, optical goods and electrical appliances of all kinds enjoy a minimum tariff in France.

This treaty is the first concrete expression of the new European doctrine enunciated at the Economic Conference in Geneva which makes for the leveling of trade barriers. It is a definite blow aimed at the ancient folly embodied in the theory that trading is a form of warfare. Thus political peace between Germany and France is now followed by commercial amity.

Another feature of the German housecleaning is the return to normalcy in the stock market. Until this year inflation still ruled. The collapse of 1925 brought the security price level, taking 100 as the index, to 58.31, due to high credits and the money famine. At the end of 1926 the average price had gone to 137.87. On May first of this year it was 167. Distension continued because industrial stocks on a 5 or 6 per cent basis were selling around 350, which was all out of proportion. Credit had become so easy that everybody was speculating.

On Friday, May thirteenth—a day written into German financial history as Black Friday—came the inevitable smash. With the calling of loans, stocks crashed, the bubble burst and security prices went to pot. Thousands of speculators were wiped out.

I happened to be in Berlin on that day of disaster and saw the spectacle at close range. In such a crisis the victim always seeks a goat. The blame was placed at first upon S. Parker Gilbert, the American agent-general of reparations, who was charged with having so rigidly enforced Dawes payments as to cause the banks to shut down on loans. A few days later in a talk with Doctor Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, I got the real facts. He said:

"The reason for the panic was overspeculation. Security values were inflated and there was too much reckless borrowing. It was at my instigation that the banks called loans, because I realized that there must be an end of skyrocketing. The stock market is now normal and it is our purpose to keep it so."

Now a word about the German financial situation. It was the impression early this year that the flood of American loans had ceased. The moment American dollars stopped coming into Germany, however, the mark became slightly impaired. A credit stringency again developed. In consequence a credit of $30,000,000 was placed at the disposal of the German Gold Discount Bank in August by a group of New York institutions headed by the International Acceptance Bank, Inc. The German Gold Discount Bank is an offshoot of the Reichsbank and was organized to hasten the restoration of the gold standard and safeguard stabilization in 1924. Additional American loans aggregating $70,000,000 have recently been made to German industrial concerns, including the United Steel Workers Corporation, the new German steel trust. German earning power is unimpaired. Last year, for instance, the republic created enough new capital to more than pay the Dawes annuity.

One of the signs of recovery is in the growth of savings deposits. In 1923 they had been practically wiped out because of the inflation which made paupers of millions, especially those who were living on income. Today nearly 4,000,000,000 gold marks are in the savings banks, representing the accumulation of a little more than three years. During the six months ending April 30, 1926, there was an increase of nearly 1,000,000,000 marks.

The Road to the Orient

German economic relations with Russia require a detailed explanation because of their far-reaching political significance. In view of the Anglo-Russian break, the imminence of a rupture between Paris and Moscow and the consolidation of the anti-Bolshevik movement in Central Europe, following the communist-inspired Vienna riots, Russia has become the most isolated country in Europe. It is the penalty that she pays for persistent and pernicious propaganda.

Germany is the only important power with anything like a close alliance with Russia. Germany sees in Russia a big field for export as well as a highway to the Chinese market. Hence she has coddled Russia with immense credits that already total $125,000,000 and may be expanded by an additional $75,000,000 before the end of this year. These credits are from banks and industries and are made with the approval and support of the government, which guarantees 60 per cent of the risk.

The arrangement plays into the hands of the Moscow autocracy and vice versa. Whatever credits the Germans give Russia liberates just so much money for soviet mischief-making throughout the world, especially in China. This meddling, in turn, which has expressed itself concretely in the anti-British boycott, clears the way for German merchandise to replace the banned

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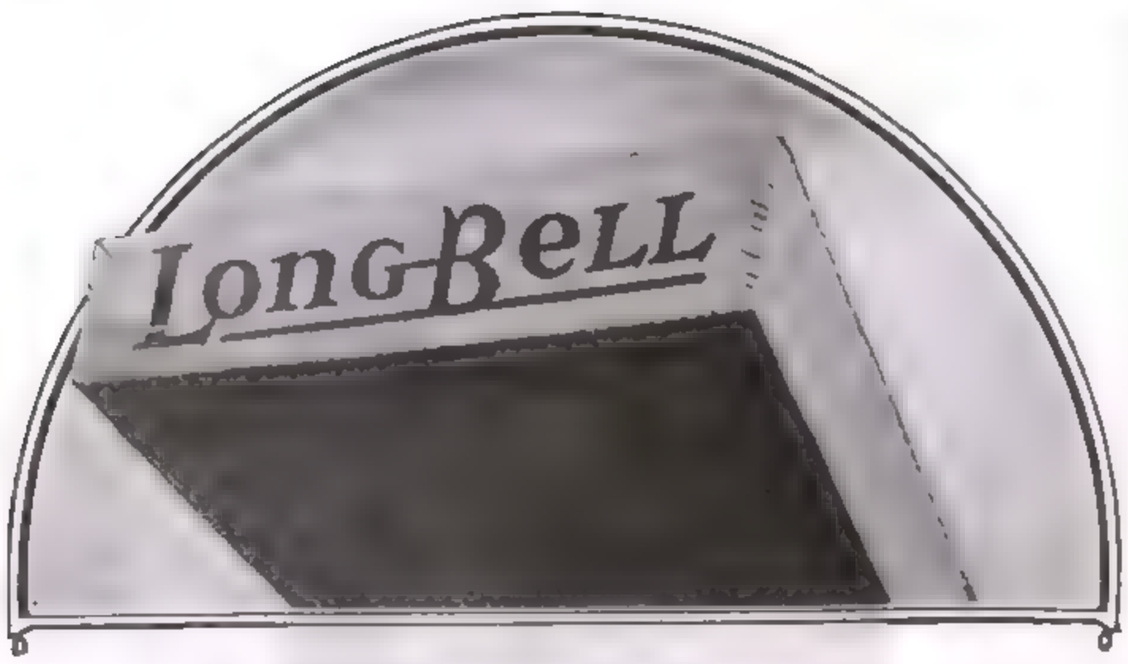

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wares from Britain. I do not maintain that the Germans have financed Russia with this end in view, but the fact remains that they have capitalized the chaos, as is shown by the increase of 25 per cent in German exports to China during the past year.

In this Chinese penetration, whether consciously or unconsciously aided by Russia, the Germans show that they are back at the technic that contributed so largely to their prewar prestige. Since 1920, 8000 Germans have mastered the Chinese language. They have therefore become ideal envoys of trade. Furthermore, Germany early relinquished her extraterritorial rights and has scrupulously refrained from interference in Chinese affairs. It follows that her goodwill in China, always a vital asset in business, is 100 per cent.

The Germans have twenty so-called pure and nine mixed concessions in Russia. A pure concession is operated entirely by the nationals of the country holding it, while a mixed concession is one in close coöperation with a soviet institution. The mixed concession, let me add, does not belie the name, because it is decidedly complicated.

Practically every German concession granted by the Bolsheviks has been a failure. One of the most conspicuous is the Mologa timber undertaking, of which Doctor Wirth, former German Chancellor, is managing director.

When I asked leading German bankers and industrialists why they persisted in giving Russia credits the invariable answer was: "We are doing it in economic self-defense. It does not mean that we have any love for the Bolsheviks, but we must have an outlet for our commodities. Russia is about the only country that has not reared a high tariff wall against us. She is near at hand and she opens up the way to the Oriental market."

The German experience in Russia emphasizes a point that I have frequently made in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—namely, that recognition of Moscow is no speeder up of trade. The case of Britain will illustrate. Between 1921 and 1926 the British rolled up a debit balance of nearly £32,000,000, or about $160,000,000. During two of these years recognition was in effect, but business did not improve materially. In the same period the United States, without recognition, had a credit balance with Russia of £36,000,000, or $180,000,000. Let me repeat that the principal by-product of recognition is subsidized sedition. Every soviet envoy is an ambassador of unrest. The Bolshevik Trade Delegations, whether in London, Paris or Berlin, are nests of espionage. This was demonstrated when the British police raided Soviet House in London.

Between Two Fires

The political potentialities in the Russo-German economic association bode no good. They grow out of Poland's more or less precarious position with regard to both countries.

Ever since the League of Nations cession of the richest part of Upper Silesia to Poland, to say nothing of the Dantzic Corridor to the sea, which sliced off another desirable German area, there has been ill feeling between Germany and her neighbor. A bitter trade war exists, each side penalizing the exports of the other. It was bad enough to have Teutonic enmity, but Poland got in much worse with Russia when Voikoff, the soviet envoy, was assassinated in Warsaw. She is now between the devil and the deep blue sea. In the remote event of hostilities between Russia and Poland the Germans would probably not lift a finger to help the Poles because of their financial stake in Bolo land. France is Poland's ally and would be drawn into the mêlée, thus spilling the European beans again.

For the final section I have kept another problem with international ramifications. I refer to the Dawes Plan, which will face a show-down for better or worse within the next twelve months.

For three fiscal periods the Germans have faithfully met the yearly payments—they have been 1,000,000,000; 1,220,000,000 and 1,500,000,000 marks respectively—and have also found the first installments of the 1927–28 annuity of 1,750,000,000 marks. With the 1928-29 term the so-called standard payment of 2,500,000,000 marks will be reached and will remain at that figure. As the high tide of overhead approaches, agitation in Germany for some kind of revision or amendment increases.

The Germans contend that the standard payment is not only excessive but coincides with heavy service on the vast foreign borrowing; that the transfer of so many gold marks to creditor countries is a drain on the financial system; and that payment of indemnity in kind works havoc with legitimate exports. The transfers, whether in cash or in kind, represent the crux of the whole matter.

There is not the slightest question of Germany's ability to meet the standard annuity. As I have intimated, her earning power is not only unimpaired but expanded. The issue to be met therefore is the manner of transfer. If revision is brought about, it will be along this line.

The prevailing opinion among German bankers and industrialists is that instead of being transferred to England, France, Belgium or Italy, as the case may be, the cash payments should be employed in German securities or other investments and thus kept within the Reich for the benefit of the creditor nations. It is further proposed to eliminate small indemnities in kind—that is, shipments of dyes, fertilizers, timber, machinery, livestock, textiles and other commodities—and concentrate on the construction of big projects such as docks, tram lines and hydraulic installations. This procedure would make for the increase of German exports and at the same time give creditors the advantage of German service and output.

The First Milepost

It is one thing for the Germans to propose revision, but another for the Allies to acquiesce. France will oppose any kind of amendment, especially a reduction of payments. The Dawes annuities enter too largely into the scheme of all the debt payments to us to warrant change. Inevitably Germany will be forced to stick to the standard rate for a time at least and make the best of it.

This means that the future of the Dawes Plan depends upon increased German wealth capacity. It can be achieved in three ways, namely: a revised taxation system, the introduction of more foreign capital and a definite increase in regular exports. Already readjustment of taxation is in effect and it has proved most beneficial. The merger tax formerly mulcted consolidation heavily. Since its repeal the number of combines has increased and the payment of income taxes by trusts and other consolidations is many times larger than the amount that would have been derived from the merger tax.

The fact that Germany has met the increasing Dawes obligations is concrete evidence of her comeback. Teutonic pride and not lack of resource is responsible for much of the existing objection. Instead of being a burden, the Dawes scheme remains a stabilizer. It set up the first milepost of European economic and political reconstruction. To tamper with it seriously would dislocate an agency that has wrought vast good.

In the last analysis you find a parallel of sorts between the agitation for Dawes Plan revision and the hysteria in various European quarters over the debts to America. Each represents a definite obligation involving the national integrity. Each has been intermittently perverted into a political issue. In their faithful fulfillment lies a further guaranty of international accord.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe. The next will be devoted to France.

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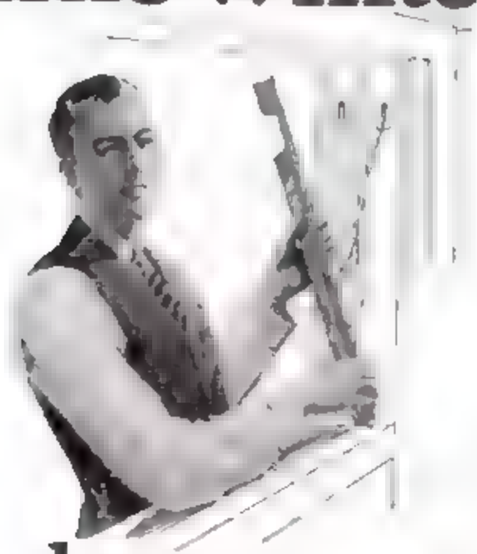

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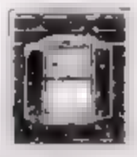

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THE BELLAMY TRIAL

Continued from Page 35

"Oh, no, indeed, it wasn't that; nobody in this world could want a kinder mistress than Mrs. Ives. It was because—it was because of Adolph."

"What about Adolph, Mrs. Platz?"

"It was because ——" She shook her head despairingly, fighting down the shamed, painful flush. "I don't like talking about it, sir. I'm not one for talking much."

"I know. Still, the only thing that can help any of us now is truth. I'm sure that you want to help to give us that."

"Yes, sir, I do. All right then—it was because of the way Adolph was carrying on with Mrs. Ives' waitress, Melanie."

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, I think they wanted me to know it," said Adolph Platz's wife, her soft voice suddenly hard and bitter. "He was more like a lunatic over her than a sane, grown-up man—he was indeed. I caught him kissing her twice—once in the pantry and once just behind the garage. They wanted me to catch them."

"What did you do when you made this discovery?"

"The first time I didn't do anything; I was too scared and sick and surprised. I didn't know men did things like that—you know, not the men you married—not decent ones that were your brother's best friends, like Adolph. Other men might, but not them. I didn't do anything but cry some at night. But the next time I saw them I wasn't so surprised, and I was mad right through to my bones. I jumped right in and told both of them what I thought of them, and then I went right straight to Mrs. Ives and told her I was leaving the minute she could get someone else, and I told her why too. I told her she could keep Adolph, but not me."

"What happened then?"

"Then she sent for Melanie and Adolph and they both said it wasn't so."

"Your Honor ——"

"Never mind what anyone said, Mrs. Platz; just tell us what happened."

"I couldn't do that without telling you what we were all saying, sir. We were all talking at once, you see, and ——"

"Yes. Well, suppose you just tell us what happened as a result of this conference?"

"Adolph and I left, sir. I wouldn't have stayed no matter what happened after all that—not with me a laughingstock of all those servants for being such a dumb-bell about what was going on. And Mrs. Ives didn't want Adolph without me, so he came too. There wasn't any way Mrs. Ives could tell which of us was speaking the truth, so she didn't try; but all the same, she gave Melanie as good a dressing down as ——"

"Yes, yes, exactly. Now just what happened after you left Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Platz?"

"Well, after that, sir, we had a pretty hard time. We weren't happy, you see. I couldn't forget, and that made it bad for us; and I guess he couldn't either. Maybe he didn't want to."

The flood gates, long closed, were open at last. The small, quiet, tidy person in the witness box was pouring out all her sore heart, oblivious of the staring eyes and straining ears, conscious only of the ruddy and reassuring countenance before her.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Platz, but we aren't permitted to learn the opinions that you formed or the conclusions that you reached. We just want the actual incidents that occurred. Now will you just try to do that?"

The frustrated, troubled eyes met his honestly.

"Well, I'll try to, but that sounds pretty hard, sir. What was it you wanted to know?"

"Just what you did when you left Mrs. Ives."

"Yes, sir. Well, first we tried to get a job together, but we didn't get much of a one. It was a family of seven, and we did all the work, and Dolph didn't like it at all; so when spring came he decided to take a position as gardener on Long Island at Oyster Bay, where they wanted a single man to sleep in the garage. We fixed it up so that I was to take a job at Locust Valley as chambermaid, and we'd spend Sundays together, and evenings, too, sometimes. It looked like a pretty good plan, the way things were going, and it didn't work out so bad until I got that letter."

"You haven't told us about any letter, Mrs. Platz."

"No, sir, I haven't, that's a fact. Do you want that I should tell you now?"

"Well, I don't want you to get ahead of your story. Before you go on, I'd like to clear up one thing. What was the date on which your husband took this position?"

"It was the first of April, 1926. I didn't get mine till about two weeks later."

"Did you consider that he had left you for good at that time—deserted you, I mean?"

"I certainly didn't understand any such a thing." A spark shone in Mrs. Platz's mild eye. "He came to see me every Sunday of his life just like clockwork, and about once a week besides."

"He had talked of leaving you?"

"He certainly didn't, except once in a while when both of us was mad and didn't mean anything we said—like he'd say if I didn't quit nagging he'd walk out and leave me cold, and I'd say nothing would give me any more pleasure—you know, like married people do sometimes."

The prosecutor permitted himself a wintry smile.

"Quite. Divorce was not contemplated by either of you?"

"No, sir, we couldn't contemplate anything like that. Divorces cost something dreadful; and besides, we hadn't been married no more than a year about." Mrs. Platz blinked valiantly through the straw-colored lashes, her mouth screwed to a small, watery smile.

"So, at the time you were speaking of, your relations with your husband were amiable enough, were they?"

"Yes, sir; I didn't have any complaints to make. Everything was nicer than it had been since the fall before."

"What changed your relations?"

Mrs. Platz, the painful flush mounting once more, fixed her eyes resolutely on the little patch of floor between her and Mr. Lambert.

"It was that ——"

"Just a little louder, please. We all want to hear you, you know."

"It was that waitress of Mrs. Ives'. She sent for him to come back."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, I'll tell you how I know it." Mrs. Platz leaned forward confidentially. It was good, said her quick, eager voice—after all these weary months of silence, it was good to find a friend to listen to this ugly story. "This was the way: Sunday evening came around and he hadn't never turned up at all."

"Sunday of what date?"

"Sunday, June twentieth, sir. I didn't know what in the world to make of it, but Tuesday morning, what do I get but a letter from Dolph saying that ——"

"Have you still got the letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got it with you?"

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Platz dipped resourcefully into her shiny black leather bag and produced a soiled bit of blue note paper.

"This is the original document?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"In your husband's handwriting?"

"Yes."

"Your Honor, I ask to have this note marked for identification, after which I offer it in evidence."

"Just one moment, Your Honor. May I ask on what grounds the correspondence of the Platz family is being introduced into this case?"

"If Your Honor will permit me I'll explain why these documents are being introduced," remarked Mr. Lambert briskly. "They are being introduced in order to attack the credibility of one of the prosecutor's star witnesses; they are being introduced in order to prove conclusively and specifically that Miss Melanie Cordier is a liar, a perjurer and a despoiler of homes. I again offer this letter in evidence—I shall have another one to offer later."

Judge Carver eyed the blue scrap in Mr. Lambert's fingers with an expression of deep distaste. "You say that this proves that the witness was guilty of perjury?"

"I do, Your Honor."

"Very well, it may be admitted."

Mr. Farr permitted himself a gesture of profound annoyance, hastily buried under a resigned shrug. "Very well, Your Honor, no objection."

"The envelope containing this letter is postmarked Atlantic City, June 20, 1926," remarked Mr. Lambert with unction. It says:

"*Dear Frieda:* Well, you will be surprised to get this, I guess, and none too pleased either, which I am not blaming you for. The fact is that I have decided that we had better not see anything more of each other, because Melanie and I, we have decided that we can't get along any longer without each other and so she has come to me and I have got to look after her.

"The reason that I did not come to see you this week-end was that I went out to Rosemont to see her and she had got in wrong with Mrs. Ives and she was in a dreadful state about this Mrs. Bellamy being killed, and she is very delicate, so I am going to see that she gets a good rest.

"I hope that you will not feel too bad, as this is the best way. Melanie does not know that I am writing, as she is of a very jealous nature and does not want me writing any letters to you, so no more after this one, but I want everything to be square and aboveboard, because that is how I am. It won't do you any good to look for me, so you can save yourself the trouble, because no matter how often you found me, I wouldn't come back, as Melanie is very delicate and needs me. Hoping that you have no hard feelings toward me, as I haven't any toward you,

"Yours truly,
"ADOLPH PLATZ."

Adolph Platz's wife sat listening to this ingenuous document with an inscrutable expression on her small colorless face. It was impossible to tell whether, in spite of the amiable injunctions of the surprising Mr. Platz, she yielded to the indulgence of hard feelings or not.

"Have you ever seen Mr. Platz since the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Platz?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever try to find him?"

"No, sir, I didn't; but my brother Gus did. He was set on finding him, and he spent all his holidays looking in Atlantic City. He said that he hadn't any hard feelings against him, but it certainly would be a real treat to break every bone in his body."

"And did he?"

"Oh, no, sir, I don't believe that he broke any bones—not actually broke them."

"I mean—did he find him?"

"Oh, yes, sir, he found him in a very nice boarding house called Sunrise Lodge."

"Yes, exactly. Was Miss Cordier with him?"

The colorless face burned suddenly, painfully. "Yes, sir, she was."

"Now did you ever hear from this husband of yours again, Mrs. Platz?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"In September—over a month ago."

"Have you got the letter with you?"

"I have, sir—right here."

"I offer this in evidence too."

"No objection," said Mr. Farr bitterly. "I should appreciate the opportunity of inspecting these letters after court adjourns, however."

"Oh, gladly, gladly," cried Mr. Lambert, sonorously jocose. "More than happy to

(Continued on Page 108)

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(Continued from Page 106

afford you the opportunity. Now the envelope of this letter is postmarked New York, September 21, 1926. It says:

"*Dear Frieda:* Well, this is to say that by the time you get this I will be on my way to Canada. I have a first-class opportunity to get into a trucking business up there that has all kinds of possibilities, if you get what I mean, and I think it is better for all concerned if I start in on a new life, as you might say, as the old one was not so good. Melanie thinks so, too, as she is very sensitive about all these things that have happened, and she thinks that it would be much nicer to start a new life too. She will join me when she is through being subpœnaed for this Bellamy trial, which is all pretty fierce, wouldn't you say so too. She doesn't know that I am writing you, because she is still jealous, but I thought I would like you to know for the sake of old times, as you might say, and also so that you can let Gus know that it won't do him any good to go looking for me any more. He will probably see that if you explain how I am starting this new life in Canada. Hoping that this finds you as it leaves me, Yours truly,

"ADOLPH PLATZ."

"Have you ever heard from your husband since you received this letter, Mrs. Platz?"

"No, sir."

"Ever heard of him?"

"No, sir."

"Thank you, that will be all. Cross-examine."

"No questions," said Mr. Farr indifferently, and the small, unhappy shadow that had been Adolph Platz's wife was gone.

"Well," said the reporter judicially to the red-headed girl, "you have to grant him one thing. He knows when to leave bad enough alone."

"Call Mrs. Shea."

"Mrs. Timothy Shea!"

Mrs. Timothy Shea advanced belligerently toward the witness box, her forbidding countenance inappropriately decorated with a large lace turban enhanced with obese violets and a jet butterfly. She seated herself solidly, thumped a black beaded bag onto the rail before her and breathed audibly through an impressive nose.

"Mrs. Shea, what is your occupation?"

"I keep a boarding house in Atlantic City—known far and wide as the decentest in that place or in any other, as well as the most genteel and the best table."

"Yes. Just answer the question, please. Never mind the rest. Were you ——"

"I'll thank you to let me be after telling the truth," said Mrs. Shea, raising her voice to an unexpected volume. "It's the truth I swore to tell and the truth I'm after telling. The decentest and the ——"

"Yes, undoubtedly," said Mr. Lambert hastily. "But what I wanted to know was whether you were in court at the time that Miss Cordier was testifying?"

"I was there. It will be a long day before I forget that day, and you may well say so."

"Had you seen her before?"

"Had I seen her before?" inquired Mrs. Shea with a loud and melodramatic laugh. "Every day of my life for close on three months, mincing around with her eyes on the ground and her nose in the air as fine as you please, more shame to her."

"Did you know her as Miss Cordier?"

"I did not."

"Under what name did you know her?"

"Under the name she gave me and every other living soul in the place—the name of Mrs. Adolph Platz, that ought to have burned the skin off her tongue to use it."

"She and Mr. Platz lived with you as man and wife?"

"Well, I ought to have lived in this world long enough to know that no man and his wife would go on forever playing the lovesick fools like those two," remarked Mrs. Shea grimly. "But I thought they were new wed and would soon be over it."

"Was Mr Platz staying with you regularly?"

"Seven days and nights of the week."

"Did he pay you regularly?"

"He did that!"

"Did he seem to have a regular profession?"

"Well, that's all whether you'd call bootlegging a regular profession."

"Now, Your Honor," remonstrated Mr. Farr, who had been following this absorbing recital with an air of possibly fictitious boredom, "I don't want to indulge in any legal hairsplitting, but surely a line should be drawn somewhere when it comes to this type of baseless slander and innuendo."

"Do I understand that you have evidence of Mr. Platz's activities?" inquired Judge Carver severely.

"The evidence of two eyes and two ears and a nose," remarked Mrs. Shea with spirit. "Goings and comings and doings such as ——"

"That will do, Mrs. Shea. The question hardly seems material. It is excluded. You may take your exception, Mr. Lambert."

Mr. Lambert, thus prematurely adjured, stared indignantly about him and returned somewhat uncertainly to his task.

"Is it a fact that Mr. Platz's relationship with Miss Cordier during their sojourn under your roof was simply that of a friend?"

"Fact!" Mrs. Shea snorted derisively. "'Tis a black-hearted lie off a black-hearted baggage. Friend, indeed!"

"That will do, Mrs. Shea," said Judge Carver ominously. "Mr. Lambert, I request you to keep your witness in hand."

"It is my endeavor to do so," replied Mr. Lambert with some sincerity and much dignity. "I will be greatly obliged, Mrs. Shea, if you omit any comments or characterizations from your replies. Will you be good enough to give us the day when you first discovered that Miss Cordier and Mr. Platz were not married?"

"September seventeenth."

"Have you any way of fixing the date?"

"You may well say so. Wasn't it six years since Tim Shea died, and didn't that big tall Swede come roaring down there saying that the two of them was no more married than Jackie Coogan and the Queen of Spain, and that he was going to beat the life out of his dear brother-in-law, Mr. Adolph Platz? And didn't he go and do it, without so much as by your leave or saving your presence, and in the decentest and ——"

"Madam!" Judge Carver's tone would have daunted Boadicea.

"And are those what you call comments and characterizations?" inquired Mrs. Shea indignantly. "Well, God save us all!"

"That will be all, thank you, Mrs. Shea," said Mr. Lambert hastily. "Cross-examine."

"No questions," said Mr. Farr with simple fervor. Mrs. Shea, looking baffled but menacing, moved forward with a majestic stride, leaving the court room in a state of freely expressed delight. Across the hum of their voices boomed Mr. Lambert's suddenly impressive summons.

"Mr. Bellamy, will you be good enough to take the stand?"

Very quietly he came, the man who had been sitting there so motionless for so many days for them to gape their fill at, moving forward now to afford them better fare. Dark eyed, low voiced, courteous and grave, he advanced toward the place of trial with an unhurried tread. In the lift of his head there was something curiously and effortlessly noble, thought the red-headed girl. Murderers should not hold their heads like that.

"Mr. Bellamy, where were you on the night of June nineteenth at 9:30 o'clock?"

The proverbial dropped pin would have made a prodigious clatter in the silence that hovered over the waiting court room.

"I was in my car on the River Road, about a mile or so from Lakedale."

"You were not in the neighborhood of the Thorne estate, the Orchards?"

"Not within ten miles—twelve, perhaps, would be more accurate."

"Was anyone with you?"

"Yes; Mrs. Patrick Ives was with me."

"You have a way of fixing the time?"

"I have."

"I will ask you to do so later. Will you tell us now at what time you left the Rosemont Country Club?"

"At a little before six, I think. We dined at quarter to seven, and my wife always dressed before dinner."

"Had you noticed Mr. Farwell in conversation with Mrs. Ives before you left?"

"Yes; my wife had called my attention to the fact that they seemed deeply absorbed in a conversation on the club steps."

"Just how did she call your attention to it?"

"She said, 'Oh, look, El's got another girl!'"

"Did you make any comment on that?"

"Yes; I said, 'That's clear gain for you, darling' ——" He caught himself up, olive skin a tone paler, teeth deep in his lip. "I said, 'That's clear gain for you, but a bit hard on Sue.'"

"You were aware of Mr. Farwell's devotion to your wife?"

Behind Stephen Bellamy's tragic eyes someone smiled, charming, tolerant, ironic—and was gone.

"It was impossible to be unaware of it. Mr. Farwell was candor itself on the subject, even with those who would have been more grateful for reticence."

"Your wife made no attempt to conceal it?"

"To conceal it? Oh, no. There was nothing whatever to conceal; his infatuation for Mimi was common property. She laughed about it, though I think that sometimes it annoyed her."

"Did she ever mention getting a divorce in order to marry Farwell?"

"A divorce? Mimi?" His eyes, blankly incredulous, met Mr. Lambert's inquiring gaze. After a moment, he said, slowly and evenly, "No, she never mentioned a divorce."

"If she had asked for one, would you have granted it to her?"

"I would have granted her anything that she asked for."

"But you would have been surprised?"

Stephen Bellamy smiled with white lips. "'Surprised' is rather an inadequate word." He sought for one more adequate—failed—and dismissed it with an eloquent motion of his hands. "I should have been more—well, astounded than it is possible for me to say."

"So you had no inkling that your wife was contemplating any such action?"

"Not the faintest, not the ——" Once more he pulled himself up, and after a moment's pause, he leaned forward. "That, too, sounds ridiculously inadequate. I should like to make myself quite clear; apparently I haven't succeeded in doing so. I believed my wife to be completely happy. You see, I believed that she loved me."

He was pale enough now to gratify the most exigent reporter of emotions, but his pleasant, leisurely voice did not falter, and it was the ruddy Lambert, not he, who seemed embarrassed.

"Yes, quite so—naturally. I wished simply to establish the fact that you were not in her confidence as to her—er—attitude toward Mr. Ives. Now, Mr. Bellamy, I am going to ask you to tell us as directly and concisely as possible just what happened from the time that you and Mrs. Bellamy finished dinner that evening up to the time that you retired for the night."

"I did not retire for the night."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said that I did not retire for the night. Sleep was entirely out of the question, and I didn't care to go up to our—to my room."

"Naturally—quite so. I will reframe my question. Will you be good enough to tell us what occurred on the evening of June nineteenth from the conclusion of dinner to, say, eleven o'clock?"

"I will do my best. I'm afraid that I haven't an especially good memory for details. Mimi had said on the way home from the club that she had told the Conroys that she would join them after dinner at the movies in Rosemont. Quite a party were going, and I asked if they were going to stop by for her. She said no; that she had arranged to meet them at the theater, as there was no room in their car. I suggested that I drive her over, and she said not to bother, as I'd have to walk back, because she wanted to keep the car; but I told her that I didn't mind the walk and that I wanted to pick up some tobacco and a paper in the village.

"After dinner we went out to the garage together; the self-starter hadn't been working very well, and just as I got it started Mimi called my attention to the fact that one of the rear tires was flat. She asked what time it was, and when I told her that it was five minutes to eight, she said that there wouldn't be time to change the tire, but that if she hurried she could catch the Conroys and make them give her a lift even if they were crowded. They lived only about five minutes from us."

"North of you or south of you, Mr. Bellamy?"

"North of us—away from the village, toward the club. I wanted to go with her, but she said that it would be awkward for me to get away if I turned up there, and it was only a five-minute walk in broad daylight. So then I let her go."

He sat silent, staring after that light swift figure, slipping farther away from him—farther—farther still.

"You did not accompany her to the gate?"

Stephen Bellamy jerked back those wandering eyes. "I beg your pardon?"

"You didn't accompany her to the gate?"

"No. I was looking over the tire to see whether I could locate the damage; I was particularly anxious to get it in shape if I could, because we were planning to motor over next day to a nursery in Lakedale to get some things for the garden—some little lilacs and flowering almonds and some privet for a hedge that we ——" He broke off abruptly, and after a moment said gently, "I beg your pardon; that's got absolutely nothing to do with it, of course. What I was trying to explain was that I was endeavoring to locate the tire trouble. In a minute or so I did."

"You ascertained its nature?"

"Yes; there was a cut in it—a small, sharp cut about half an inch long."

"Is that a usual tire injury?"

"I am not a tire expert, but it seemed to me highly unusual. I didn't give it much thought, however, except to wonder what in the world I'd gone over to cause a thing like that. I was in a hurry to get it fixed, as I said, and I remembered that I'd seen Orsini standing by the gate as we went by to the garage. I went out to ask him to give me a hand, but he'd started down the road toward Rosemont. I could see him quite a bit off, hurrying along, and I remembered that we'd given him the evening off. So I went back to the garage, took my coat off and got to work myself. I'd just got the shoe off when I heard ——"

"Just a minute, Mr. Bellamy. Did you see Mrs. Bellamy again when you went to the gate?"

"Oh, no; she'd been gone several minutes; and in any case there is a jog in the road two or three hundred feet north of our house that would have concealed her completely."

"She was headed in the general direction of the Orchards?"

"In the direction of the Orchards—yes."

"It was along this route that the Perrytown bus passed?"

"Yes."

"Please continue."

"As I was saying, I had succeeded in getting the shoe off when I heard the telephone ringing in the library of our house. I dropped everything and went in to answer it, as there was no one else in the house."

"Who was on the telephone, Mr. Bellamy?"

"It was Sue—Mrs. Ives. She wanted to know if Mimi was at home."

"Will you give us the conversation, to the best of your recollection?"

"Yes. I said that she was not; that she had gone to the movies in Rosemont with the Conroys. Mrs. Ives asked how long

(Continued on Page 113)

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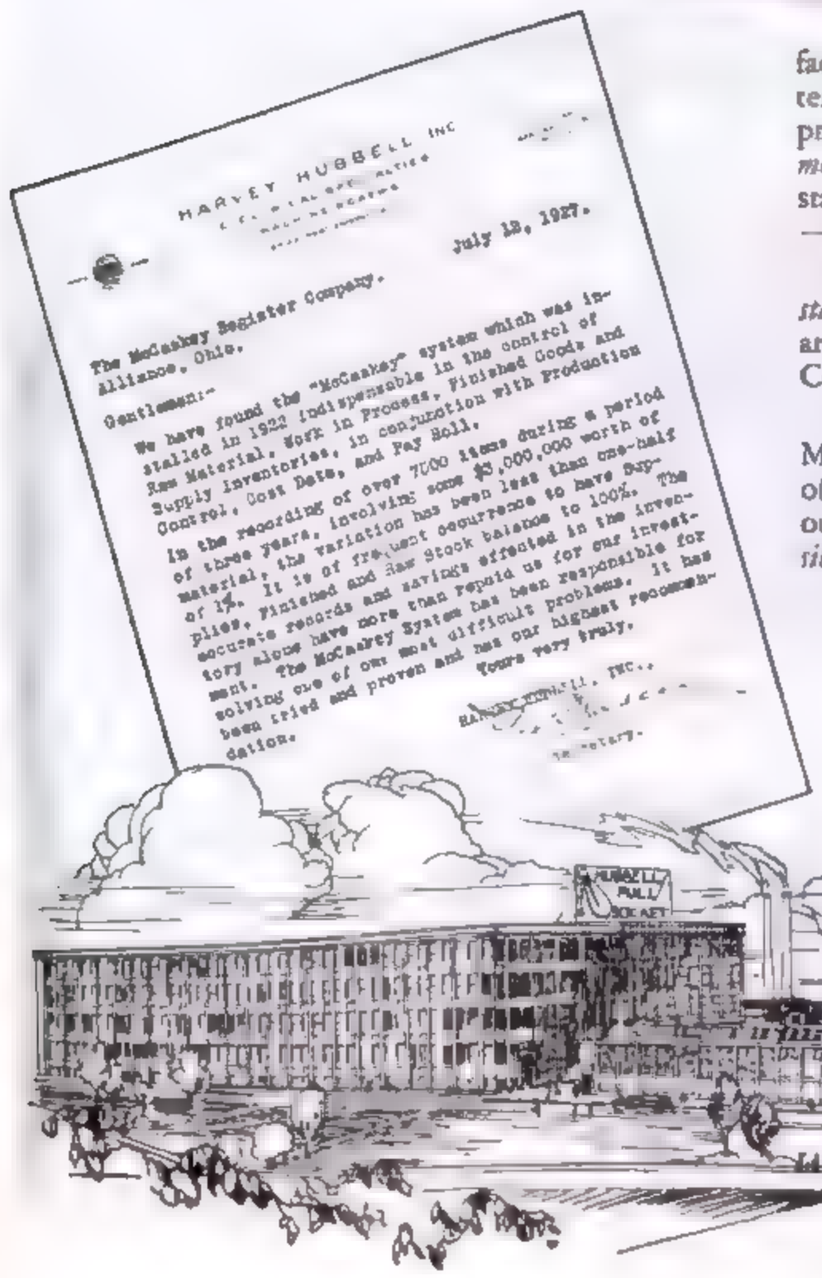
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case, if properly displayed, will produce creditable re-
sults has been proven by practical tests. And we haven't
the least doubt but that the results secured in your store will
be just as pleasing to you as the results secured by other
progressive merchants who have recognized the value of this
compact, efficient display stand.
The display case is sent to you without charge,
and it is our pleasure to favor you because we realize that
worthwhile results will be forthcoming.
We wish to take this opportunity to extend to
you our sincere thanks for your good interest in "Beech-Nut"
and for the many courtesies you have shown our representa-
tive, Mr. Moyer. Furthermore, if you are ever in this
vicinity we trust that you will stop off and see us. It
will be a pleasure to have you visit us and we will be happy
to show you how we manufacture Beech-Nut Foods and Confec-
tions of Finest Flavor.
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HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

(Continued from Page 108)

she had been gone. I told her possibly ten or fifteen minutes. She asked me if I was sure that she had gone there, and I said perfectly sure, and asked her what in the world she was talking about. She said that it was essential to see me at once, and asked if I could get there in ten minutes. I said not quite as soon as that, as I was changing a tire, but that I thought that I could make it in fifteen or twenty. She asked me to meet her at the back road, and then—yes, then she asked me if Elliot had said anything to me. I said, 'Sue, for God's sake, what's all this about?' And she said never mind, to hurry, or something like that, and rang off before I could say anything more."

"What did you do next, Mr. Bellamy?"

"Well, for a minute I didn't know what to do—I was too absolutely dumfounded by the entire performance. And then, quite suddenly, I had a horrible conviction that something had happened to Mimi, and that Sue was trying to break it to me. I felt absolutely mad with terror, and then I thought that if I could get Mrs. Conroy on the telephone there was just a chance that they mightn't have left yet, or that maybe some of the servants might have seen Mimi come in and could tell me that she was all right.

"Anyway I rang up, and Nell Conroy answered the phone, and said no, that Mimi hadn't turned up; and that anyway they had told her not to meet them till 8 30, because the feature film didn't go on till then. I said that Mimi must have made a mistake that she'd probably gone to the theater—something – anything I don't remember. All that I do remember is that I rang off somehow and stood there literally sweating with terror, trying to think what to do next. I remember putting my hand up to loosen my collar and finding it drenched; I'd forgotten all about Sue. All I could remember was that something must have happened to Mimi, and that she might need me, and that I didn't know where she was. And then I remembered that Sue had told me to hurry and that she could explain everything. I tore out to the garage and went at the new tire like a maniac; it didn't take me more than about eight minutes to get it on, and not more than three or four more to get over to the back road where I was to meet Sue. I didn't pay much attention to speed limits."

"Just where is this back road, Mr. Bellamy?"

"Well, I don't know whether I can make it clear. It's a connecting road out of Rosemont, between the main highway—the Perrytown Road, you know—and a parallel road about five miles west, called the River Road, that leads to Lakedale. It runs by about a quarter mile back of the Iveses' house."

"Did you arrive at this back road before Mrs. Ives?"

"No; Mrs. Ives was waiting for me when I got there. I asked her whether she had been there long, and she said only a minute or two. I asked her then whether anything had happened to Mimi. She said, 'What do you mean—happened to her?' I said an accident of any kind, and added that I'd been practically off my head ever since she had telephoned, as I had called up the Conroys and discovered that she wasn't there. Sue said, 'So Elliot was right!' She had been standing by the side of the car, talking, but when she said that, she looked around her quickly and stepped into the seat beside me. She said, 'I'd rather not have anyone see us just now. Let's drive over to the River Road. Mimi hasn't been hurt, Steve. She's gone to meet Pat at the Orchards.' I was so thunderstruck, and so immensely, so incalculably, relieved that Mimi wasn't hurt that I laughed out loud. That sounds ridiculous, but it's true. I laughed, and Sue said, 'Don't laugh, Steve; Mimi's having an affair with Pat—she's been having one for weeks. They don't love us—they love each other.' I said, 'That's a damned silly lie. Who told it to you—Elliot Farwell?'"

"Were you driving at the time that this conversation took place?"

"Oh, yes, we were well up the back road. I'd started the minute she asked me to. Shall I go on?"

"Please."

"Do you want the whole conversation?"

"Everything that was said as to the relations of Mrs. Bellamy and Mr. Ives."

"Very well. She told me that unfortunately it was no lie; that for several weeks they had been using the gardener's cottage at the Orchards for a place of rendezvous, and that Farwell had even seen them going there. I said that it made no difference to me whatever what Farwell had seen—that I wouldn't believe it if I had seen it myself. I asked her if Farwell hadn't been drinking when he told her this, and she said yes—that unless he had been he wouldn't have told her. I asked her if she didn't know that Elliot Farwell was an abject idiot about Mimi, and she said, 'Oh, Stephen, not so abject an idiot as you—you who won't even listen to the truth that you don't want to hear.' I said, 'I'll listen to anything that you want to tell me, but truth isn't what you hear—it's what you believe. I don't believe that Mimi doesn't love me.'

"She said, 'Where is she now, Steve?' And I said, 'At the movies. She probably met someone on the road who gave her a lift; or else she decided to walk straight there, as she knew that the Conroys' car would be crowded.' She said, 'She's not at the movies. She's waiting for Pat in the gardener's cottage.' I said, 'And has Pat gone to meet her?' And she said, 'No, this time he hasn't gone to meet her.' I said, 'What makes you think that?' Sue said, 'I don't think it; I know it.' I said, 'Oh, yes, he was going to Dallas' to play poker, wasn't he?' And after a moment she said, 'Yes, that's where he said he was going. I happened to know that there's been a slip in their plan to meet tonight.'

"Then she told me that she believed they were planning to run away, and that the reason she had wanted to see me was to tell me that she would never give Pat a divorce as long as she lived, and she thought if I told Mimi that before it was too late it might stop her.

"We'd reached the River Road by this time, and were well on our way to Lakedale, and I said, 'Sue, we've talked enough nonsense for tonight; I'll tell you what we'll do. We're running low on gas, and when we get to Lakedale we'll get some, turn around and head back for Rosemont. We can see whether the movies are out as we go through the village, and if they aren't, you can come back to our house and wait for a minute or so until Mimi gets there. Then you can put the whole thing up to her and take your punishment like a lady when you find what a goose you've been. Is that a bargain?' And she said, 'All right, that's a bargain.'

"We'd been driving pretty slowly, so that it was after nine when we got into Lakedale; there were two or three people ahead of us at the gas station—Saturday night, you know—and Sue was very thirsty, so we asked the man at the gas pump if he could get her some water, and he did. I noticed him particularly, because he had the reddest hair that I've ever seen on a human being. We were at the station about ten minutes, and I looked at my watch just as we left. It said twenty minutes past nine."

"Was your watch correct, Mr. Bellamy?"

"Absolutely! I check it every day at the station."

"How long a drive is it from Lakedale to Rosemont?"

"Under half an hour—it's around nine miles."

"And to the Orchards from Lakedale?"

"It's close to twelve—the Orchards is about three miles north of Rosemont."

"Quite so. Now will you be good enough to continue with your story?"

"We hardly talked at all on our way back to Rosemont. I remember that Sue asked whether we wouldn't get there before the film was over, and I said 'Probably.' But as a matter of fact, we didn't. We got to Rosemont at about five minutes to ten, and the theater was dark. There were no cars in front of it and the doors were locked. I said, 'She'll probably be at the house,' and Sue said, 'If she isn't, I think that it will look decidedly queer to have me dropping in there at this time of night.' I said, 'There'll be no one there to see you; Nellie's gone home to her mother and Orsini went to New York at 8:15.'

"It takes only three or four minutes from the theater to the house, and just as we started to turn in at the gate Sue said, 'You're wrong; there's a light in the garage.' I looked up quickly, and there wasn't a sign of a light. I laughed and said, 'Don't let things get on your nerves, Sue; I tell you that I saw him going to the train.' And I helped her out of the car. There was a light in the hall, and as I opened the door I called, 'Mimi!' No one answered, and then I remembered that I'd left it burning when I went out. I said, 'Come in. She must be over at the Conroys'. I'll call up and get her over.'"

"So far so good," said the reporter contentedly. "If Mr. Stephen Bellamy isn't telling the truth, he's as fertile and resourceful a liar as has crossed my trail in these many moons. Do you feel better?"

"Better than best," the red-headed girl assured him fervently. "Only I wish that Bellamy girl had died a long time ago."

"Do you indeed?"

"Yes, I do indeed—about twenty years ago, before she got out of socks and hair ribbons and started in breaking men's hearts. Elliot Farwell and Patrick Ives and Stephen Bellamy—even that little bus driver looked bewitched. Of course I ought to be sorry she's dead—but truly she wasn't good for very much, was she?"

"Not very much. The ones who are good for very much aren't generally particularly heartbreaking."

"You'd probably be as bad as any of them," said the red-headed girl darkly, and relapsed into silence.

"I'm universally rated rather high on susceptibility," admitted the reporter with modest pride. "Did you sleep better last night?"

"Not any better at all."

"Look here, are you telling me that after reducing me to a state of apprehension that resulted in my spending six dollars and thirty-five cents, and two hours and twenty minutes of invaluable time in a hired flivver in order to cure you of insomnia, you went back to that gas log of yours and worked half the night and had it again? Didn't you solemnly swear ——"

"I'm not ever solemn when I swear. I didn't work after twelve. If you paid six thousand dollars for it, it was a tremendous bargain. It was the nicest ride I ever took. That was why I didn't sleep."

"Mollifying, though mendacious," said the reporter critically. "Are you by any chance a flirt?"

The red-headed girl eyed him thoughtfully. After quite a lengthy period of contemplation she seemed to arrive at a decision. "No," she said gravely, "I'm not a flirt."

"In that case," said the reporter quite as gravely, "I'm going to get you some lunch. And if Sue Ives decides to confess to the entire newspaper fraternity that it really was she who did it, after all, I'm not going to be there—I'm going to be bringing your lunch back to you because you're not a flirt. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, thank you," said the red-headed girl.

She sat staring after him with round bright eyes that she was finding increasingly difficult to keep open. What was it that she had said that first day—that day that seemed so many, many days ago? Something about a murder story and a love story being the most enthralling combination in the world? Well —— The red-headed girl looked around her guiltily,

(Continued on Page 116)

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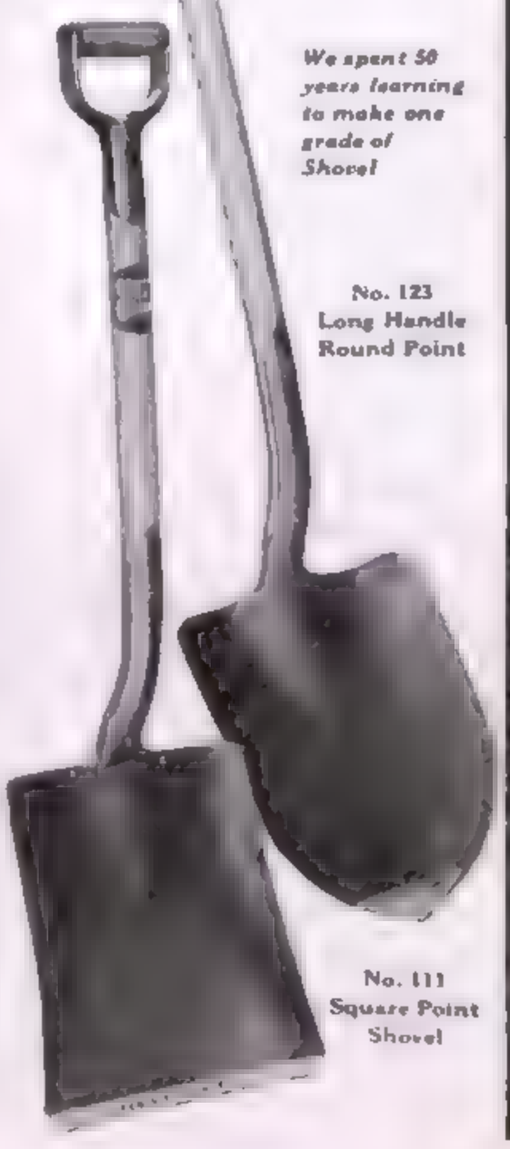

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

(Continued from Page 113)

wondering if she looked as pink as she felt. It was frightful to be so sleepy. It was frightful and ridiculous not to be able to sleep any more because of the troubles and passions of half a dozen people that you'd never laid eyes on in your life, and didn't really know from Adam and Eve—or Cain and Abel were better, perhaps. What's he to Hecuba or Hecuba to him? What indeed? She yawned despairingly.

No, but that wasn't true—you did know them—a hundred times—a thousand times better than people that lived next to you all the days of their lives. That was what gave a trial its mysterious and terrible charm; curiosity is a hunger in everyone alive, and here the sides of the houses were lifted off and you saw them moving about as though they were alone. You knew—oh, you knew everything! You knew that little Pat Ives had sold papers in the streets and that he carved ships and that once had played the ukulele and taken Mimi Dawson riding on spring nights.

You knew that Sue Ives had gone to church in little cotton gloves when she was six years old, and that she had a coat of cream-colored flannel, and poor relations in Arizona and a rose garden beyond the study window. You knew that Stephen Bellamy dined at quarter to seven and had a small car, and flowering almonds in his garden and a wife who was more beautiful than a dream, with silver slippers and sapphire-and-diamond rings. You knew that Laura Roberts turned down the beds on the chambermaid's night out and had a gentleman friend in the village and that—and that ——

"Wake up!" said the reporter's voice urgently. "Here are the sandwiches. I broke both legs trying to get back through that crowd. . . . Oh, Lord, here's the court! Too late—hide 'em!"

The red-headed girl hid them with a glance of unfeigned reluctance.

"Mr. Bellamy," inquired Mr. Lambert happily, "you were telling us that you went into your house. What occurred next?"

"I went straight to the telephone and called up Mrs. Conroy. She answered the telephone herself, and I said, 'Can I speak to Mimi for a moment, Nell?' She said, 'Why, Steve, Mimi isn't here. The show got out early and we waited for about five minutes to make sure that she wasn't there. I thought that she must have decided not to come.' I said, 'Yes, that's what she must have decided.' And I rang off. That same terror had me again; I felt cold to my bones. I said, 'She's not there. I was right the first time—something's happened to her.' Sue said, 'Of course she's not there. She went to the cottage.' I said, 'But you say that Pat didn't go. She'd never wait there two hours for him. Maybe we'd better call up Dallas and make sure he's there.'"

The even voice hesitated—was silent. Mr. Lambert moved forward energetically. "And what did Mrs. Ives say to that suggestion?"

"She said—she said, 'No, that's no good. He's not at the Dallases'; he's home.' I said, 'Then let's call him up there.' Sue said, 'No, I'd rather not do that. I don't want him to know about this until I decide what to do next. I give you my word of honor that he's there. Isn't that enough?' I said all right, then I'd call up the police court and the hospital to see if any accidents had been reported. I remember that Sue said something about its being premature, but none of her business. Neither the station nor the hospital had any information."

"Did you give your name?"

"Naturally. I asked them to communicate with me at once if they heard anything."

"And then what, Mr. Bellamy?"

"Then—then after that I don't remember much. All the rest of it was sheer nightmare. I do remember Sue saying that we might retrace the route that Mimi started over toward the Conroys' on the bare chance that she had had some kind of collapse at the roadside. But that was no good, of course. And finally we decided that there was nothing more to do till morning, and that I'd better get Sue home. I drove her back to the house ——"

"To your house?"

"No, no; the Iveses' house. I dropped her at the front gate. I didn't drive in. I asked her to let me know if Pat was there, and she said that if he were she'd turn on the light in the study twice. I waited outside by the car for what seemed a hundred years, and after a long time the light in the study went on once, and off, and on again and off, and I got in the car and drove away."

"What time was that, Mr. Bellamy?"

"I'm not sure—about quarter to eleven, perhaps. Mrs. Ives had asked me what time it was when we stopped at the gate. It was shortly after 10:30."

"Did you go straight home?"

"Not directly—no. I drove around for quite a bit, but I couldn't possibly tell you for how long. It's like trying to remember things in a delirium."

"But it was only after you had heard that Mrs. Bellamy had not been at the movies that you were reduced to this condition—before that everything is quite clear?"

"Oh, quite."

"And you are entirely clear that at the time fixed for the murder you and Mrs. Ives were a good ten miles away from the gardener's cottage at the Orchards?"

"Nearer twelve miles, I believe."

"Thank you, Mr. Bellamy; that will be all. Cross-examine."

Mr. Farr arrived in the center of the arena where sat his victim, pale and patient, with a motion so sudden that it suggested a leap. Not once had he lifted his voice during that long, laboriously retrieved narration. Now the court room was once more filled with its metallic clang, arresting and disturbing.

"Mr. Bellamy, you've told us that the tools in the garage belonged to Orsini. They were perfectly accessible to anyone else, weren't they?"

"Perfectly."

"Was Mrs. Bellamy in the garage at any time before you left?"

"Why, yes, I believe that she was. I remember meeting her as she came into the house just as I came downstairs to dinner—I'd gone up to wash my hands. She said she'd been out to the garage to see whether she'd left a package with some things from the drug store in the car. They weren't there, and she asked me to call up the club the next day to see whether she had left them there."

"So that she would have been perfectly able to have made that incision of that tire herself?"

"I should think so."

"She did not at any time suggest that you accompany her either to the movies or the Conroys', did she?"

"Oh, no."

"She countered such suggestions on your part, did she not, by saying that you would have to walk back, that it would be awkward for you to get away and other excuses of that nature?"

"Yes. My wife knew that the pictures hurt my eyes and she never urged me to ——"

"No, never mind that, Mr. Bellamy. Please confine yourself to yes or no, whenever it is possible. It will simplify things for both of us. It would have been entirely possible for your wife to injure that tire in order to keep you from accompanying her, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Bellamy, I want to get this perfectly correctly. You claim that at 9:30 you were on the River Road twelve miles from the Orchards. Do you mean twelve miles by way of the back road, Rosemont and the Perrytown Road?"

"Yes."

"Retracing your way over the route that you had previously taken?"

"Yes."

"But surely you know that there is another and shorter route from Lakedale to the Orchards, Mr. Bellamy?"

"I know that there is another route—yes. I was not aware that it was much shorter."

"Well, for your information I may state that it is some three miles shorter. Can you describe this route to us?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid. I'm not at all familiar with it. I believe that it is the road that Mr. Thorne was speaking of having taken that night, leading into the back of the Orchards."

"Your supposition is entirely correct. Now will you tell us just how you get there?"

"As I said, I'm not sure that I can. I believe that you continue on down the River Road until you turn off down a rather narrow rough little road that leads directly to the back gates of the Orchards. It's practically a private road, I believe, ending at the estate."

"What is its name?"

"I'm not sure, but I believe that it's something like Thorne Path, or Road, or Lane—I'm pretty clear that it has the name Thorne in it."

"Oh, you're clear about that, are you, in spite of the fact that you've never been near it?"

"You misunderstood me evidently. I never said that I had never been near it. As a matter of fact, I have been over it several times—two or three anyway."

"And yet you wish us to believe that you have no idea of either the name or the distance?"

"Certainly. It's been a great many years since I've used it—ten, perhaps. It was at a time that I was going frequently to the Orchards, when Mr. Thorne, Senior, was alive."

"And you have never used it since?"

"No. It's not a road that anyone would use unless he were going to the Orchards. It's practically a blind alley."

"Again I must ask you to refrain from qualifications and elaborations. 'No' is a reply to that question. The fact remains, doesn't it, that here was an unobtrusive short cut to the Orchards that you haven't seen fit to tell us about?"

Stephen Bellamy smiled slightly—that gracious and ironic smile, so oddly detached as to be disconcerting. "I'm afraid that I can't answer that either yes or no—either would be misleading. I had completely forgotten that there was such a road."

"Completely forgotten it, had you? Had Mrs. Ives forgotten it too?"

"I'm sure that I don't know."

"Mr. Bellamy, is not this road, known as Thorne Lane, the one that you and Mrs. Ives took to reach the Orchards the night of the murder?"

Mr. Bellamy frowned faintly in concentration. "I beg your pardon?"

"Did you not use Thorne Lane to reach the Orchards on the night of the murder."

The frown vanished; for a moment Mr. Bellamy looked frankly diverted. Were these, inquired his lifted brows, the terrors of cross-examination? "We certainly did nothing of the kind. I thought that I'd already explained that I hadn't been over that road in ten years."

"I heard your explanation. Now will you kindly explain to us why you didn't use it?"

"Why?" inquired Stephen Bellamy blankly.

"Why, consumed with anxiety as you were for the safety of your wife, didn't it occur to you to go to this gardener's cottage, where you were assured that she was having a rendezvous with another man?"

"I was not assured of any such thing. I was most positively assured that Mr. Ives had not gone there to meet her. Nor was I in anxiety at all about my wife during my drive with Mrs. Ives. I believed that she had gone to the movies."

"Very well, when you found out that she wasn't at the movies, why didn't you go then to the cottage?"

"Mrs. Ives gave me her word of honor that Mr. Ives was at home. It seemed incredible to both of us that she would have waited there for over two hours."

"Incredible to both of you that she could have waited? I thought you wished us to believe that you had such entire confidence in her love for you that you were perfectly convinced that she had never been near the cottage."

"I"—the whitened lips tightened resolutely—"I did not believe that she had been. It was simply a hypothesis that I accepted in desperation—a vain attempt to believe that she might be safe, after all."

"It would have consoled you to know that she was safe in the gardener's cottage with Patrick Ives?"

"I would have given ten years of my life to have believed that she was safe and happy anywhere in the world."

"Your honor meant nothing to you?"

"My honor? What had my honor to do with it?"

"Do you not consider that when a man's wife has betrayed him, his honor is involved and should be avenged?"

"I believe nothing of the kind. My honor is involved only by my own actions, not by those of others."

"You would have let her go to her lover with your blessing?"

Something flared in the dark eyes turned to the prosecutor's mocking blue ones, and died. "I did not say that," said Stephen Bellamy evenly. Judge Carver leaned forward abruptly.

"Mr. Bellamy is entirely correct," he said sternly. "He said nothing of the kind."

"I regret that I seem to have misunderstood him," said the prosecutor with ominous meekness. "You would have prevented her?"

"I would have begged her to try to find happiness with me."

"And if that had not succeeded, you would have prevented her?"

"How could I have prevented her?"

The prosecutor took a step forward and lowered his voice to that strange pitch that carried farther than a battle cry. "Quite simply, Mr. Bellamy. As simply as the person who drove that knife to Madeleine Bellamy's heart prevented her joining her lover—as simply as that."

Judge Carver's gavel fell with a crash. "Let that remark be stricken from the record!"

Stephen Bellamy's head jerked back and from somewhere an arm flashed out to catch him. He motioned it away, steadying himself carefully with an iron grip on the witness box. His eyes, the only things alive in his frozen face, met his enemy's unswervingly.

"I did not drive that knife to her heart." His voice was as ominously distinct as the prosecutor's.

"But you did not raise a hand to prevent it from striking?"

"I could not raise a hand—I was not there."

"You did not raise a hand?"

"Your Honor!"

Bellamy's eyes swung steadily to the clamorous and distracted Lambert. "Please—I'd rather answer. I have told you already that I was not there, Mr. Farr. If I had been I would have given my life—gladly, believe me—to have prevented what happened."

Farr turned a hotly incredulous countenance to Judge Carver's impassive one. "Your Honor, I ask to have that stricken from the record as deliberately unresponsive."

"It is not strictly responsive," conceded His Honor dispassionately. "However, the court feels that you had already received a responsive answer, so were apparently pressing for an elaboration. It may remain."

"I defer to Your Honor's opinion," said Mr. Farr in a tone so far from deferential that His Honor regarded him somewhat fixedly. "Mr. Bellamy, what reason did

(Continued on Page 121)

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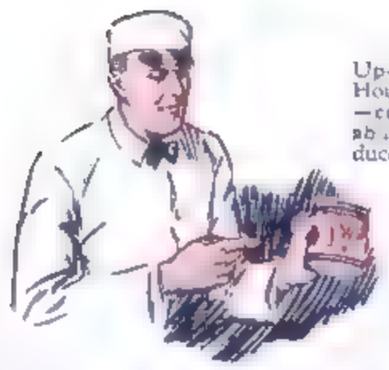

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Mrs. Ives give you for believing that Mr. Ives was at home?"

"She did not give me a reason; she gave me her word of honor."

"You did not press her for one?"

"No; I considered her word better than any assurance that she ——"

"Your Honor, I have repeatedly requested the witness to confine himself to yes and no. I ask with all deference to have the court add its instructions to that effect."

"Confine yourself to a direct answer whenever possible, Mr. Bellamy. You are not permitted to enter into explanations."

"Very well, Your Honor."

"Nothing was said about an intercepted note, Mr. Bellamy?"

"No."

"You were perfectly satisfied that she had some mysterious way of ascertaining that he had not gone out at all that evening?"

"Yes."

"But at some time during the evening that assurance on your part evaporated?"

"I don't follow you."

"I'll be clearer. By the time you reached Mrs. Ives' home—I believe that you've told us that that was at about 10:30—your confidence in her infallibility had so diminished that you suggested that she signal to you if Mr. Ives were actually there?"

"I believe that that was her suggestion."

"Her suggestion? After she had given you her word of honor that he was there?"

"Yes."

"You wish that to be your final statement on that subject?"

"Wait a moment." He looked suddenly exhausted, as though he had been running for a long time. "I told you that things were very confused from the time that I found that Mimi hadn't gone to the movies. I'm trying to get it as straight as possible. It was sometime after we had left my house—after ten, I mean—and before we got to hers, that I suggested there was just a chance that she was mistaken and that Pat had gone to meet her after all. Sue said she couldn't be mistaken, and that anyway they'd never dare stay at the cottage so late—it wouldn't fit in with the movie story. I suggested that then possibly she had been right in her idea that they had been planning to run away together. Possibly that was what they had done tonight. She said, 'Steve, you sound as though you wish they had.' I said, 'I wish to God they had.' Then she said, 'I know that Pat hasn't been out, but I'll let you know definitely when we go home.' It was then that she suggested the lights."

"It all comes back very clearly now, doesn't it, Mr. Bellamy?"

"Yes."

"Very convenient, remembering all those noble bits about how you wished to God that they'd eloped, isn't it?"

"I don't know that it's particularly noble or convenient. It's the truth."

"Oh, undoubtedly. Mr. Bellamy, at what time ——"

"Your Honor, I protest these sneers and jeers that Mr. Farr is indulging in constantly. I ——"

"I simply remarked that Mr. Bellamy was undoubtedly telling the truth," said Mr. Farr in dangerously meek tones. "Do you regard that as necessarily sarcastic?"

"I regard your tone as sheerly outrageous. I protest ——"

"It might be just as well to make no comments on the witness' replies, of either a flattering or an unflattering nature," remarked Judge Carver dryly. "Is there a question before the witness?"

"No, Your Honor. I was not permitted to complete my question."

"It may be completed." There was a hint of acerbity in the fine voice.

"Mr. Bellamy, at what time, after you left Mrs. Ives at her house, did you return to your own?"

"I don't know." The voice was weary to the point of indifference.

"You don't know?"

"No; the whole thing's like a nightmare. Time doesn't mean much in a nightmare."

"Well, did this nightmare condition permit you to ascertain whether it was after twelve?"

"I believe that it was later."

"After one?"

"Later."

"How do you know that it was later?"

"I don't know—because the sky was getting lighter, I suppose."

"You mean that dawn was breaking?"

"I suppose so."

"You are telling us that you drove about until dawn?"

"I am telling you that I don't remember what I did; it was all a nightmare."

"Mr. Bellamy, why didn't you go home to see whether your wife had returned?"

For the first time the eyes fixed on the prosecutor wavered. "What?"

"You heard me, I believe."

"You want to know why I didn't go back to my house?"

"Exactly."

"I don't know—because I was more or less out of my head, I suppose."

"You were anxious to know what had become of her, weren't you?"

"Anxious!" The stiff lips wrenched themselves into something dreadfully like a smile.

"Yet from eleven o'clock on you never went near your house to ascertain whether your wife had come home or been brought home?"

"No."

"You didn't call up the police?"

"I told you I'd already called them up."

"Nor the hospital?"

"I'd called them too."

"Where were they to notify you in case they had news to report?"

"At my house."

"How were you to receive this information—this vital information—if you were roaming the country in an automobile?"

"I don't know."

"Weren't you interested to know whether she was dead or alive?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you go home?"

"I have told you—I don't know."

"That's your best answer?"

"Yes."

"Let's see whether I can't help you to a better one. Isn't the reason that you didn't go home or call up the police or the hospital because you knew perfectly well that any information that anyone in the world could give you would be superfluous?"

Stephen Bellamy focused his weary eyes intently on the sardonic face only a few inches from his. "I'm sorry—I don't understand what you mean."

"Don't you? I'll try to make it clearer. Wasn't the reason that you didn't go home the perfectly simple one that you knew that your wife was lying three miles away in a deserted cottage, soaked in blood and dead as a doornail?"

"Oh, for God's sake!" At the low, despairing violence of that cry some in the court room winced and turned away their faces from the ugly triumph flushing the prosecutor's cold face. "I don't know, I tell you, I don't know. I was half crazy; I wasn't thinking of reasons. I wasn't thinking of anything except that Mimi was gone."

"Is that your best answer?"

"Yes."

"At what time the next morning did you hear of the murder of your wife, Mr. Bellamy?"

Slowly, carefully, fighting inch by inch back to the narrow plank of self-control that lay between him and destruction, Stephen Bellamy lifted his tired voice, his tired eyes. "I believe that it was about eleven o'clock."

"Who notified you?"

"A trooper, I think, from the police station."

"Please tell us what he said."

"He said that Mrs. Bellamy's body had been found in an empty cottage on the old Thorne estate, and that while it had already been identified, headquarters thought that I had better go over and confirm it. I said that I would come at once."

"And did so?"

"Yes."

"You saw the body?"

"Yes."

"Identified it?"

"Yes."

"It was clothed?"

"Yes."

"In these garments, Mr. Bellamy?"

And there, incredibly, it was again, that streaked and stiffened gown with its once airy ruffles, dangling over the witness box in reach of Stephen Bellamy's fine long-fingered hand. After the first convulsive movement he sat motionless, his eyes dilated strangely under his level brows.

"Yes."

"These shoes?"

Lightly as butterflies they settled on the dark rim of the box, so small, so gay, so preposterous, shining silver, shining buckles. The man in the box bent those strange eyes on them. After a moment, his hand moved forward, slowly, hesitantly; the fingers touched their rusted silver, light as a caress, and curved about them, a shelter and a defense.

"These shoes," said Stephen Bellamy.

Somewhere in the back of the hall a woman sobbed loudly and hysterically, but he did not lift his eyes.

The prosecutor asked in a voice curiously gentle: "Mr. Bellamy, when you went into the room, was the body to the right or the left of the piano?"

"To the left."

"You're quite sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Oh, God!" whispered the reporter frantically. "Oh, God, they've got him!"

"It's strange that you should be so sure, Mr. Bellamy," said the prosecutor more gently still. "Because there was no piano in the room to which you were taken to see the body."

"What?" The bent head jerked back as though a whip had flicked.

"There was no piano in the dining room to which they had removed the body, Mr. Bellamy. The piano was in the parlor across the hall, where the body was first discovered."

"If that is so I must have seen it when I came in and confused it somehow."

"You couldn't very well have seen it when you came in, I'm afraid. The door to the parlor was closed and locked so that the contents of the room would not be disturbed."

"Well, then—then I must remember it from some previous occasion."

"A previous occasion? When you were never in the cottage before?"

"No, no, I never said that. I never said anything like that." The desperate voice rose slightly in its intensity. "I couldn't have; it isn't true. I've been there often—years ago, when I used to go over to play with Doug Thorne when we were kids. There was a playhouse just a few hundred feet from the cottage, and we used to run over to the cottage and get bread and jam and cookies from the old German gardener. I remember it absolutely; that's probably what twisted me."

"But the old German gardener didn't have any piano, Mr. Bellamy," explained the prosecutor patiently. "Don't you remember that Orsini particularly told us how the Italian gardener had just purchased it for his daughter before they went off on their vacation? It couldn't be the old German gardener."

The red-headed girl was weeping noiselessly into a highly inadequate handkerchief. "Horrid, smirking, disgusting beast!" she intoned in a small fierce whisper. "Horrid ——"

"No? Well, then," said the dreadful, hunted voice, "probably Mimi told me about it. She ——"

"Mrs. Bellamy?" There was the slightest inflection of reproach in the soothing voice. "Mrs. Bellamy told you that her body was lying to the left of the piano as

(Continued on Page 125)

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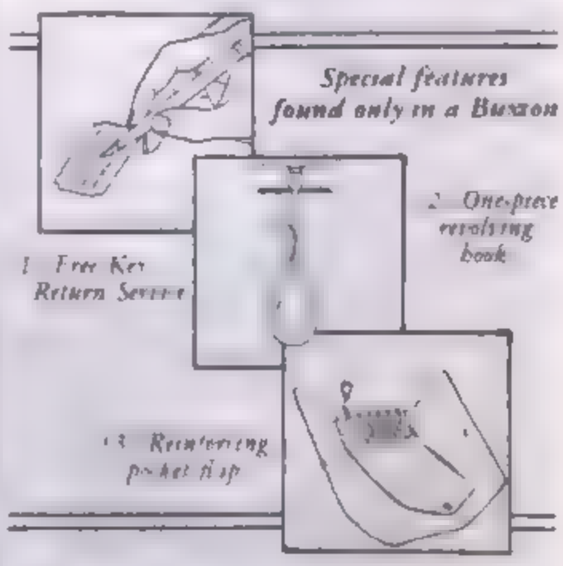
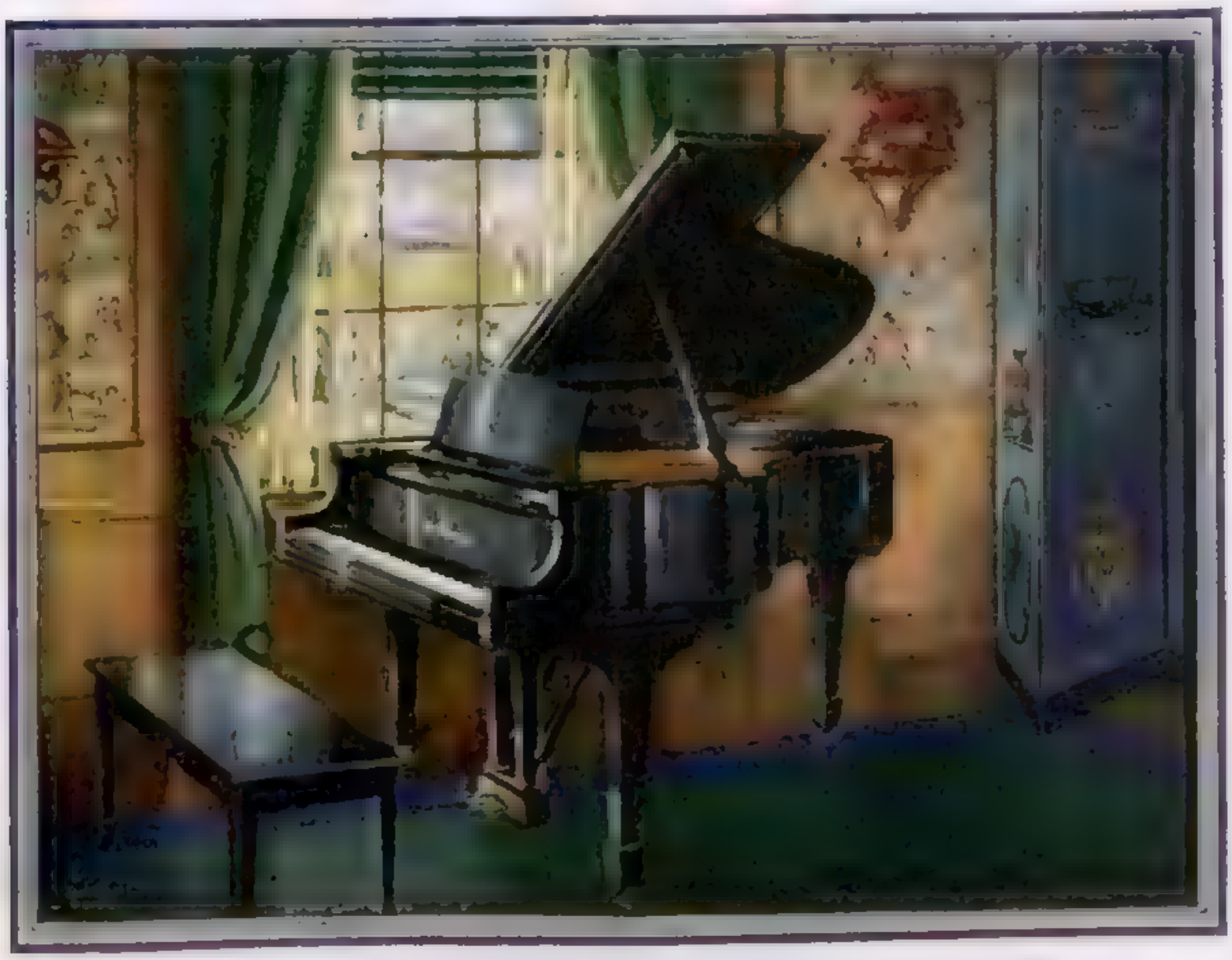


BUXTON
Key-Tainer

Sooner or later, if you love good music, you will own a Steinway. . . . There is no reason why you should not have it now

To sit at the keyboard of a fine piano, to feel its whole vibrant fabric leap to life beneath your fingers . . . to evoke, if only for a moment, the sound of its lovely voice . . . that is an experience which is not soon forgotten. And to the Steinway owner that experience is afforded time and again, in its fullest and richest expression. For those fortunate people who possess a Steinway, there is an added grace and joy in life. They know that it lends charm and prestige to their home . . . that it is an unfailing source of entertainment and delight . . . that they and their children are constantly the better for its refining influence. And they feel—as discriminating people always feel—that in music, only the best is good enough.



The position of the Steinway as the world's best piano is so firmly established that no one seriously questions it. It is equally famous on the concert stage and in the home. For more than seventy years it has been the choice of virtually every musician of note, from Wagner to Paderewski!

This standing, which the Steinway

An extraordinary piano value—the new Steinway Ebonized Baby Grand—at $1375

Representing as it does the finest workmanship and most improved construction in the world today, the Ebonized Baby Grand, at $1375, is a remarkable value. It is made in ebonized finish, which harmonizes readily with any interior. And its length of five feet seven inches is such as to conserve floor space and still retain that breadth and beauty of tone which a true grand piano ought to have.

This piano, like any Steinway, can be bought for a small cash deposit and the balance payable in

An interpretation of *Tristan and Isolde*— painted for the Steinway Collection by Harvey Dunn

Poignant, beautiful, and passionate, the music of *Tristan and Isolde* has unexampled power to stir the heart. . . . For in this, perhaps the greatest of his operas, Wagner poured out the hunger, the hopeless and ardent longing of his unhappy love. Both from the standpoint of technique and emotional intensity it is an epic work.

In 1879 Wagner wrote of the Steinway piano: "Our great tone masters, when writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal instrument, as now attained by yourselves. . . . I find your grand piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art."

enjoys all over the world, was not achieved in a day. It has been built up by three generations of the Steinway family on a foundation of fine craftsmanship and constant technical improvement. The Over-strung Scale, the Capo d'Astro Bar, the Duplex Scale, the Bent Rim—almost every important advance in piano design and manufacture since 1853 has been originated by Steinway!

That is the reason why no other piano can equal the Steinway in the rich and lovely quality of its tone, in the exquisite delicacy and responsiveness of its action, its beauty of line and finish, the astonishing durability which it displays. . . . For these things come only of knowing how—and taking the pains to do it.

Such a piano naturally costs more than a commonplace instrument. Yet in the light of its extraordinary durability, the Steinway is actually among *the least expensive of pianos*. For thirty, forty, and even fifty years or more it will serve you well, helping to shape the musical traditions of your family, yielding the joy of ownership arising from the best. And no matter which of the many styles and sizes you select, each will give you the same lifelong pleasure and satisfaction. You need never buy another piano!

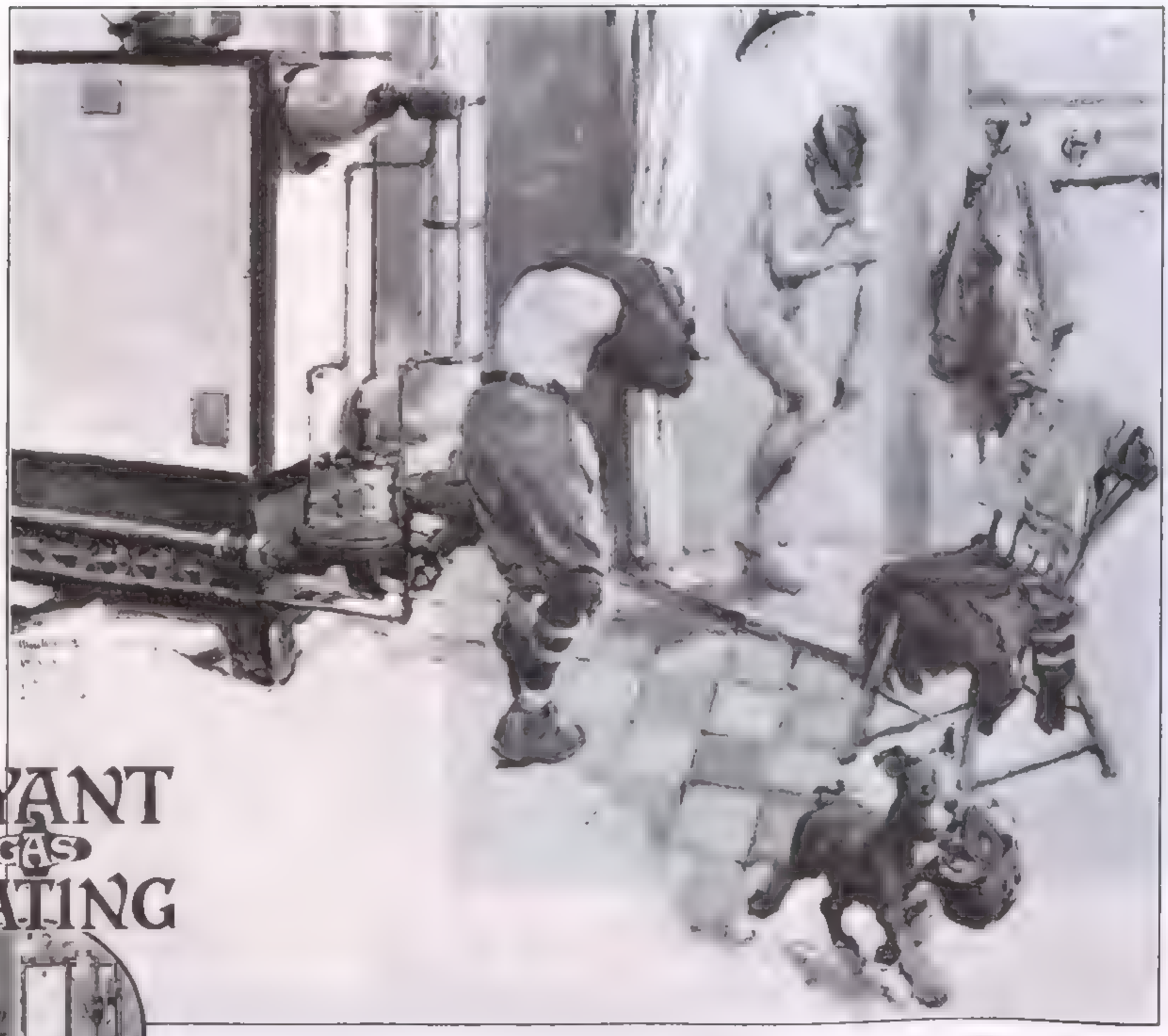
There is a Steinway dealer in your community, or near you, through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up*
Plus transportation

Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall
109 West 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS



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The Bryant Gas Heating Plant is so entirely carefree you can "Let your pup be the furnace man." The complete heating system needs no more care or attention than you give to a good eight-day clock.

You Can Afford the Luxury of Gas Heating

THE actual dollars-and-cents cost of Bryant Gas Heating is often less than the all-over cost of coal or oil heating—when the cost of fuel, labor of furnace tending and handling ashes are considered for coal; and the cost of gas pilot lights, electricity and depreciation of the burner are included for oil.

Many gas companies grant special low rates for house heating. Even where the cost of gas is greatly more than the cost of solid or liquid fuel, the outstanding comfort, convenience and reliability of Bryant Gas Heating more than offset any difference in operating cost.

A Bryant Gas Furnace or Gas Boiler requires "no more care or attention than a pup can give it." Stoking, shoveling and two-or-three-times-a-day trips to fix the furnace are eliminated. Dust, noise and vapors are banished forever.

Bryant Gas Heating provides absolute cleanliness, uniform, accurate temperatures—and, above all, is so carefree you can "let your pup be the furnace man."

A close, dependable estimate can readily be made of the cost of Bryant Gas Heating for any specific home—making full allowance for such vital factors as gas rate, type of gas furnished by your local gas company, the size and construction of your home and the coldness of the winters in your community.

Any of the 32 Bryant offices will gladly have such an estimate made for your particular home—without charge or obligation, of course. Just 'phone your local Bryant office, if one is listed in your telephone directory; or write to us at Cleveland. If, in the meantime, you would like a more complete description of this carefree heating system, write for a copy of our booklet, *"Let the Pup be Your Furnace Man."*

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(Continued from Page 121)

you entered the room? It isn't just the piano, you see—I'm afraid that you're getting a little confused. It's the position of the body in relation to the piano. You're quite correct about the position, of course—quite. But won't you tell us how you were so sure of it?"

"Wait, please," said Stephen Bellamy very clearly and distinctly. "You're quite right about the fact that I'm confused. I can see perfectly that I'm making an absolute mess of this. It's principally because I haven't had any sleep since God knows when, and when you don't sleep, you ——"

"Mr. Bellamy, I'm sorry that I can't let you go into that. Will you answer my question?"

"I can't answer your question. But I can tell you this, Mr. Farr—I can tell you that as God is my witness, Susan Ives and I had nothing more to do with this murder than you had. I ——"

"Your Honor! Your Honor!"

"Be silent, sir!" Judge Carver's voice was more imperious than his gavel. "You are completely forgetting yourself. Let that entire remark be stricken from the record. Mr. Lambert, be good enough to keep your witness in hand. I regard this entire performance as highly improper."

Mr. Lambert, a pale ghost of his rubicund self, advanced haltingly from where he had sat transfixed during the last interminable minutes. "I ask the court's indulgence for the witness, Your Honor. He took the stand today against the express advice of his physicians, who informed him that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. As it is now almost four, I ask that the court adjourn until tomorrow, when Mr. Bellamy will again take the stand if the prosecutor wishes to continue the cross-examination."

Judge Carver leaned forward, frowning.

"If it please Your Honor," said the prosecutor, briskly magnanimous, "that won't be necessary. I've finished with Mr. Bellamy, and unless my friend wishes to ask him anything on redirect ——"

"Nothing on redirect," said Mr. Lambert hollowly, his eyes on the exhausted despair of the face before him. "That will be all, Mr. Bellamy."

Slowly, stiffly, as though his very limbs had been wrenched by torture, Stephen Bellamy moved down the steps from the box, where there still rested Mimi Bellamy's lace dress and silver slippers. When he stood a foot or so from his chair, he stopped for a moment, stared about him wildly, turning on the girl seated a little space away a look of dreadful inquiry. There she sat, slim and straight, with color warm on her cheeks and bright in her lips, smiling that gay, friendly smile that was always waiting just behind the serene indifference of her eyes. And painfully, carefully, Stephen Bellamy twisted his stiffened lips to greet it, turned his face away and sat down. Even those across the court room could watch the ripple in his cheeks as his teeth clenched, unclenched, clenched.

"If Your Honor has no objection," the prosecutor was saying in that smooth new voice, "the witness that I spoke of yesterday is now in the court. He is still under his doctor's orders, but he had an unusually good night, and is quite able to take the stand; he is anxious to do so, in fact, as he is supposed to get off for a rest as soon as possible. His testimony won't take more than a few moments."

"Very well, let him take the stand."

"Call Doctor Barretti."

"Dr. Gabriel Barretti!"

Doctor Barretti, looking much more like a distinguished diplomat than most distinguished diplomats ever look, mounted the stand with the caution of one newly risen from a hospital cot and settled himself comfortably in the uncomfortable chair. A small, close-clipped gray mustache, a fine sleek head of graying hair, a not displeasing touch of hospital pallor, brilliant eyes behind pince-nez on the most unobtrusive of black cords, and the tiny flame of the Legion of Honor ribbon lurking discreetly in his buttonhole—Doctor Barretti was far from suggesting the family physician. He turned toward the prosecutor with an air of gravely courteous interest.

"Doctor Barretti, what is your profession?"

"I believe that I might describe myself, without too much presumption, as a finger-print expert."

There was no trace of accent in Doctor Barretti's finely modulated voice, and only the neatest touch of humorous deprecation.

"The greatest authority in the world today, aren't you, doctor?"

"It would ill become me to say so, sir, and I might find an unflattering number to disagree with me."

"Still, it's an undisputed fact. How long has fingerprinting been your occupation?"

"It has been both my occupation and my hobby for about thirty-two years."

"You started to make a study of it then?"

"A little before that. I studied at that time, however, with Sir Francis Galton in England and Bertillon in France. I also did considerable experimental work in Germany."

"Sir Francis Galton and Bertillon were the pioneers in the use of fingerprints for identification, were they not?"

"Hardly that. Fingerprints for the purpose of identification were used in the Far East before history was invented to record it."

Mr. Farr frowned impatiently. "They were its foremost modern exponents as a means of criminal identification?"

"Perfectly true. They were pioneers and very distinguished authorities."

"Shortly before his death in 1911, did Sir Francis Galton write a monograph on some recent developments in fingerprint classification?"

"He did."

"Did the dedication read To Gabriel Barretti, My Pupil and My Master?"

"Yes. Sir Francis was more than generous."

"Are you officially associated with any organization at present?"

"Oh, yes. I am very closely associated with the work of the Central Bureau of Identification in New York, and with the work of the Army and Navy Bureau in Washington."

"You are the court of final appeal in both places, are you not?"

"I believe so. I am also an official consultant of both Scotland Yard and the Paris Sûreté."

"Exactly. Is there any opportunity of error in identification by means of fingerprints?"

"Granted a moderately clear impression and an able and honest expert to read it, there is not the remotest possibility of error."

"The prints would be identical?"

"Oh, no; no two prints are ever identical. The pressure of the finger and the temperature of the body cause infinite minute variations."

"But they do not interfere with identification?"

"No more than the fact that you raise or lower your voice alters the fact that it is your voice."

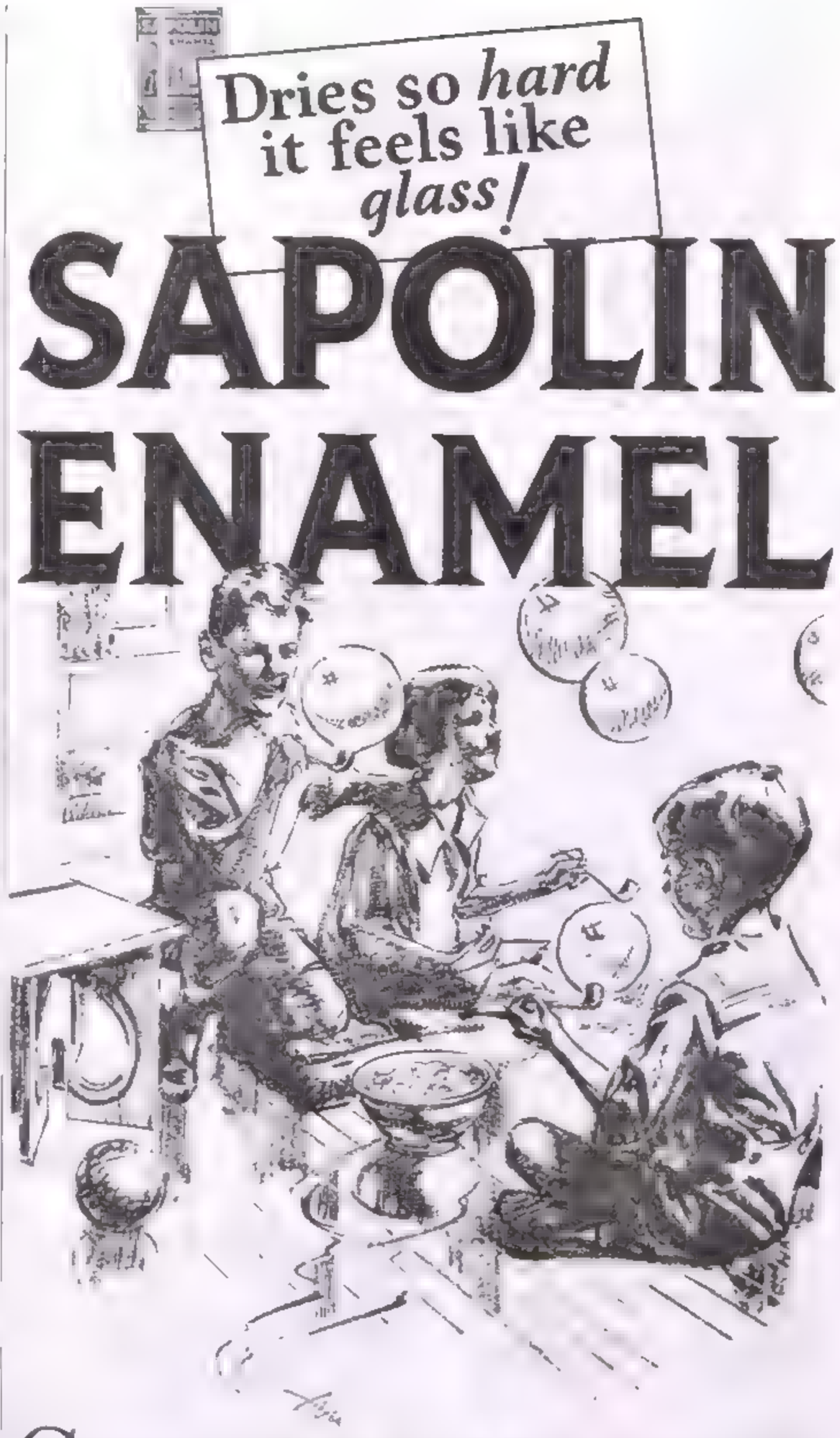
"Precisely. Now, Doctor Barretti, I ask you to identify these two photographs and to tell us what they represent."

Doctor Barretti took the two huge cardboard squares with their sinister black splotches and inspected them gravely. The jury, abruptly and violently agog with interest, hunched rapidly forward to the edges of their chairs.

From over Mr. Farr's shoulder came an old, shaken voice—the voice of Dudley Lambert, empty of its erstwhile resonance as a pricked drum: "One moment—one moment! Do I understand that you are offering these in evidence?"

"I don't know whether you understand it or not," remarked Mr. Farr irritably. "It's certainly what I intend to do as soon as I get them marked for identification. Now, Doctor Barretti ——"

"Your Honor, I object to this—I object!"



GIVE THEIR ROOM BEAUTY
that cleans like glass

USE Sapolin Enamel. It dries so hard it feels like glass—and, *it cleans like glass.* You need not worry, whatever the children may be "up to."

15,000,000 families in 52 countries depend on Sapolin because of its absolute reliability, its beauty, easy application and easy cleaning.

This satisfaction is not accidental. Every batch of Sapolin must endure a "glass test" in our laboratories:

(1) *For smoothness,* because grit shows up on glass. (2) *For covering qualities and ease of application,* because streakiness shows up on glass. (3) *For correct color,* because slightest variation can be detected on glass. (4) *For drying, non-sticking, and hardening qualities,* because Sapolin must dry 4 times as fast as ordinary oil enamels; and must be hard and dry as glass in 24 hours.

Remember, also that Sapolin gives better service because we do *not recommend any one enamel for all purposes.*

One enamel is made especially for use on furniture and woodwork. Another for floors (as in the nursery, shown above). Another for heated surfaces and one for unheated metal surfaces. One for porch furniture and one for automobiles, etc.

Can of enamel—FREE

Send ten cents for packing and mailing and we will send *free* a quarter-pint (regular 25c size) of Sapolin Decorative Enamel (for furniture and woodwork)

Choose the can you wish sent from black, white, cream, old ivory, silver gray, vermilion, cardinal red, mahogany, deep orange, sky blue, azure blue, ultramarine blue, light green, dark green, oak brown or walnut brown.

Print your own (and your dealer's) name and address together with color desired on the white corner of this ad and mail it with ten cents.

SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. K-8, 229 E. 42d St., NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Manufacturers of ENAMELS—STAINS—GILDINGS
VARNISHES—WAXES—POLISHES—LACQUERS

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If your face is tender, try "The Better Shave"

IF SHAVING is hard work—if the razor seems dull every morning and your face is sensitive to scraping, then you ought to know about "the better shave".

"The better shave" is comfortable and easy—even if you have a wire beard and a tender face. You get "the better shave" with the rich, soothing lather of Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream. It *thoroughly* softens the beard, and eliminates razor-pull. It is perfectly neutralized, and cannot dry out the skin.

Fougère Royale has the invigorating out-door odor of the Royal Fern. Try this refreshing shave tomorrow morning—get Fougère Royale Shaving Cream from your druggist, or send the coupon below for a trial tube.

Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING *Lotion is a boon to tender faces, soothing and restoring moisture to the skin. It is new, but most good druggists have it—75c.*

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream

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Shaving Cream, 50c; After Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c; Talcum, $1.00; Eau Vegetale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.

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I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

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Address

"On what grounds?" inquired Judge Carver somewhat peremptorily, his own eyes fixed with undisguised interest on the large squares.

"On the grounds that this entire performance is utterly irregular. I was not told that the witness held back by the prosecutor was a fingerprint expert, nor that ——"

"You did not make any inquiries to that effect," the judge reminded him unsympathetically.

"I consider the entire performance nothing more or less than a trap, Your Honor. I know nothing about this man. I know nothing about fingerprints. I am not a police-court lawyer, but a ——"

"Do you desire further to qualify Doctor Barretti as an expert by cross-examination?" inquired His Honor with more than his usual hint of acerbity.

"I do not, Your Honor; as I stated, I am totally unable to cross-examine on the subject."

"I am sure that Doctor Barretti will hold himself at your disposal until you have had the time to consult or produce fingerprint experts of your own," said Judge Carver, bending inquiring eyes on that urbane gentleman and the restive prosecutor.

"Oh, by all means," said Mr. Farr. "One day—two days—three days—we willingly waive cross-examination until my distinguished adversary is completely prepared. May I proceed, Your Honor?"

"You may."

"They represent two greatly enlarged sets of fingerprints, enlarged some fifty to sixty times—both the photographs and the enlargements are initialed in the lower left-hand corners—by my photographer and myself."

"Both made at the same time?"

"The photographs were made at the same time—yes."

"No, no—were the fingerprints themselves?"

"Oh, no, at quite different times. The set at the right is a photograph of official prints—prints made especially for our file; the one at the left, sometimes known as a casual print, was obtained from a surface at another date entirely."

"A clear impression?"

"A remarkably clear impression. I believe that I may say without exaggeration—a beautiful impression."

"Each shows five fingers?"

"The official one shows five fingers, the casual print shows four fingers distinctly—the fifth, the little finger, is considerably blurred, as apparently no pressure was exerted by it."

"Only one fingerprint is necessary in order to establish identity?"

"A section of a fingerprint, if it is sufficiently large, will establish identity."

"These prints are from the same hand?"

"From the same hand."

"It should be obvious even to the layman in comparing them that the same hand made them?"

"I should think that it would be inescapable."

"No two people in the world have ever been discovered to have the same arrangement of whorls or loops or arches that constitute a fingerprint?"

"No two in the world."

"How many fingerprints have been taken?"

"Oh, millions of them—the number increases so rapidly that it would be folly to guess at it."

"I'm going to ask you to give these prints to the jury, Doctor Barretti, so that they may be able to compare them at their leisure. Will you pass them on, Mr. Foreman, after you have inspected them? . . . Thanks."

The foreman of the jury fell upon them with a barely restrained pounce, the very glasses on his nose quivering with excitement. Fingerprints! Things that you read about all your life, that you wondered and speculated and marveled over—and here they were, right in your lucky hands. The rest of the jury crowded forward enviously.

"Doctor Barretti, on what surface were these so-called casual prints found?"

Through the court room there ran a stir—a murmur—that strange soaring hum with which humanity eases itself of the intolerable burden of suspense. Even the rapt jury lifted its head to catch it.

"From the surface of a brass lamp—the lamp found in the gardener's cottage on the Thorne estate known as the Orchards."

"Will you tell us why it was possible to obtain so sharply defined a print from this lamp?"

"Certainly. The hand that clasped the lamp was apparently quite moist, either from natural conditions of temperature or from some emotion. It had clasped the base, which was about six inches in diameter before it swelled into the portion that served as reservoir, quite firmly. The surface of the lamp had been lacquered in order to obviate polishing, making an excellent retaining surface. Furthermore, the impression was developed within twenty-four hours of the time of the murder and the surface was at no time tampered with. The kerosene that had flowed from it freely flowed away from the base, and in any case, the prints were on the upper portion of the base. All these circumstances united in making it possible to obtain an unusually fine print."

"One that leaves not the remotest possibility of error in identification?"

"Not the remotest."

"Whose hand made those two sets of impressions, Doctor Barretti?"

"The hand in both cases," said Doctor Barretti, gravely and pleasantly, "was that of Mrs. Patrick Ives."

After a long time Mr. Farr said softly, "That is all, Doctor Barretti. Cross-examine."

And as though it had traveled a great distance and were very tired, the old strange voice that Mr. Lambert had found in the court room that afternoon said wearily, "No questions now. Later, perhaps—later—not now."

The fifth day of the Bellamy trial was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SUCCESS VIBRATIONS

(Continued from Page 19)

interview was merely a rung on my way to the top of the ladder.

"Well, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer," said Mr. Blinn, with a smile which looked like it had been cut in with a coal chisel, "how do you like our little shop by this time?"

"I like it fine," was my honest reply, delivered in a vibratory voice, "and I am going to stay right on the job until I get to the top of the ladder."

"That is the right spirit, and I want to say we are well pleased with the way you are taking hold of all the details of the business. It is very rare to find a young man of your condition who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work his way to the top."

"Such is my firm intention, Mr. Blinn."

"Well, Mr. uh—uh -Beamer, as you may suppose, headquarters has been kept in constant touch with your progress and I was instructed from the first to promote you as rapidly as consistent with your ability to assimilate your new duties."

"I am glad to hear that," I replied. Though not letting on to the fact, I was surprised at the interest headquarters was showing. Though I had worked faithful sending out vibrations, I had not really supposed they would get as far as Chicago.

"Yes, headquarters is so well pleased that this morning I received instructions to make you general manager of Factory Number 3 of the Consolidated By-Products Company."

For a minute I was so astonished I hardly knew what to say. Then, gaining control of my emotions, I remarked, "Mr. Blinn, I accept the promotion to be manager of Factory Number 3 with pleasure, and I will endeavor to prove to all concerned that no mistake has been made."

"Of course, I will be right here for a certain time to advise you if you need advice and—what is the matter? I hope you are not ill, Mr. Beamer."

"No," I said after a minute, "but I thought I saw a particularly handsome girl leave that office opposite and walk down the hall."

"Your eyes did not deceive you. That is Miss Estelle Demerel. She is in charge of the welfare work among the factory employes, and no doubt you will be closely associated with her efforts. I hope you are not feeling ill."

"No, not exactly," I replied, opening my eyes after having sent a few hasty vibrations in Miss Demerel's direction; "not ill—just thinking of something. When would you like me to start in on the job?"

"At once, Mr. Beamer—at once."

That afternoon I walked home from the office so excited I could hardly wait to tell the good news to Myra, for in the short time since my arrival in town we had become very confidential. The reason why she especially appealed to me was because she always acted so square that you could depend on her under all circumstances.

"At last I have reached the top of the ladder," were my first words as I greeted her just inside the fence of her aunt's boarding house. "Yes, Myra, I am now general manager of Factory Number 3."

"Wait a minute," she said. "Count up to nine and then repeat that slowly. Either you have made a mistake or I have."

I repeated the facts as I had first stated them.

"Hank," she said, with a look that resembled a frown, "I admire and respect you, and maybe you have some executive capacity concealed somewhere about you, but this manager stuff sounds strange to me. I believe there is something phony about it."

"There is nothing phony about it," I replied with a reasonable amount of indignation, "and if you are not satisfied, everybody else is. And I will say farther that this afternoon I had a long conversation with a girl in the office whose name is Estelle Demerel and who is the manager of our welfare work, and she said I was the most marvelous man she had ever met in her life, and her father and mother want to meet me, so I am going to dinner there tomorrow night."

"I will say you are a marvelous man, Hank, and what proves it is the fact that you are just going to run into a marvelous coincidence."

"What is the marvelous coincidence, Myra?"

"The fact that I have a dinner date myself for tomorrow evening. He is a traveling man and you never heard anybody so gay and witty in your life. I almost die laughing when I am with him. Oh, what fun it is to look forward to a date like that."

The rest of the evening was spoiled for me. I tried to take Myra to the movies, but she said she had a headache. Well, I had a headache myself.

III

THE morning after being made manager of Factory Number 3 I reached my desk a quarter of an hour earlier than necessary. This was because I wished to have a little extra time to vibrate according to instructions and restore that feeling of perfect confidence which is necessary to parties holding the success thought. For a couple

(Continued on Page 131)

WARM, FLEECY CLOUDS OF SPOTLESS PURITY

This magic new method makes your blankets fragrantly clean, caressingly soft

NOW, without a moment's hesitation . . . without the tiniest scruple . . . you can send your very finest blankets to the laundry or dry cleaner and be *certain* that they will come back to you true in size—edges straight as an arrow—nap with a fluffy feel—fragrantly clean, caressingly soft!

If'hen washed this wonderful new way, your blankets come back to you with edges straight, corners square.

All because of the wonderful new "American" process, developed and perfected by the same world-famous specialists who are responsible for so many of our modern cleansing methods.

And thousands of grateful housewives, who have had blankets cleansed this new way, will tell you that they have been "amazed" with the results.

The method that gives new life to your blankets

First, your blankets are soused in bubbly suds of purest soap—no rubbing—no pounding—just a gentle, thorough swishing. Next, great floods of crystal-clear water rinse away every vestige of soap. *And both of these baths are scientifically temperatured to eliminate the slightest possibility of shrinking, hardening, or running!*

Then the excess moisture is taken out and, after that, your damp, immaculate blankets are fastened to frames, and placed in a dryer where a breeze of balmy, fresh air fans them dry.

Out they come, sweet-smelling, straight-edged, *exactly* to size and shape—*perfectly cleansed.*

But this is not all, for *now* they are lightly brushed by a machine that has a touch as light as a kitten's footfall. And they emerge warm, fleecy clouds of spotless purity!

It does sound too good to be true . . . but it's really so

True to the touch. Your laundry or dry cleaner also has a gentle touch.

As fast as we can build them, these marvelous "American" Blanket Units—that make perfect blanket cleansing possible—are being installed all over the country. There must be one near you. If your local laundry or dry cleaner is not yet prepared to give this service, write us. We will tell you where you can secure it.

And, oh, yes, we forgot to say that this new method works just as well for cotton blankets, comforts, quilts, curtains, knit goods, and even washable rugs!

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Norwood Station*, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd
17-93 Sterling Road, Toronto 3, Ont., Canada

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Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N. W. 1, England

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"Save the surface you save all" — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
18 East 41st Street, New York

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests who produce and support effective protection and beautify properties of every kind

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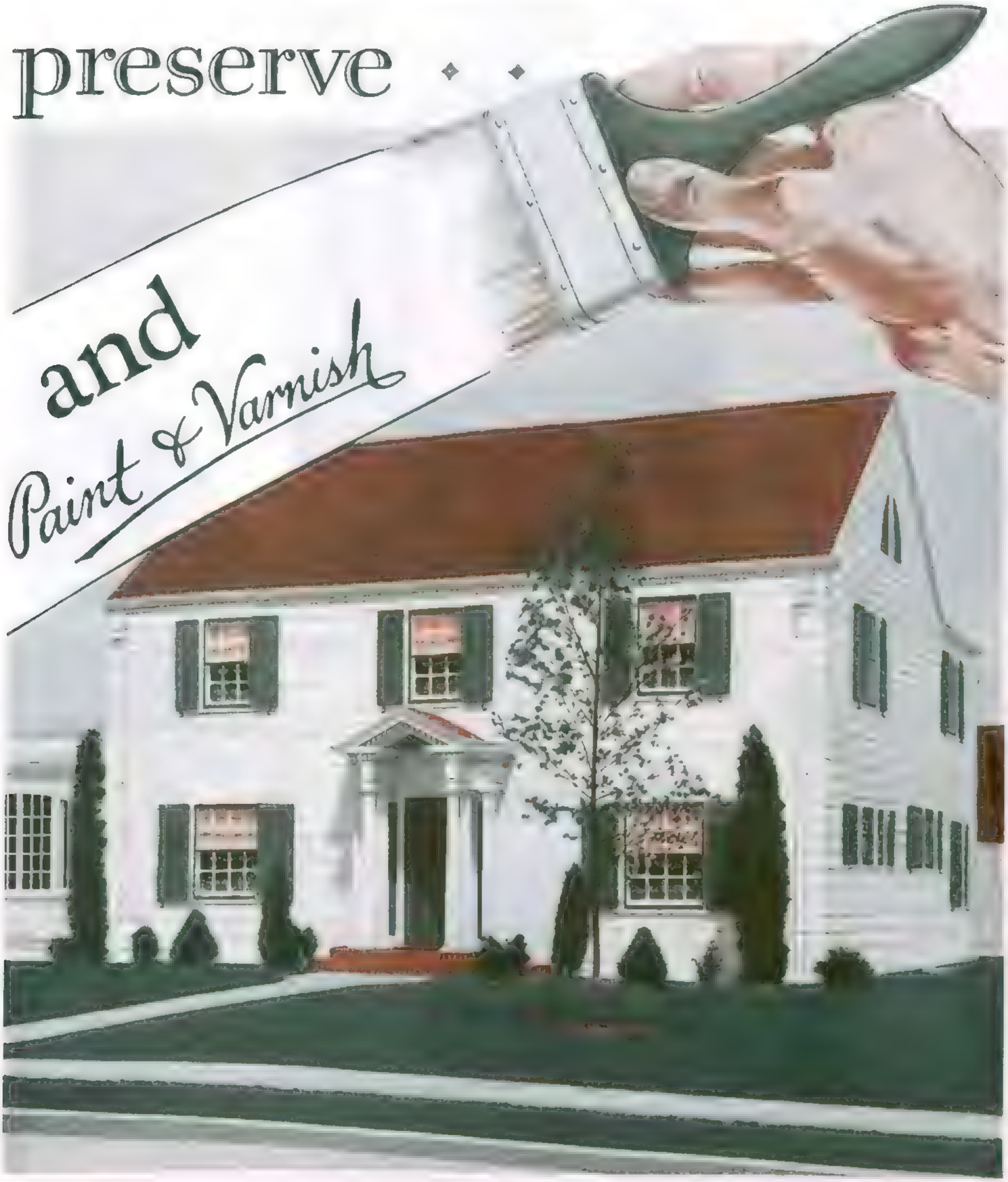

preserve - you beautify

If you are building or remodeling even the very smallest house, you can build real character into it by giving study to the front entrance. Here is where good proportions, interesting details and restraint in the use of ornament indicate the taste, knowledge and skill of the designer. Choose your front entrance with care!

To the left is a front entrance that has been selected with taste and judgment. And it is one of the least expensive of the many beautiful entrances that Curtis makes. The vine-covered trellis is not a part of the Curtis design but it indicates how one home owner has used a simple decorative feature with charming effect.

Begin Here

with this *authentic* woodwork to *build* beauty into your home!

BEAUTY IN PROPORTIONS

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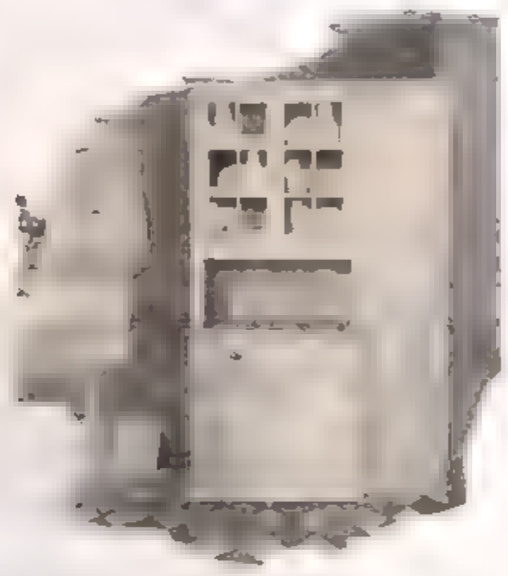

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(Continued from Page 126)

of unpleasant incidents had left me in a rather depressed state and I wanted to snap out of it.

The first of these incidents was a telegram which had come the day before from the psychology professor. "Grave developments," it had said. "Arrive tomorrow. Say nothing till you have seen me."

Then there had been a little conversation engaged in with Myra when coming down to breakfast.

"Hank," she had said, "I have always played fifty-fifty with everybody, and so I am very sorry to admit that last night for the first time I told you a deliberate falsehood. I have not any dinner date with a traveling man for tonight, but ——"

"But what?" I remarked, at the same time emitting vibrations in an effort to make her say she would be waiting up for me when I came back.

"—— but I am going to have a dinner date for tonight, even if I have to pay some cake eater to take me out. So think that over one of these long winter evenings." And with these words she swept into the kitchen, leaving me in a state of mind which can only be described as not so good.

"Charley," I said when the office boy showed up, "go down into the sorting room and get Gallagher."

A few minutes later Gallagher came up carrying his shovel.

"Gallagher," I said, "you told me it was your ambition to be an office man. Well, now you have got your wish, so you can send back your shovel to the sorting room."

"That is all right with me, Hank, but I may as well wise you up right at the start that I cannot read very good, and I will have to take a course in some school or something, because nobody ever learned me to play on the typewriter. And I do not know if I have got executive capacity or not. And I cannot wear a white collar this morning, because this shirt has got the collar attached and it is blue."

"Never mind those little points," I stated. "Just go into that little room back of my desk and be ready to act when called on."

"What will I have to do, Hank, when called on?"

"It will be very simple and I will explain it myself. You will not have to do anything except follow instructions."

The reason I had added Gallagher to the office force was the result of two peculiar interviews I had enjoyed with Traveling Inspector Blinn.

The first had taken place the evening before, when quitting the factory. In the street a man leaned over from a workhorse he was riding, to hit at a stone with a piece of stick in his hand.

"Ha-ha," said Mr. Blinn with a smile that made me think of a stone image laughing, "I suppose, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer, that is not very much like polo as you play it."

"I have never played polo," I replied, "as I never learned to skate."

He looked at me in a strange way, without the smile. "I do not mean on ice; I mean on horseback."

"I did not know there was any such game as polo on horseback," was my honest response.

He continued to look at me the same as if thinking, and then broke out laughing—and when I say "broke out," I use those words because they describe exactly what he did: "Ha-ha. Well, you young fellows will always have your little joke. I suppose this workaday life must seem pretty tame to you after college days."

"I do not know much about college days," was my reply, "because I never really got to business college. I was all set to go once in Janesville, when they called me back home as the result of my older brother's running a pitchfork into his leg and narrowly escaping blood poisoning."

Mr. Blinn did not respond anything to this except to ha-ha once or twice in an uneasy way. And as I turned toward the boarding house I caught him looking at me with heavy wrinkles on his forehead.

"Well, Mr. Blinn," I had said in a hearty voice, when meeting him on the present morning, "I noticed some cigars in that desk of mine. You had better drop up sometime today and smoke one."

"Don't worry, I will drop up all right, all right," was his response to this cordial invitation. It was not so much what he said as the way he said it. And though he smiled, it made you think of the way the animals in the circus look right after the concert and just before being fed.

I could not help feeling that for some unknown reason things were going wrong, and at twenty-five minutes past eight, when a knock came at the door, I closed my eyes, took a long breath, and vibrated a few times before saying "Come in."

It was Estelle Demerel, the welfare worker. "Good morning, Mr. Beamer. It is only poor little me."

"Good morning, Miss Demerel. I am very glad to see you." And with these words I exercised my executive capacity by closing the door to the little room where I had stowed Gallagher. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, I will be glad to, because it is such a pleasure to talk to you." She seated herself and patted her blond hair, some of which showed around each ear. "I just dropped in to ask you if you were sure of the address of our house, because we would all be heart-broken if you failed to come for dinner tonight."

"I did not take down the address," I said, "but that is because I memorized it when given."

"You are just marvelous, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer. How I wish poor little me had such a marvelous memory as that."

"Yes," I said, "I have a pretty good memory, but I have even more executive capacity, and a psychology professor told me he would be willing to make a signed statement to that effect."

"Everybody has heard about your career and it is simply marvelous. And to think of your starting at the bottom of the ladder, just as a common workman. I suppose, now that you have won your way to the top, you will leave your humble boarding house and seek more refined quarters."

"I will state I had not thought of doing so up to this time."

"That is just what makes you so marvelous—that you never even thought of it. And that is what I told my mother and father this morning when they said, 'We have those two sunny front rooms in the second story. Perhaps Mr. Beamer would like to occupy them. He could dine with us at the family table and thus get a little of that home life which no boarding house can furnish.' And they asked poor little me to carry you that message."

"Well," I said, remembering the way Myra was treating me, "I will think it over."

"Please do; and I am sure when you see those rooms tonight, you will be glad to take them so as to be once more in your element."

She stopped and fidgeted a little.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I dislike to trouble you, Mr. uh—uh—Beamer," she remarked in a low voice and looking down at the floor, "but you know I am in charge of the welfare work here in your factory, and knowing the great interest you take in all your employes, I felt I would be doing you an injustice if I did not tell you the details of a case which has come to my attention."

"What is the case?" I asked.

Hitching her chair to the corner of the desk, she placed it so that there was practically nothing between us except a blotter, and then looked steadfastly into my eyes.

"It is the case of a girl—the case of a young girl. Oh, what a sad thing it is for a young girl to be alone in life, with nobody except her parents, and probably they do not understand her."

"Yes," I said, "that is very sad."

"You show how marvelous you are to understand as you do. It is so easy to confide in you and it was so difficult with a man like Mr. Blinn. . . . And oh, what a sad case this is! Whenever I see a young girl with nobody to understand her but her parents, and they are probably far from appreciating her case, I feel sorry for her."

"Yes, indeed," I said, clearing my throat; "and what is the case?"

"It is the case of a young girl who works here in the factory and she has—oh, it is so hard to tell you."

"What has happened?"

"She has fallen in love."

"Is that so?" I asked.

"She certainly has, and she is without anybody to understand her except her parents and they do not understand her in the slightest. And oh, what is she to do? If you could only tell me—if you could only tell me."

"Why doesn't she marry the man?"

"Oh, thank you for that good advice, Mr. Hazeltine—I mean, Mr. Beamer. Thank you for that good advice. How can I ever show you how truly grateful I am?"

As she said this she threw herself forward until there was not even the blotter between us, and though I repeated "There-there," several times, it did not seem to do much good. She continued in an excited state and kept telling me how marvelous I was.

"Oh, you are so marvelous," she kept saying, and then she would grab a tighter hold of my neck.

I was not exactly sure how welfare workers worked, as Mr. Blinn had not explained this important point and I had never seen one in action before. But it did not strike me as bad stuff, and I was just about to ask her if she did not know of any cases more serious, when the office door smashed open.

It was Mr. Blinn. "Well, Beamer," he said in a voice that suited his face, "so you are here."

"Yes," I replied, "I am here."

Miss Demerel had jumped back to her own side of the desk and was looking somewhat confused, but not much.

"Well, my man," he continued, "you have got away with it up to now, but you are not going to get away with it much longer."

"If you want the girl," was my reply, "you will have to fight for her." I made this remark because I remembered it from the movie called Passion Lilies and not because I could not live without Miss Demerel, though I will admit I thought it might be pleasant to have her around.

To my surprise, Mr. Blinn said, "I am not talking about any girl. I am talking about your job. Get out from behind that desk."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because I say so, and don't waste any time about it either."

For a minute I did not respond. This was because, with eyes closed, I was sending out vibrations to the effect that I had executive capacity, and that having reached the top of the ladder I intended staying there. Having finished vibrating, I opened my eyes and in a quiet voice remarked, "Gallagher."

The door behind me opened and Gallagher appeared. He had been constructing a white collar out of some pieces of typewriting paper folded over and glued together, but it could not be called a complete success.

"Gallagher," I went on in the same quiet voice, "Mr. Blinn is a traveling inspector, and the time has come for him to travel, so kindly get him started as far as the front door."

For about five seconds Mr. Blinn stood there as though not believing his eyes. Then he turned and left in a rapid way, skidding on the turns and yelling "Help!" He had a good start, but judging by the sounds, Gallagher must have caught him halfway down the stairway.

IV

"I WOULD not have mussed him up," said Gallagher when he came back, "if he had not tore my collar. That is what got me sore."

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"Let bygones be bygones," I said. 'Continue to show the same executive capacity in all you do and you will rise to the top of the ladder. And now go back to your desk."

Throwing her arms around my neck once more, Miss Demerel said, "Oh, how marvelous to be a man and never to be imposed on like poor little me."

"Yes, you are right," was my reply.

"And you didn't have any hesitation about throwing Mr. Blinn out?"

"Not the slightest," I stated, accommodating myself to her affectionate attitude, "and if he comes back again, I will throw him out again."

Two minutes later he did come back—this time with a policeman. Thinking very quick, I dashed off a little memorandum.

"Now, my fine fellow," said Mr. Blinn, using the face and voice which during the last twelve hours seemed to be customary with him, "you are going to find out something. Officer, there is the man; arrest him."

"Officer," I inserted, "as manager of this factory and responsible for its safety, I have often thought we have never really appreciated the services rendered to us by the ever-vigilant policeman."

"Hire a hall," snapped Mr. Blinn, "or wait till you get to the calaboose."

"Charley," I said to the office boy, "take this gentleman in uniform down to the cashier's desk and have him cash this order for a hundred dollars. Officer, kindly turn fifty into the Fund for Retired Patrolmen and keep the other fifty for your private charities."

Before Mr. Blinn could protest intelligibly, I had got the pleased policeman out the door at the side. Then I turned my attention to Mr. Blinn himself.

"I am sorry, Mr. Blinn," I said, "but I shall be forced to wire headquarters and have you relieved of your present duties. You have served us faithfully as traveling inspector, but in my opinion you have been traveling or inspecting a little too hard and the strain has gone to your head. Gallagher, Mr. Blinn is feeling a little weak. Kindly escort him down the stairs again."

With a wild yell Mr. Blinn started once more in a vain effort to beat Gallagher.

"I never liked him," said Gallagher, coming back with the pieces of his second collar in his right hand, "but now I am off him for life. Look what he done."

"There are more collars where that came from," I said in an encouraging voice. "You are showing executive capacity, Gallagher, and your progress to the top of the ladder will be rapid. Always remember that the business of an executive is to execute."

"My hero," said Miss Demerel, throwing her arms around my neck and kissing me wildly. "You are simply marvelous."

"I will admit I have executive capacity," I replied modestly, "and it is a man's duty to use his talents, whatever they may be, for the public welfare, and if I find out Gallagher actually kicked Mr. Blinn I will raise his salary."

At this moment a gruff voice outside remarked, "You are an idiot, Blinn, and if you were thrown out, it serves you right. No newspaper yet ever told the truth, and if any scandal rag said my boy was married in New York last week, it lied. Three weeks ago Harold told me he was through fooling and was going to come to this factory and start at the bottom and work his way to the top, just the way I did. You are wrong, Blinn. But I am going to call Harold good, because his past escapades are responsible for this publicity."

The door opened, revealing a short, red-faced man standing beside Mr. Blinn.

He looked at me for a moment. Then his head shot forward, his mouth open like a trapdoor, and he began as follows: "What the ——" and so forth.

"I am manager of Factory Number 3," I replied in a dignified voice, "and I cannot allow such language to be used in the presence of a lady. Gallagher, this new gentleman would like to look at our flower beds out in front. Mr. Blinn will go with him."

The usual result followed.

"I didn't kick the old man," Gallagher said when he came back without his third collar, "but I helped Mr. Blinn twice."

"That is the way to show executive capacity," I said smilingly. "And now kindly withdraw to your little room while I continue my conversation with Miss Demerel about welfare work."

"You are simply marvelous, Harold," said Miss Demerel, after a moment of silent affection, "but are you wise to treat your father like that, or do you own Factory Number 3 yourself?"

"What do you mean—'my father'?" I asked.

"Why, Mr. Hazeltine, Harold—that was your father you just had thrown out."

"He is no father of mine," I stated with conviction.

"Do not disinherit him like that, Harold. I beg of you for my sake as well as your own. Perhaps he has been a trifle harsh in the past, but remember he is your father still."

"He is nothing of the kind," I stated with growing indignation, "and why do you keep calling me Harold?"

"Because I know your real name. In fact I saw through your disguise all by myself before Mr. Blinn told me. You are Harold Blagden Hazeltine, Second. And I think it is just marvelous the way you started in here like a common laborer and worked your way up to the top, in spite of the fact that your father is president of Consolidated By-Products and many times a millionaire."

"My father is nothing of the kind," I said. "He runs a farm near Janesville and probably will never pay off the mortgage. My personal name is Henry T. Beamer, and if you think I am the son of a millionaire, look at my hands."

She took one look at the calluses, and then staggering back to the farthest corner of the room, stood there breathing heavy and with her hand over her heart.

"And do you really mean to say that President Hazeltine that you just had thrown out is not your father?"

"I'll say he isn't, and if he ever comes up here claiming anything of the sort, I'll have him thrown out again."

A low moan followed. "Oh, and you made me think you were Harold Blagden Hazeltine, Second, and right along you were nothing but a vile and vulgar impostor. Oh, what a terrible world for a poor girl who is misunderstood by everybody, including her own father and mother. Don't touch me—don't dare to touch me!"

"Well," I said in a dry way, "as my arms are not fifteen feet long, you are not running much risk."

Probably she was thinking up some answer to this stinging crack, when the door opened again and President Hazeltine came dancing back.

"Mr. Hazeltine," she cried out, "he has deceived us all! He is not your son!"

"I'll say he's not!" responded President Hazeltine in a hoarse roar. "He's holding down a job, that proves he's no relation to Harold. I might have known what would happen if I ever took a month's vacation. Harold tells me he's ready to go to work at last, and as soon as I turn my back he swaps places with this specimen and rolls away to New York, where some she sheik hauls the boob to the altar. When I lay my hands on him ——"

At this minute President Hazeltine stopped talking, and for a minute I thought he was going to swell up and explode. He stood stock-still, looking at a newcomer in the doorway, and to my surprise this newcomer was none other than my late psychology professor.

"Howdy, governor," said my psychology professor to President Hazeltine; "how is the old bean functioning this A.M.? Come on down to the Grand Hotel and give your new daughter-in-law the once-over. Just got in last night from New York. Ready to become a captain of industry and all

that. Boy, I am going to jolt that little old bank account of yours for ten thousand shiners"

In spite of desperate efforts, President Hazeltine did not seem able to speak intelligibly, though he said something like "ten thousand eye winkers," though not exactly in those words.

"Professor," I stalled, acting a little dumber than I really was, because, though I now understood all, I needed a little time to figure out my future actions, "I am pleased to tell you that by following your instructions and holding the thought and continually sending out vibrations as directed, I have developed my executive capacity to such a point that I am now general manager of Factory Number 3."

President Hazeltine apparently tried to remark something, but all he did was to twist up his face till it looked as though he was getting ready to foam at the mouth.

"How's that, governor? And there you are. Not for nothing did I shine in college dramatics. I lent him the scenery and the road map and he worked my way up for me. A simple idea, you may say, but worthy of Napoleon. Presto, change, once more and I take the job in its present worked-up state and everything will be merry and bright, eh?"

President Hazeltine put his fist in his mouth and bit at it, but even this did not seem to soothe him.

"Now, governor, keep your wool on your head, watch your arteries and let your favorite son do his stuff. My worthy friend, the gentleman with the red face at my right is H. B. Hazeltine, First, president of Consolidated By-Products. I am H. B. H., Second. The governor wishes me to thank you for your intelligent cooperation and to tell you that your services are no longer required. That's about what you're trying to gurgle, eh, governor?"

Remembering what my own father would have done under such circumstances, judging by what happened to me the time I remarked "Pull in your neck," I was astonished to observe the effect of this speech on President Hazeltine. All he did was just to sort of shrivel up in plain view, until he looked like some poor old man that had just asked for a handout and had got the dog set on him.

"So, my worthy friend," said Harold to me, and not noticing his father in the slightest, "since at last you know the secret of success, all you have to do is to draw your pay and vibrate along to the next town and get another job. Eh, governor?"

I now saw that the time had come to show my executive capacity

"Gallagher," I said in a quiet voice. He came out with his fourth collar. "Gallagher, this young man near the door wants a job in the factory and would like to start at the bottom of the ladder and work his way to the top. Take him down to the sorting room and keep him sorting all through the lunch hour and until the whistle blows at five o'clock. Handle him gentle, but if he lays down on the job, use executive capacity to the limit. So vibrate, Gallagher, vibrate."

I do not suppose Harold had any idea of what was going to happen to him, or he would not have waited there with that amused look on his face until Gallagher had him by the coat collar and the seat of his breeches. Then he yelled, but it was just the same as blowing a police whistle at a cyclone. And when they passed President Hazeltine, which they done at about sixty miles an hour, the old man threw his hat in the air and cheered.

After all was quiet once more, I continued in the same calm voice: "Miss Demerel, kindly call up Mrs. Hazeltine, Second, at the Grand Hotel and break the news that her husband will not be home for lunch. And now, President Hazeltine, I am going to resign."

"Resign my eye!" yelled President Hazeltine. "You are the man I have been looking for ever since Harold was two years old. I am going to offer you the best job you ever had in your life."

"Oh, Mr. Beamer," said Estelle Demerel, whose expression had suddenly changed to a sweet smile, "please—please forgive my losing my temper. I was so nervous I didn't know what I was doing. And I know you'll come to dinner this evening; father and mother will be so disappointed if you don't"

"Well," I said, realizing for the first time what it meant to be strung along, and remembering how square Myra had always treated me, "I would certainly like to be there, but I am afraid it will be impossible. I have got to break a date and make a date for this evening, and the chances are I will be kept busy."

And turning from Miss Demerel and also from President Hazeltine, who was now bawling out Mr. Blinn, I unhooked the receiver and called up Myra.

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THE LOVE BOAT

Continued from Page 9

third floor of its only apartment house, an unsuccessful relic of those more prosperous days of New England textile weaving that ended twenty years ago. Her father was a timekeeper who had fallen out of the white-collar class; Mae's two older brothers were working at the loom, and Bill's only impression as he entered the dingy flat was one of hopeless decay. The mountainous, soiled mother, at once suspicious and deferential, and the anæmic, beaten Anglo-Saxon asleep on the couch after his Sunday dinner were no more than shadows against the poor walls. But Mae was clean and fresh. No breath of squalor touched her. The pale pure youth of her cheeks, and her thin childish body shining through a new organdie dress, measured up full to the summer day.

"Where you going to take my little girl?" Mrs. Purley asked anxiously.

"I'm going to run away with her," he said, laughing.

"Not with my little girl."

"Oh, yes, I am. I don't see why she hasn't been run away with before."

"Not my little girl."

They held hands going downstairs, but not for an hour did the feeling of being intimate strangers pass. When the first promise of evening blew into the air at five o'clock and the light changed from white to yellow, their eyes met once in a certain way and Bill knew that it was time. They turned up a side road and down a wagon track, and in a moment the spell was around them again—the equal and opposite urge that drew them together. They talked about each other and then their voices grew quiet and they kissed, while chestnut blossoms slid in white diagonals through the air and fell across the car. After a long while an instinct told her that they had stayed long enough. He drove her home.

It went on like that for two months. He would come for her in the late afternoon and they would go for dinner to the shore. Afterward they would drive around until they found the center of the summer night and park there while the enchanted silence spread over them like leaves over the babes in the wood. Some day, naturally, they were going to marry. For the present it was impossible; he must go to work in the fall. Vaguely and with more than a touch of sadness both of them realized that this wasn't true; that if Mae had been of another class an engagement would have been arranged at once. She knew that he lived in a great country house with a park and a caretaker's lodge, that there were stables full of cars and horses, and that house parties and dances took place there all summer. Once they had driven past the gate and Mae's heart was leaden in her breast as she saw that those wide acres would lie between them all her life.

On his part Bill knew that it was impossible to marry Mae Purley. He was an only son and he wore one of those New England names that are carried with one always. Eventually he broached the subject to his mother.

"It isn't her poverty and ignorance," his mother said, among other things. "It's her lack of any standards—common women are common for life. You'd see her impressed by cheap and shallow people, by cheap and shallow things."

"But, mother, this isn't 1850. It isn't as if she were marrying into the royal family."

"If it were, it wouldn't matter. But you have a name that for many generations has stood for leadership and self-control. People who have given up less and taken fewer responsibilities have had nothing to say aloud when men like your father and your Uncle George and your Great-grandfather Frothington held their heads high. Toss your pride away and see what you've left at thirty-five to take you through the rest of your life."

"But you can only live once," he protested—knowing, nevertheless, that what she said was, for him, right. His youth had been pointed to make him understand that exposition of superiority. He knew what it was to be the best, at home, at school, at Harvard. In his senior year he had known men to dodge behind a building and wait in order to walk with him across the Harvard Yard, not to be seen with him out of mere poor snobbishness, but to get something intangible, something he carried within him of the less obvious, less articulate experience of the race.

Several days later he went to see Mae and met her coming out of the flat. They sat on the stairs in the half darkness.

"Just think of these stairs," he said huskily. "Think how many times you've kissed me on these stairs. At night when I've brought you home. On every landing. Last month when we walked up and down together five times before we could say good night."

"I hate these stairs. I wish I never had to go up them any more."

"Oh, Mae, what are we going to do?"

She didn't answer for a moment. "I've been thinking a lot these last three days," she said. "I don't think it's fair to myself to go on like this—or to Al."

"To Al," he said, startled. "Have you been seeing Al?"

"We had a long talk last night."

"Al!" he repeated incredulously.

"He wants to get married. He isn't mad any more."

Bill tried suddenly to face the situation he had been dodging for two months, but the situation, with practiced facility, slid around the corner. He moved up a step till he was beside Mae, and put his arm around her.

"Oh, let's get married!" she cried desperately. "You can. If you want to, you can"

"I do want to."

"Then why can't we?"

"We can, but not yet."

"Oh, God, you've said that before."

For a tragic week they quarreled and came together over the bodies of unresolved arguments and irreconcilable facts. They parted finally on a trivial question as to whether he had once kept her waiting half an hour.

Bill went to Europe on the first possible boat and enlisted in an ambulance unit. When America went into the war he transferred to the aviation and Mae's pale face and burning lips faded off, faded out, against the wild dark background of the war.

III

IN 1919 Bill fell romantically in love with a girl of his own set. He met her on the Lido and wooed her on golf courses and in fashionable speak-easies and in cars parked at night, loving her much more from the first than he had ever loved Mae. She was a better person, prettier and more intelligent and with a kindlier heart. She loved him; they had much the same tastes and more than ample money.

There was a child, after a while there were four children, then only three again. Bill grew a little stout after thirty, as athletes will. He was always going to take up something strenuous and get into real condition. He worked hard and drank a little too freely every week-end. Later he inherited the country house and lived there in the summer.

When he and Stella had been married eight years they felt safe for each other, safe from the catastrophes that had overtaken the majority of their friends. To Stella this brought relief; Bill, once he had accepted the idea of their safety, was conscious of a certain discontent, a sort of chemical restlessness. With a feeling of disloyalty to Stella, he shyly sounded his friends on the subject and found that in men of his age the symptoms were almost universal. Some blamed it on the war: "There'll never be anything like the war."

It was not variety of woman that he wanted. The mere idea appalled him. There were always women around. If he took a fancy to someone Stella invited her for a week-end, and men who liked Stella fraternally, or even somewhat sentimentally, were as often in the house. But the feeling persisted and grew stronger. Sometimes it would steal over him at dinner—a vast nostalgia -and the people at table would fade out and odd memories of his youth would come back to him. Sometimes a familiar taste or a smell would give him this sensation. Chiefly it had to do with the summer night.

One evening, walking down the lawn with Stella after dinner, the feeling seemed so close that he could almost grasp it. It was in the rustle of the pines, in the wind, in the gardener's radio down behind the tennis court.

"Tomorrow," Stella said, "there'll be a full moon."

She had stopped in a broad path of moonlight and was looking at him. Her hair was pale and lovely in the gentle light. She regarded him for a moment oddly, and he took a step forward as if to put his arms around her; then he stopped, unresponsive and dissatisfied. Stella's expression changed slightly and they walked on.

"That's too bad," he said suddenly. "Because tomorrow I've got to go away."

"Where?"

"To New York. Meeting of the trustees of school. Now that the kids are entered I feel I should."

"You'll be back Sunday?"

"Unless something comes up and I telephone."

"Ad Haughton's coming Sunday, and maybe the Ameses."

"I'm glad you won't be alone."

Suddenly Bill had remembered the boat floating down the river and Mae Purley on the deck under the summer moon. The image became a symbol of his youth, his introduction to life. Not only did he remember the deep excitement of that night but felt it again, her face against his, the rush of air about them as they stood by the lifeboat and the feel of its canvas cover to his hand.

When his car dropped him at Wheatly Village next afternoon he experienced a sensation of fright. Eleven years—she might be dead; quite possibly she had moved away. Any moment he might pass her on the street, a tired, already faded woman pushing a baby carriage and leading an extra child.

"I'm looking for a Miss Mae Purley," he said to a taxi driver. "It might be Fitzpatrick now."

"Fitzpatrick up at the works?"

Inquiries within the station established the fact that Mae Purley was indeed Mrs. Fitzpatrick. They lived just outside of town.

Ten minutes later the taxi stopped before a white Colonial house.

"They made it over from a barn," volunteered the taxi man. "There was a picture of it in one of them magazines."

Bill saw that someone was regarding him from behind the screen door. It was Mae. The door opened slowly and she stood in the hall, unchanged, slender as of old. Instinctively he raised his arms and then, as he took another step forward, instinctively he lowered them.

"Mae."

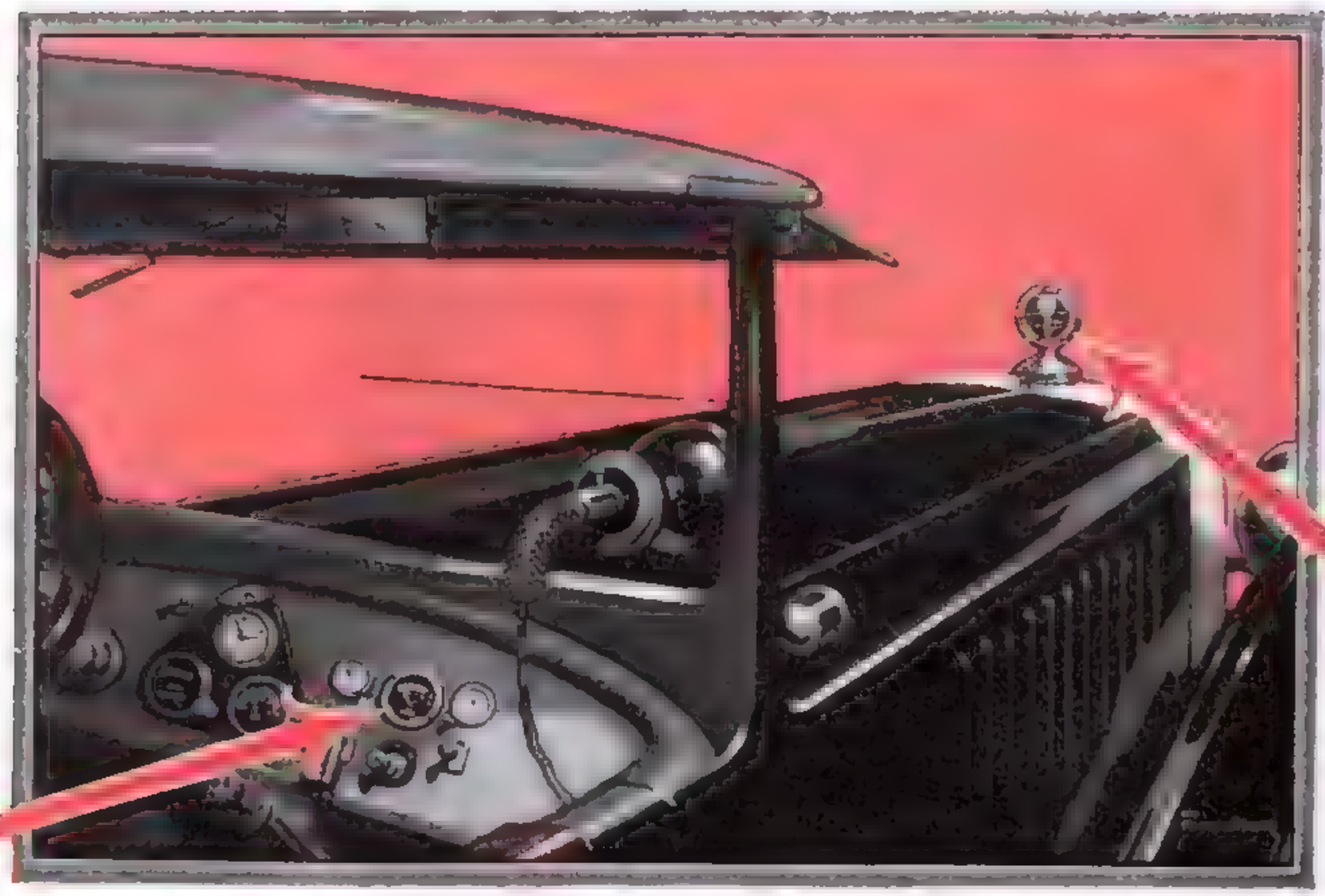
"B...."

She was there. For a moment he possessed her, her frailty, her thin smoldering beauty; then he had lost her again. He could no more have embraced her than he could have embraced a stranger.

On the sun porch they stared at each other. "You haven't changed," they said together.

It was gone from her. Words, casual, trivial, and insincere, poured from her

(Continued on Page 139)



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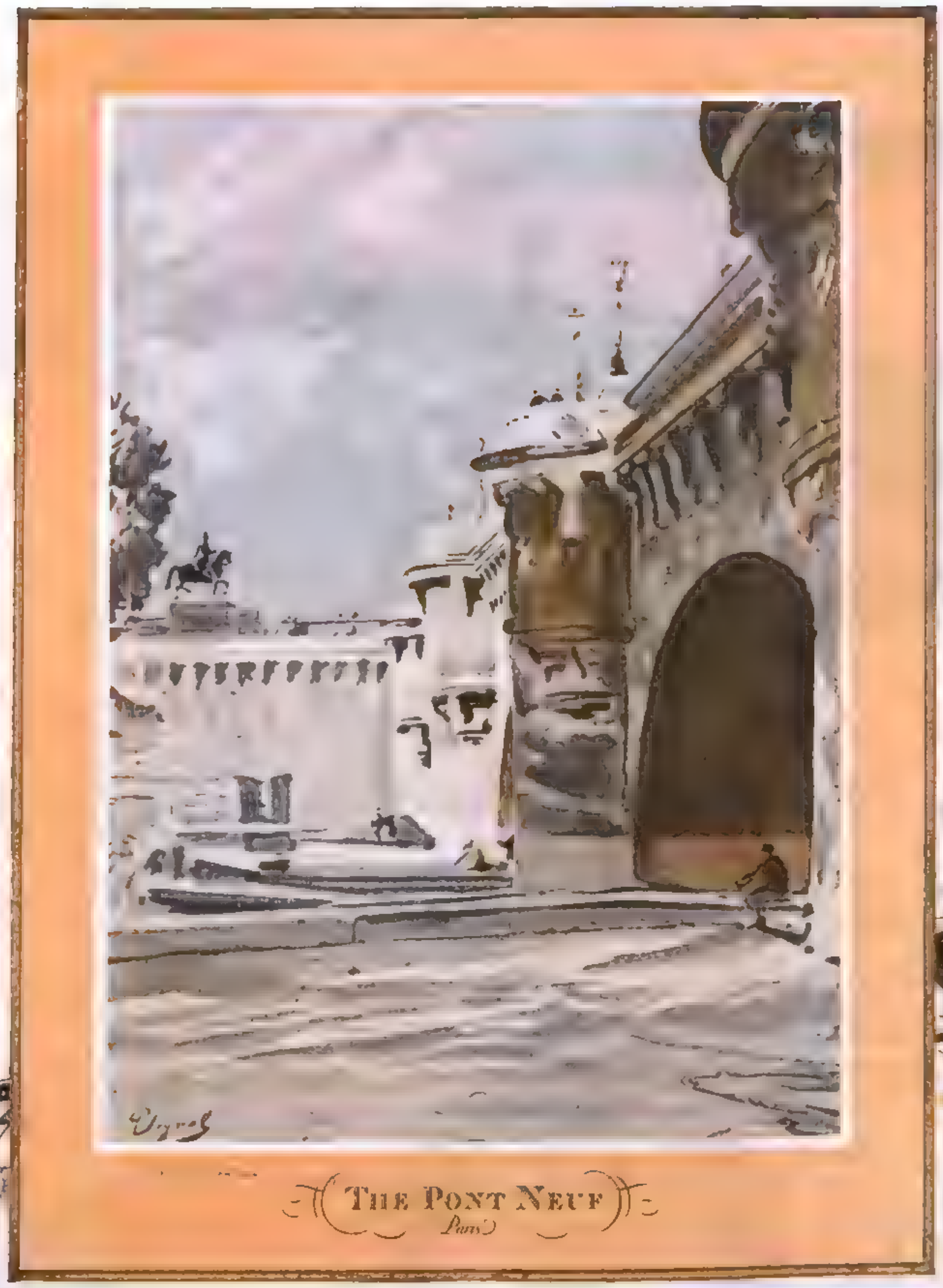

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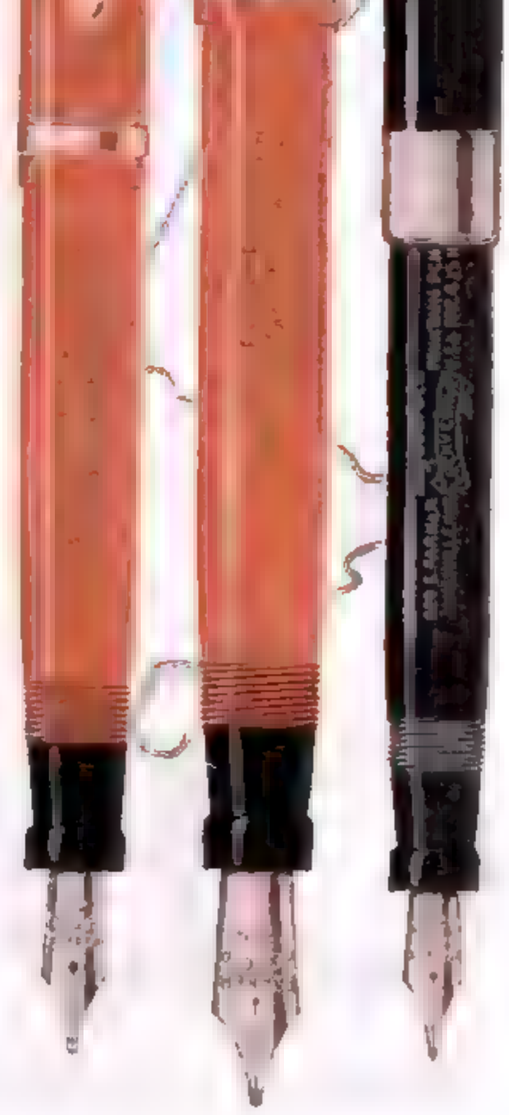


(Continued from Page 134)

mouth as if to fill the sudden vacancy in his heart:

"Imagine seeing you—know you anywhere—thought you'd forgotten me—talking about you only the other night."

Suddenly he was without any inspiration. His mind became an utter blank, and try as he might, he could summon up no attitude to fill it.

"It's a nice place you have here," he said stupidly.

"We like it. You'd never guess it, but we made it out of an old barn."

"The taxi driver told me."

"— stood here for a hundred years empty—got it for almost nothing—pictures of it before and after in Home and Country Side."

Without warning his mind went blank again. What was the matter? Was he sick? He had even forgotten why he was here.

He knew only that he was smiling benevolently and that he must hang on to that smile, for if it passed he could never recreate it. What did it mean when one's mind went blank. He must see a doctor tomorrow.

"— since Al's done so well. Of course Mr. Kohlsatt leans on him, so he don't get away much. I get away to New York sometimes. Sometimes we both get away together."

"Well, you certainly have a nice place here," he said desperately. He must see a doctor in the morning. Doctor Flynn or Doctor Keyes or Doctor Given who was at Harvard with him. Or perhaps that specialist who was recommended to him by that woman at the Ameses'; or Doctor Gross or Doctor Studeford or Doctor de Martel

"I never touch it, but Al always keeps something in the house. Al's gone to Boston, but I think I can find the key."

- or Doctor Ramsay or old Doctor Ogden, who had brought him into the world. He hadn't realized that he knew so many doctors. He must make a list.

"— you're just exactly the same."

Suddenly Bill put both hands on his stomach, gave a short coarse laugh and said "Not here." His own act startled and surprised him, but it dissipated the blankness for a moment and he began to gather up the pieces of his afternoon. From her chatter he discovered her to be under the impression that in some vague and sentimental past she had thrown him over. Perhaps she was right. Who was she anyhow—this hard, commonplace article wearing Mae's body for a mask of life? Defiance rose in him.

"Mae, I've been thinking about that boat," he said desperately.

"What boat?"

"The steamboat on the Thames, Mae. I don't think we should let ourselves get old. Get your hat, Mae. Let's go for a boat ride tonight."

"But I don't see the point," she protested. "Do you think just riding on a boat keeps people young? Maybe if it was salt water —"

"Don't you remember that night on the boat?" he said, as if he were talking to a child. "That's how we met. Two months later you threw me over and married Al Fitzpatrick."

"But I didn't marry Al then," she said. "It wasn't till two years later when he got a job as superintendent. There was a Harvard man I used to go around with that I almost married. He knew you. His name was Abbot—Ham Abbot."

"Ham Abbot—you saw him again?"

"We went around for almost a year. I remember Al was wild. He said if I had any more Harvard men around he'd shoot them. But there wasn't anything wrong with it. Ham was just cuckoo about me and I used to let him rave."

Bill had read somewhere that every seven years a change is completed in the individual that makes him different from his self of seven years ago. He clung to the idea desperately. Dimly he saw this person pouring him an enormous glass of applejack, dimly he gulped it down and, through a description of the house, fought his way to the front door.

"Notice the original beams. The beams were what we liked best —" She broke off suddenly. "I remember now about the boat. You were in a launch and you got on board with Ham Abbot that night."

The applejack was strong. Evidently it was fragrant also, for as they started off, the taxi driver volunteered to show him where the gentleman could get some more. He would give him a personal introduction in a place down by the wharf.

Bill sat at a dingy table behind swinging doors and, while the sun went down behind the Thames, disposed of four more applejacks. Then he remembered that he was keeping the taxi waiting. Outside a boy told him that the driver had gone home to supper and would be back in half an hour.

He sauntered over to a bale of goods and sat down, watching the mild activity of the docks. It was dusk presently. Stevedores appeared momentarily against the lighted hold of a barge and jerked quickly out of sight down an invisible incline. Next to the barge lay a steamer and people were going aboard; first a few people and then an increasing crowd. There was a breeze in the air and the moon came up rosy gold with a haze around

Someone ran into him precipitately in the darkness, tripped, swore and staggered to his feet.

"I'm sorry," said Bill cheerfully. "Hurt yourself?"

"Pardon me," stuttered the young man. "Did I hurt you?"

"Not at all. Here, have a light."

They touched cigarettes.

"Where's the boat going?"

"Just down the river. It's the high-school picnic tonight."

"What?"

"The Wheatly High School picnic. The boat goes down to Groton, then it turns around and comes back."

Bill thought quickly. "Who's the principal of the high school?"

"Mr. McVitty." The young man fidgeted impatiently. "So long, bud. I got to go aboard."

"Me too," whispered Bill to himself. "Me too."

Still he sat there lazily for a moment, listening to the sounds clear and distinct now from the open deck: the high echolalia of the girls, the boys calling significant but obscure jokes to one another across the night. He was feeling fine. The air seemed to have distributed the applejack to all the rusty and unused corners of his body. He bought another pint, stowed it in his hip pocket and walked on board with all the satisfaction, the insouciance of a transatlantic traveler.

A girl standing in a group near the gangplank raised her eyes to him as he went past. She was slight and fair. Her mouth curved down and then broke upward as she smiled, half at him, half at the man beside her. Someone made a remark and the group laughed. Once again her glance slipped sideways and met his for an instant as he passed by.

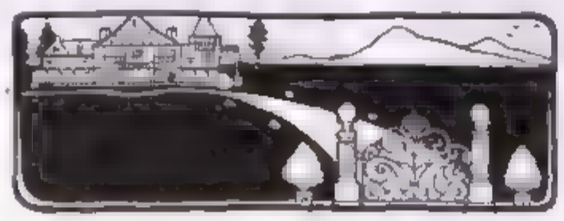
Mr. McVitty was on the top deck with half a dozen other teachers, who moved aside at Bill's breezy approach.

"Good evening, Mr. McVitty. You don't remember me."

"I'm afraid I don't, sir." The principal regarded him with tentative noncommittal eyes.

"Yet I took a trip with you on this same boat, exactly eleven years ago tonight."

"This boat, sir, was only built last year."



"Well, a boat like it," said Bill. "I wouldn't have known the difference myself."

Mr. McVitty made no reply. After a moment Bill continued confidently, "We found that night that we were both sons of John Harvard."

"Yes?"

"In fact on that very day I had been pulling an oar against what I might refer to as dear old Yale."

Mr. McVitty's eyes narrowed. He came closer to Bill and his nose wrinkled slightly.

"Old Eli," said Bill; "in fact, Eli Yale."

"I see," said Mr. McVitty dryly. "And what can I do for you tonight?"

Someone came up with a question and in the enforced silence it occurred to Bill that he was present on the slightest of all pretexts—a previous and unacknowledged acquaintance. He was relieved when a dull rumble and a quiver of the deck indicated that they had left the shore.

Mr. McVitty, disengaged, turned toward him with a slight frown. "I seem to remember you now," he said. "We took three of you aboard from a motor boat and we let you dance. Unfortunately the evening ended in a fight."

Bill hesitated. In eleven years his relation to Mr. McVitty had somehow changed. He recalled Mr. McVitty as a more negligible, more easily dealt with person. There had been no such painful difficulties before.

"Perhaps you wonder how I happen to be here?" he suggested mildly.

"To be frank, I do, Mr —"

"Frothington," supplied Bill, and he added brazenly, "It's rather a sentimental excursion for me. My greatest romance began on the evening you speak of. That was when I first met—my wife."

Mr. McVitty's attention was caught at last. "You married one of our girls?"

Bill nodded. "That's why I wanted to take this trip tonight."

"Your wife's with you?"

"No."

"I don't understand —" He broke off, and suggested gently, "Or maybe I do. Your wife is dead?"

After a moment Bill nodded. Somewhat to his surprise two great tears rolled suddenly down his face.

Mr. McVitty put his hand on Bill's shoulder. "I'm sorry," he said. "I understand your feeling, Mr. Frothington, and I respect it. Please make yourself at home."

After a nibble at his bottle Bill stood in the door of the salon watching the dance. It might have been eleven years ago. There were the high-school characters that he and Ham and Ellie had laughed at afterward—the fat boy who surely played center on the football team and the adolescent hero with the pompadour and the blatant good manners, president of his class. The pretty girl who had looked at him by the gangplank danced past him, and with a quick lift of his heart he placed her, too; her confidence and the wide but careful distribution of her favors—she was the popular girl, as Mae had been eleven years before.

Next time she went past he touched the shoulder of the boy she was dancing with. "May I have some of this?" he said.

"What?" her partner gasped.

"May I have some of this dance?"

The boy stared at him without relinquishing his hold.

"Oh, it's all right, Red," she said impatiently. "That's the way they do now."

Red stepped sulkily aside. Bill bent his arm as nearly as he could into the tortuous clasp that they were all using, and started.

"I saw you talking to Mr. McVitty," said the girl, looking up into his face with a bright smile. "I don't know you, but I guess it's all right."

"I saw you before that."

"When?"

"Getting on the boat."

"I don't remember."

"What's your name?" he asked.

"May Schaffer. What's the matter?"

"Do you spell it with an *e*?"

"No; why?"

(Continued on Page 141)

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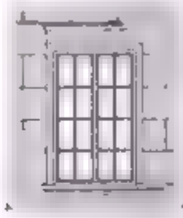

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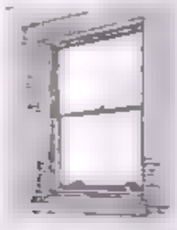

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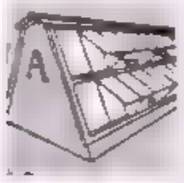

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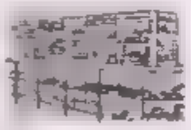

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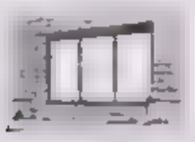
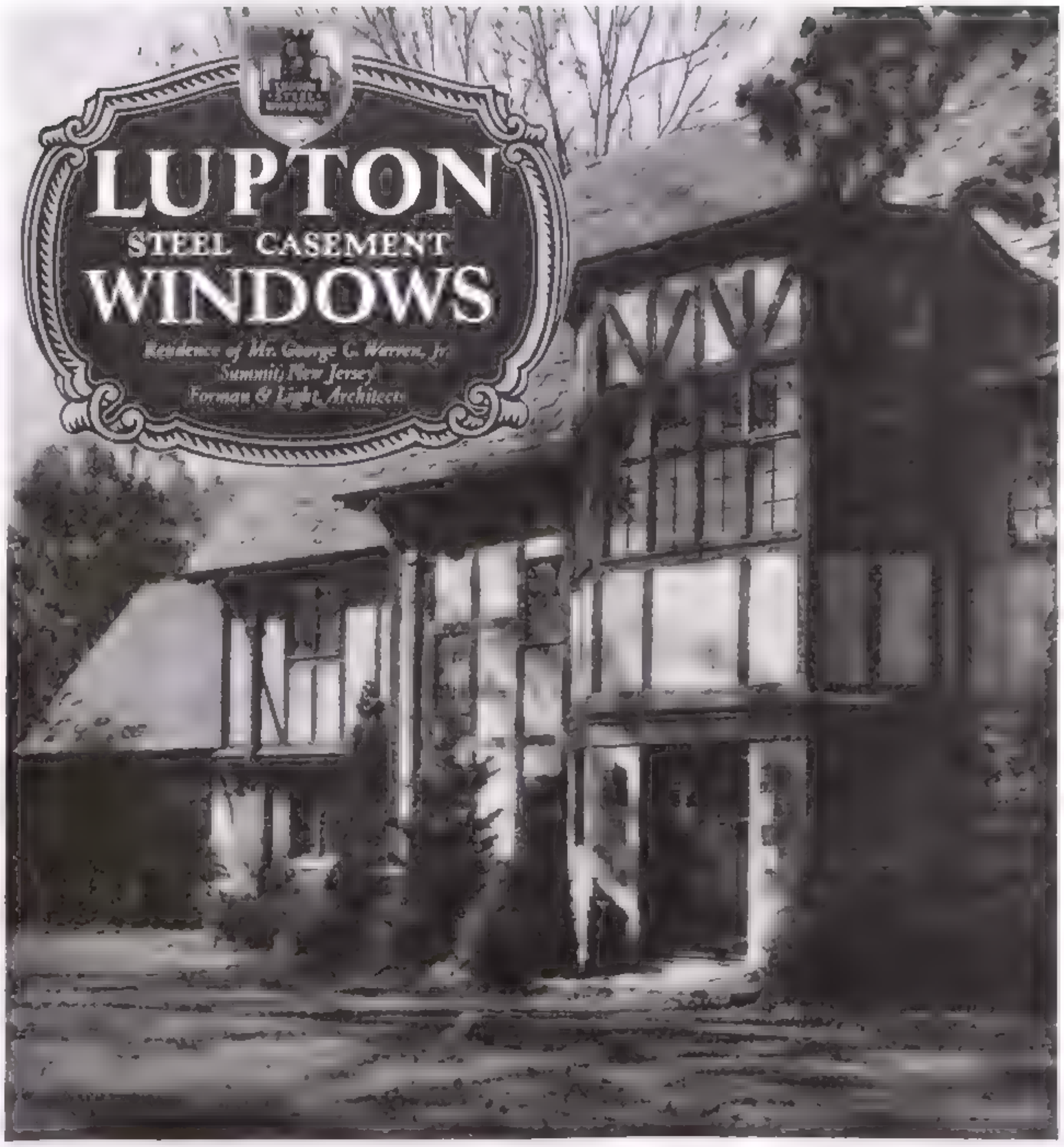
Burvett Steel Doors
These multiple leaf doors give long life in severe service. The list on a door 15' wide by 10' high is $242, hand operated, or $454 motor driven.



Basement Windows
Lupton Windows ensure a bright, airy basement. Made in five stock sizes. Unit H W [illegible] at $[illegible]

Prices slightly higher in South & West



Good taste in the windows

EVERY WOMAN appreciates a home in good taste, and most men are quick to sense its market value. Houses that are tastefully and practically built give more real comfort to the owner and command a better price. Then, isn't it desirable to build these two qualities into your home? Lupton Casement Windows of copper-steel give them. Thousands of American homeowners have proved this to be true.

These modern steel windows grace any type of residential architecture; they add a permanent charm to every room. They open and close easily, and are thoroughly weathertight. Lupton Casement Windows of copper-steel also date the home as modern. Be sure to specify them when you build or remodel; their cost is surprisingly low. Write us for a quotation on Lupton windows for *your* house or apartment building.

"Better Windows" is a new book we will mail to anyone interested.

DAVID LUPTON'S SONS CO., 2263-0 E. Allegheny Ave., PHILADELPHIA

This modern suburban home is equipped with Lupton Casements throughout, for only $355

The architect put plenty of Lupton Windows in this substantial home. They cost only $360

Lupton Casements were the correct choice for this house. The cost of the windows was $452

The Lupton Windows date this home as modern, yet they cost complete only $470

(Continued from Page 139)

A quartet of boys had edged toward them. One of its members suddenly shot out as if propelled from inside the group and bumped awkwardly against Bill.

"Can I have part of this dance?" asked the boy with a sort of giggle.

Without enthusiasm Bill let go. When the next dance began he cut in again. She was lovely. Her happiness in herself, in the evening would have transfigured a less pretty girl. He wanted to talk to her alone and was about to suggest that they go outside when there was a repetition of what had happened before—a young man was apparently shot by force from a group to Bill's side.

"Can I have a part of this dance?"

Bill joined Mr. McVitty by the rail. "Pleasant evening," he remarked. "Don't you dance?"

"I enjoy dancing," said Mr. McVitty; and he added pointedly, "In my position it doesn't seem quite the thing to dance with young girls."

"That's nonsense," said Bill pleasantly. "Have a drink?"

Mr. McVitty walked suddenly away.

When he danced with May again he was cut in on almost immediately. People were cutting in all over the floor now—evidently he had started something. He cut back, and again he started to suggest that they go outside, but he saw that her attention was held by some horseplay going on across the room.

"I got a swell love nest up in the Bronx," somebody was saying.

"Won't you come outside?" said Bill. "There's the most wonderful moon."

"I'd rather dance."

"We could dance out there."

She leaned away from him and looked up with innocent scorn into his eyes.

"Where'd you get it?" she said.

"Get what?"

"All the happiness."

Before he could answer, someone cut in. For a moment he imagined that the boy had said, "Part of this dance, daddy?" but his annoyance at May's indifference drove the idea from his mind. Next time he went to the point at once.

"I live near here," he said. "I'd be awfully pleased if I could call and drive you over for a week-end sometime."

"What?" she asked vaguely. Again she was listening to a miniature farce being staged in the corner.

"My wife would like so much to have you," went on Bill. Great dreams of what he could do for this girl for old times' sake rose in his mind.

Her head swung toward him curiously. "Why, Mr. McVitty told somebody your wife was dead."

"She isn't," said Bill.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the inevitable catapult coming and danced quickly away from it.

A voice rang out: "Just look at old daddy step."

"Ask him if I can have some of this dance."

Afterward Bill only remembered the evening up to that point. A crowd swirled around him and someone kept demanding persistently who was a young boiler maker.

He decided, naturally enough, to teach them a lesson, as he had done before, and he told them so. Then there was a long discussion as to whether he could swim. After that the confusion deepened; there were blows and a short sharp struggle. He picked up the story himself in what must have been several minutes later, when his head emerged from the cool waters of the Thames River.

The river was white with the moon, which had changed from rosy gold to a wafer of shining cheese on high. It was some time before he could locate the direction of the shore, but he moved around unworried in the water. The boat was a mere speck now, far down the river, and he laughed to think how little it all mattered, how little anything mattered. Then, feeling sure that he had his wind and wondering if the taxi was still waiting at Wheatly Village, he struck out for the dark shore.

IV

HE WAS worried as he drew near home next afternoon, possessed of a dark, unfounded fear. It was based, of course, on his own silly transgression. Stella would somehow hear of it. In his reaction from the debonair confidence of last night, it seemed inevitable that Stella would hear of it.

"Who's here?" he asked the butler immediately.

"No one, sir. The Ameses came about an hour ago, but there was no word, so they went on. They said ——"

"Isn't my wife here?"

"Mrs. Frothington left yesterday just after you."

The whips of panic descended upon him.

"How long after me?"

"Almost immediately, sir. The telephone rang and she answered it, and almost immediately she had her bag packed and left the house."

"Mr. Ad Haughton didn't come?"

"I haven't seen Mr. Haughton."

It had happened. The spirit of adventure had seized Stella too. He knew that her life had been not without a certain pressure from sentimental men, but that she would ever go anywhere without telling him ——

He threw himself face downward on a couch. What had happened? He had never meant things to happen. Was that what she had meant when she had looked at him in that peculiar way the other night?

He went upstairs. Almost as soon as he entered the big bedroom he saw the note, written on blue stationery lest he miss it against the white pillow. In his misery an old counsel of his mother's came back to him: "The more terrible things seem the more you've got to keep yourself in shape."

Trembling, he divested himself of his clothes, turned on a bath and lathered his face. Then he poured himself a drink and shaved. It was like a dream, this change in his life. She was no longer his; even if she came back she was no longer his. Everything was different—this room, himself, everything that had existed yesterday. Suddenly he wanted it back. He got out of the bathtub and knelt down on the bath mat beside it and prayed. He prayed for Stella and himself and Ad Haughton; he prayed crazily for the restoration of his life—the life that he had just as crazily cut in two. When he came out of the bathroom with a towel around him, Ad Haughton was sitting on the bed.

"Hello, Bill. Where's your wife?"

"Just a minute," Bill answered. He went back into the bathroom and swallowed a draught of rubbing alcohol guaranteed to produce violent gastric disturbances. Then he stuck his head out the door casually.

"Mouthful of gargle," he explained. "How are you, Ad? Open that envelope on the pillow and we'll see where she is."

"She's gone to Europe with a dentist. Or rather her dentist is going to Europe, so she had to dash to New York ——"

He hardly heard. His mind, released from worry, had drifted off again. There would be a full moon tonight, or almost a full moon. Something had happened under a full moon once. What it was he was unable for the moment to remember.

His long, lanky body, his little lost soul in the universe, sat there on the bathroom window seat.

"I'm probably the world's worst guy," he said, shaking his head at himself in the mirror—"probably the world's worst guy. But I can't help it. At my age you can't fight against what you know you are"

Trying his best to be better, he sat there faithfully for an hour. Then it was twilight and there were voices downstairs, and suddenly there it was, in the sky over his lawn, all the restless longing after fleeing youth in all the world—the bright uncapturable moon.

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MEN ENFORCE RESPECT FOR
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
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☐ A-B Socket [40 mils at 180 Volts, 50 Amp. Hrs: $72.] ☐ Power Units [60 mils at 180 Volts, 50 Amp. Hrs: $77.]

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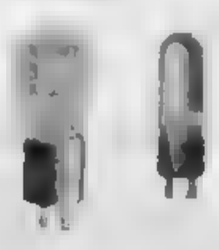
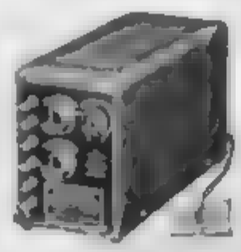
Socket power, without relay, $15; with relay, $17.50. (Licensed U. S. Patent Serial No. 1611653). ☐



Complete line of Vesta Non-Microphonic Tubes for every radio purpose; the height of quality.



NEW "B" UNIT
Socket power with automatic relay. 40 mils, [illegible] volts, $39.50; 60 mils, 180 volts, $44.50. ☐

Name_____ Address_____

MARACOT DEEP

(Continued from Page 5)

mail. You will either not hear from me again, my dear Talbot, or you will get a letter worth reading. If you don't hear, you can have a floating headstone made and drop it somewhere south of the Canaries, with the inscription:

"Here or hereabouts lies all that the fishes have left of my friend
"J. CYRUS HEADLEY."

The second document in the case is the unintelligible wireless message which was intercepted by several vessels, including the Royal Mail steamer Arroya. It was received at three P.M., October 3, 1926, which shows that it was dispatched only two days after the Stratford left the Grand Canary, as shown in the previous letter, and it corresponds roughly with the time when the Norwegian bark saw a steamer founder in a cyclone two hundred miles to the southwest of Porta de la Luz. It ran thus:

Blown on our beam ends. Fear position hopeless. Have already lost Maracot, Headley, Scanlan. Situation incomprehensible. Headley handkerchief end of deep sea sounding wire. God help us. STRATFORD.

This was the incoherent last message which came from the ill-fated vessel, and part of it was so strange that it was put down to delirium on the part of the operator. It seemed, however, to leave no doubt as to the fate of the ship.

The explanation—if it can be accepted as an explanation—of the matter is to be found in the narrative concealed inside the vitreous ball, and first it would be as well to amplify the very brief account which has hitherto appeared in the press of the finding of the ball. I take it verbatim from the log of the Arabella Knowles, master, Amos Green, outward bound with coal from Cardiff to Buenos Aires:

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1927. Lat. 27:14 north. Long. 28 west. Calm weather. Blue sky, with low strata of cirrus clouds. Sea like glass. At two bells of the middle watch the first officer reported that he had seen a shining object bound high out of the sea and then fall back into it. His first impression was that it was some strange fish, but on examination with his glasses he observed that it was a silvery globe or ball which was so light that it lay rather than floated on the surface of the water. I was called and saw it, as large as a football, gleaming brightly about half a mile off on our starboard beam. I stopped the engines and called away the quarter boat under the second mate, who picked the thing up and brought it aboard.

On examination it proved to be a ball made of some sort of very tough glass, and filled with a substance so light that when it was tossed in the air it wavered about like a child's balloon. It was nearly transparent, and we could see what looked like a roll of paper inside it. The material was so tough, however, that we had the greatest possible difficulty in breaking the ball open and getting at the contents. A hammer would not crack it and it was only when the chief engineer nipped it in the throw of the engine that we were able to smash it. Then I am sorry to say that it dissolved into sparkling dust, so that it was impossible to collect any good-sized piece for examination. We got the paper, however; and having examined it and concluded that it was of great importance, we laid it aside with the intention of handing it over to the British consul when we reached the Plate River. Man and boy, I have been at sea for five and thirty years, but this is the strangest thing that ever befell me, and so says every man aboard this ship. I leave the meaning of it all to wiser heads than mine.

So much for the genesis of the narrative of Cyrus Headley, which we will now give exactly as written:

"Whom am I writing to? Well, I suppose I may say to the whole wide world, but as that is rather a vague address, I'll aim at my friend Sir James Talbot, of Oxford University, for the reason that my last letter was to him, and this may be regarded as a continuation. I expect the odds are one hundred to one that this ball, even if it should see the light of day and not be gulped by a shark in passing, will toss about on the waves and never catch the eye of the passing sailor; and yet it's worth trying, and Maracot is sending up another, so between us it may be that we shall get our wonderful story to the world. Whether the world will believe it is another matter, I guess; but when folk look at the ball with its vitrine cover and note its contents of levigen gas, they will surely see for themselves that there is something here that is out of the ordinary. You, at any rate, Talbot, will not throw it aside unread.

"If anyone wants to know how the thing began, and what we were trying to do, he can find it all in a letter I wrote you on October first last year, the night before we left Porta de la Luz. By George, if I had known what was in store for us, I think I should have sneaked into a shore boat that night! And yet—well, maybe, even with my eyes open, I would have stood by the doctor and seen it through. On second thought, I have not a doubt that I would.

"Well, starting from the day that we left Grand Canary, I will carry on with my experiences.

"The moment we were clear of the port, old man Maracot fairly broke into flames. The time for action had come at last and all the damped-down energy of the man came flaring up. I tell you he took hold of that ship and of everyone and everything in it and bent it all to his will. The dry, creaking, absent-minded scholar had suddenly vanished and instead there emerged a human electrical machine, crackling with vitality and quivering from the great driving force within. His eyes gleamed behind his glasses like flames in a lantern. He seemed to be everywhere at once, working out distances on his chart, comparing reckonings with the skipper, driving Bill Scanlan along, setting me onto a hundred odd jobs, but it was all full of method and with a definite end. He developed an unexpected knowledge of electricity and of mechanics and spent much of his time working at the machinery, which Scanlan, under his supervision, was now carefully piecing together.

"'Say, Mr. Headley, it's just dandy,' said Bill, on the morning of the second day. 'Come in here and have a look. The doc is a regular fellow and a whale of a slick mechanic.'

"I had a most unpleasant impression that it was my own coffin at which I was gazing, but even so, I had to admit that it was a very adequate mausoleum. The floor had been clamped to the four steel walls and the porthole windows screwed into the center of each. A small trapdoor at the top gave admission, and there was a second one at the base. The steel cage was supported by a thin but very powerful steel hawser, which ran over a drum and was paid out or rolled in by the strong engine which we used for our deep-sea trawls. The hawser, as I understood, was nearly half a mile in length, the slack of it coiled round bollards on the deck. The rubber breathing tubes were of the same length, and the telephone wire was connected with them, and also the wire by which the electric lights within could be operated from the ship's batteries, though we had an independent installment as well.

"It was on the evening of that day that the engines were stopped. The glass was low and a thick black cloud rising upon the horizon gave warning of coming trouble. The only ship in sight was a bark flying the Norwegian colors, and we observed that it was reefed down, as if expecting trouble. For the moment, however, all was propitious and the Stratford rolled gently upon a deep blue ocean, white-capped here and there from the breath of the trade wind. Bill Scanlan came to me in my laboratory with more show of excitement than his easy-going temperament had ever permitted him to show.

"'Looka here, Mr. Headley,' said he, 'they've lowered that contraption into a

Continued on Page 145

LIFT UP YOUR EYES!

How long ago did Wilbur Wright circle the drill field at Fort Myer while a few score of astonished witnesses stared open-mouthed at the sight of this first man to fly with wings for more than an hour? . . .

How long ago did the intrepid Bleriot hop in his flimsy, scorched monoplane from France to land precariously on the cliffs of Dover? . . .

How long ago did Grahame-White circle the Statue of Liberty, struggling dexterously with his hands to maintain equilibrium? . . .

It seems only yesterday!

Yet in the few brief years since then man has learned a new technic in existence. He has explored the earth's atmosphere, his noble machine climbing on after human faculties had failed. . . . He has skimmed lightly over the impenetrable ice barriers of the polar regions. . . . He has taken in his flight not only the gray, fog-blanketed waters of the North Atlantic, but the empty blue seas of the South Atlantic—the Mediterranean—the Pacific—the Indian Ocean—the Gulf of Mexico. . . . He has soared confidently over the sands of Sahara and the Great Arabian Desert, where only the camel had dared venture before. . . . He has skimmed the terrible dark jungles of the Amazon, and scaled high above the silent places of Alaska. . . . He has flown in squadrons from the Cape of Good Hope to London. . . . In squadrons he has circled South America. . . . *In squadrons he has circumnavigated the globe!*

And in the ordinary routine of transportation service he travels on fixed schedules over airways that streak the skies of Europe and North America. Mail. Passengers. Express. The world is rapidly assigning special duties to this safe vehicle that cuts time in two.

Is there any epoch in all history that has been so sudden in growth from birth to universal achievement? . . . so dramatic in its nature and accomplishments? . . . so rich in promises for the future?

Perhaps the most significant thing in the great accomplishment of young Colonel Lindbergh is that in him the world sees *the first outstanding example of a generation that is born air-conscious!* Just as the past generation was born to steam, accepting railway transportation as an accomplished fact—and just as the present generation has accepted the automobile as a customary vehicle—so does the rising generation lift up its eyes to the skies! It may be hard still for many of us to accept the fact, but it is certain that the aeroplane will give as great an impetus to advancing civilization as did the automobile.

In this firm belief the Ford Motor Company is devoting its activities and resources to solving the problems that still face commercial aviation. In factory equipment, in laboratory experiment, in actual flights, the Ford Motor Company is establishing a foundation for one of the greatest industries the world has yet known. Within the last two years pilots have flown over the established Ford air routes, carrying freight, on regular daily schedules, a distance of more than 700,000 miles.

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Do it now before the winter rush. You'll find your Perfection a wonderful comfort these damp, chilly fall nights. *And only $6 . . . $10 at most*—to replace cold hardship with cheery, inviting warmth.

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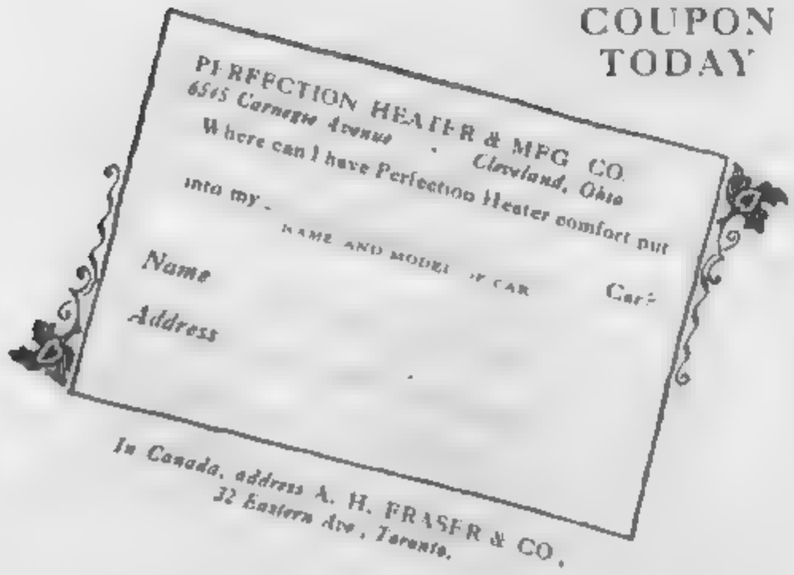
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PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

NO CAR IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A PERFECTION HEATER

(Continued from Page 142)

well in the bottom of the ship. D'you figure that the boss is going down in it?'

"'Certain sure, Bill. And I am going with him.'

"'Well, well, you are sure bughouse, the two of you, to think of such a thing. But I'd feel a cheap skate if I let you go alone.'

"'It is no business of yours, Bill.'

"'Well, I just feel that it is. Sure I'd be as yellow as a Chink with the jaundice if I let you go alone. Merribanks sent me here to look after the machinery, and if the machinery is down at the bottom of the sea, then it's a sure thing that it's me for the bottom. Where those steel castings are—that's the address of Bill Scanlan, whether the folk round him are crazy or no.'

"It was useless to argue with him, so one more was added to our little suicide club and we just waited for our orders.

"All night they were hard at work upon the fittings, and it was after an early breakfast that we descended into the hold ready for our adventure. The steel cage had been half lowered into the false bottom, and we now descended one by one through the upper trapdoor, which was closed and screwed down behind us, Captain Howie with a most lugubrious face having shaken hands with each of us as we passed him. We were then lowered a few more feet, the shutter drawn above our heads and the water admitted to test how far we were really seaworthy. The cage stood the trial well, every joint fitted exactly and there was no sign of any leakage. Then the lower flap in the hold was loosened and we hung suspended in the ocean beneath the level of the keel.

"It was really a very snug little room, and I marveled at the skill and foresight with which everything had been arranged. The electric illumination had not been turned on, but the semitropical sun shone brightly through the bottle-green water at either porthole. Some small fish were flickering here and there, streaks of silver against the green background. Inside, there was a settee round the little room, with a bathymetric dial, a thermometer and other instruments ranged above it. Beneath the settee was a row of pipes which represented our reserve supply of compressed air in case the tubes should fail us. Those tubes opened out above our heads and the telephonic apparatus hung beside them. We could all hear the mournful voice of the captain outside.

"'Are you really determined to go?' he asked.

"'We are quite all right,' the doctor answered impatiently. 'You will lower slowly and have someone at the receiver all the time. I will report conditions. When we reach the bottom, remain as you are until I give instructions. It will not do to put too much strain upon the hawser, but a slow movement of a couple of knots an hour should be well within its strength. And now—lower away!'

"He yelled out the two words with the scream of a lunatic. It was the supreme moment of his life, the fruition of all his brooding dreams. For an instant I was shaken by the thought that we were really in the power of a cunning, plausible monomaniac. Bill Scanlan had the same thought, for he looked across at me with a rueful grin and touched his forehead. But after that one wild outburst, our leader was instantly his sober, self-contained self once more. Indeed, one had but to look at the order and forethought which showed in every detail around us to be reassured as to the power of his mind.

"But now all our attention was diverted to the wonderful new experience which every instant was providing. Slowly the cage was sinking into the depths. The light-green water turned to dark-olive. That again deepened into a wonderful blue, a rich deep blue gradually thickening to a dusky purple. Lower and lower we sank—a hundred feet—two hundred—three hundred. The valves were acting to perfection. Our breathing was as free and natural as upon the deck of the vessel. Slowly the bathymeter needle moved round the luminous dial—four hundred—five hundred—six hundred. 'How are you?' roared an anxious voice from above us.

"'Nothing could be better!' cried Maracot in reply. But the light was failing. There was now only a dim gray twilight, which rapidly changed to utter darkness. 'Stop her!' shouted our leader. We ceased to move and hung suspended at seven hundred feet below the surface of the ocean. I heard the click of the switch and the next instant we were flooded with glorious golden light which poured out through each of our side windows and sent long glimmering vistas into the waste of waters round us. With our faces against the thick glass, each at his own porthole, we gazed out into such a prospect as man had never seen.

"Up to now we had known these strata by the sight of the few fish that had been too slow to avoid our clumsy trawl or too stupid to escape a dragnet. Now we saw the wonderful world of water as it really was.

"If the object of creation was the production of man, it is strange that the ocean is so much more populous than the land. Broadway on a Saturday night, Lombard Street on a week-day afternoon, is not more crowded than the great sea spaces which lay before us.

"We had passed those surface strata where fish are either colorless or of the true maritime tints of ultramarine above and silver below. Here there were creatures of every conceivable tint and form which pelagic life can show. Delicate leptocephali, or eel larvæ, shot like streaks of burnished silver across the tunnel of radiance. The slow snakelike form of Mursena, the deep-sea lamprey, writhed and twisted by; or the black cerata, all spikes and mouth, gaped foolishly back at our peering faces.

"Sometimes it was the squat cuttlefish which drifted across and glanced at us with human sinister eyes; sometimes it was some crystal-clear pelagic form of life which lent a flowerlike charm to the scene. One huge caranx, or horse mackerel, butted savagely again and again against our window until the dark shadow of a seven-foot shark came across him and he vanished into the gaping jaws.

"Doctor Maracot sat entranced, his notebook upon his knee, scribbling down his observations and keeping up a muttered monologue of scientific comment. 'What's that? What's that?' I would hear. 'Yes, yes, Chimæra mirabilis as taken by the Michael Sars. Dear me, there is Lepidion, but a new species, as I should judge. Surely that is Mora, but with an elongated pectoral which is worth noting. Observe that Macrura, Mr. Headley; its coloring is quite different from what we get in the net.'

"Once only was he taken quite aback. It was when a long oval object shot with great speed past his window from above and left a vibrating tail behind it which extended as far as we could see above us and below. I admit that I was as puzzled for the moment as the doctor, and it was Bill Scanlan who solved the mystery.

"'I guess that boob John Sweeney has heaved his lead alongside of us. Kind of a joke, maybe, to prevent us from feeling lonesome.'

"'To be sure! To be sure!' said Maracot, sniggering. 'Plumbus longicaudatus—a new genus, Mr. Headley, with a piano-wire tail and lard in its nose. But, indeed, it is very necessary they should take soundings so as to keep above the bank, which is circumscribed in size. All well, captain!' he shouted. 'You may drop us down.'

"And down we went. Doctor Maracot turned off the electric light and all was pitch darkness once more save for the bathymeter's luminous face, which ticked off our steady fall. There was a gentle sway, but otherwise we were hardly conscious of any motion. Only that moving hand upon the dial told us of our terrific, our inconceivable position. Now we were at the thousand-foot level and the air had become distinctly foul. Scanlan oiled the

WARMTH OUTSIDE—Snow squalls and winter blasts cannot stiffen muscles sheathed in Carter winter-weight cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool, or wool

HEALTH INSIDE—The sheer web of Carter's lightweight underwear in cotton, cotton and rayon, cotton and wool, and wool for the inside worker.

This underwear satisfies

Outdoor huskies
Indoor hustlers

YOU say: "Underwear, like outdoor clothes, should be definitely adapted to the job and the season." That's why there are half-a-hundred Carter fabrics, several dozen styles. At the store you'll find the Carter Union Suit for *your* town, *your* climate, *your* way of living.

Every Carter Union Suit is built for comfort. The original suit is actually worn by living men—adjusted on normal, active bodies—*tailored to fit.* The fabric is knit by a special Carter method—is made so elastic it adapts itself to every contour of the body, holds its shape for the life of the garment.

That's why Carter's is comfortable. Never binding, never sagging. That's why it wears. Examine the Carter fabrics at the store. And notice these special Carter features: Snug-fitting cuffs, military "sag-proof" shoulders, the comfortable seat with the special flap, the buttons that stay on. These details mean comfort, too. Be sure the salesman takes your exact crotch-to-shoulder measurement. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.

Three quarter or full length suits

Men's athletic styles—knit shirt, striped drawers

Carter's UNION SUITS *for Men*

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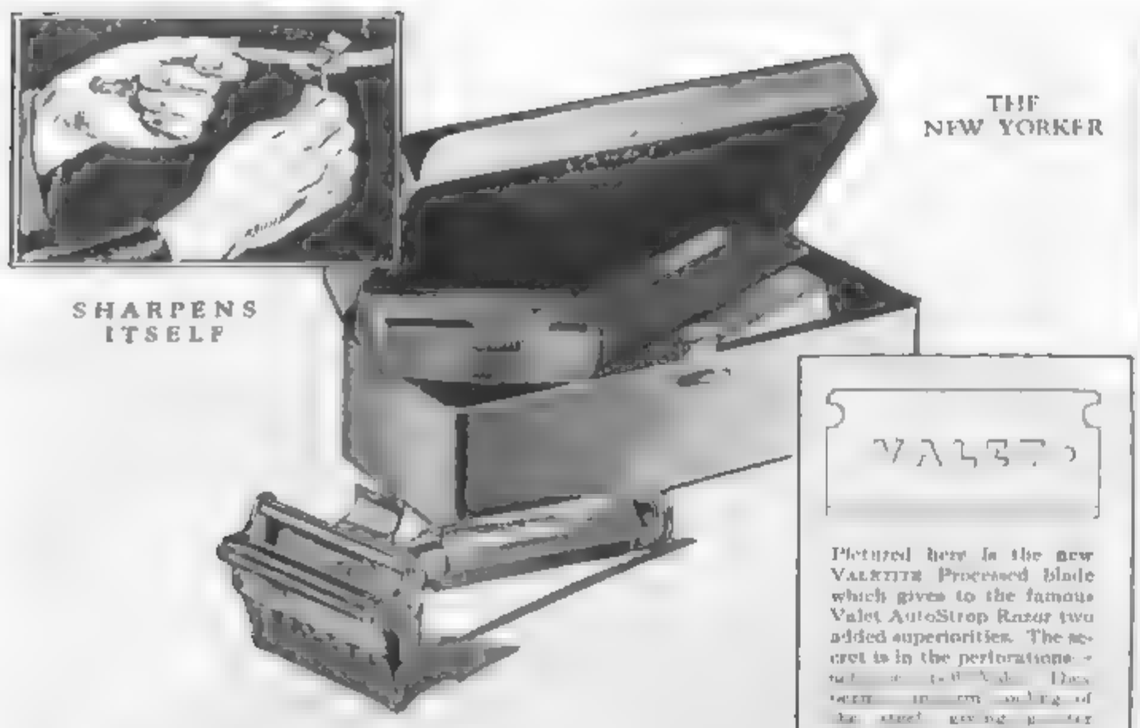

SHARPENS ITSELF
THE NEW YORKER
VALET
Pictured here is the new VALETITE Processed blade which gives to the famous Valet AutoStrop Razor two added superiorities. The secret is in the perforations
hardness, hence a keener cutting edge.

A de luxe caseful of shaving comfort and efficiency

THOUSANDS of men have settled on the Valet AutoStrop as their ideal razor. They have found that the popular one-dollar model does all that they ask it to do in giving a quick, smooth shave, and in keeping the face in good condition.

But there are many times when a man is glad of a more pretentious looking razor, such as the New Yorker, illustrated above. This is a precision-made razor, extra heavy, and beautifully balanced. The razor, strop container, and blade box are silver-plated. The case is highly nickel-plated, silk and velvet lined. This is a razor to be proud of in any company, yet the price, complete with case, strop and extra blades, is only $5.00. Standard Valet AutoStrop blades are used.

The secret of the growing preference for Valet AutoStrop razors is that they make every shave a best shave. This is because the Valet AutoStrop is the only razor that sharpens its own blades —while the blade remains right in the razor.

For sale at all stores which carry shaving supplies. Ask your dealer to show you the various models—from $1.00 up.

GUARANTEE

We wish that every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to yours affecting its perfect service, send it to us for repair or replacement. If your strop is not in good condition—return it for a new one—no charge for either service.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 656 First Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

valve of the discharge tube and things were better.

"At fifteen hundred feet we stopped and swung in mid-ocean, with our lights blazing once more. Some great dark mass passed us here, but whether swordfish or deep-sea shark or monster of unknown breed was more than we could determine. The doctor hurriedly turned off the lights. 'There lies our chief danger,' said he; 'there are creatures in the deep before whose charge this steel-plated room would have as much chance as a beehive before the rush of a rhinoceros.'

"'Whales, maybe,' said Scanlan.

"'Whales may sound to a great depth,' the savant answered. 'A Greenland whale has been known to take out nearly a mile of line in a perpendicular dive. But unless hurt or badly frightened, no whale would descend so low. It may have been a giant squid. They are found at every level.'

"'Well, I guess squids are too soft to hurt us. The laugh would be with the squid if he could claw a hole in Merribank's nickel steel.'

"'Their bodies may be soft,' the professor answered, 'but the beak of a large squid would sheer through a bar of iron, and one peck of that beak might go through these inch-thick windows as if they were parchment.'

"'Gee-whittaker!' cried Bill, as we began to sink once more upon our journey.

"And then at last, quite softly and gently, we came to rest. So delicate was the impact that we should hardly have known of it had it not been that the light when turned on showed great coils of the hawser all around us. The wire was a danger to our breathing tubes, for it might foul them, and at the urgent cry of Maracot it was pulled taut from above once more. The dial marked eighteen hundred feet. We lay motionless on a volcanic ridge at the bottom of the Atlantic."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DETOUR

(Continued from Page 13)

anybody, it's me. It wan't Dave that done it. It was always him with me. It never was you, never could have been."

"It'll be him," said Brad gloomily, "when I come up with him."

Ernest was sweating. "I'm driving through," he explained, desperately, "in an automobile. I came to get ——"

"Oh-h-h-h!" she whispered, in a tone like a sob.

"I'll wait till he gits here," Brad declared.

"You knew I'd have him, Brad," she pleaded. "That's how you come to burn his barn and all. To git even with him. You knew I'd never take you."

"I'll burn him this here time," he said implacably. He hiccuped again, and Ernest remembered Mrs. Muster, and his fears of her overcame his other fears. He swung back toward the man.

"Listen," he told Brad. "You're in the way here. I've a favor to ask and you're interrupting. Go on your way. You're annoying this lady."

Brad cackled. "Lady?" he repeated. "Hear that, Jen!"

"Go on your way," Ernest bade him. He was no man of violence, but immunity for these few minutes had made him bold. "Be off with you!"

The drunk man stared at him, and Ernest was hot and impatient. Brad's eyes fell at last and he turned aside, still grinning. "All right," he agreed. "I'll move on." He drifted unsteadily toward the road, turned there. "Jen," he called, "tell Dave I'll be 'round again! Tell Dave to look for me!" He brandished the gun and then he moved off up the hill.

Ernest nodded, and he turned to the woman. "Now," he said, "if you please ——"

But she caught at him, tugged at him, drew him into the kitchen. He stood uncertainly. She had thrust the door shut behind them, stood now with her shoulders set against it. Her head was thrown back and her eyes were closed, and she swayed a little. Ernest thought she would faint; he moved toward her.

"Wait," she whispered. "Wait. You got to stay."

Ernest thought of Mrs. Muster, but he could not very well put this distracted woman aside. So he waited doubtfully for her to speak once more.

Ernest was a man whose life had been demure; Mrs. Muster would have said that her husband was as phlegmatic as an egg. But just now Ernest did not feel phlegmatic. He was, as a matter of fact, in some confusion. There were stirrings in him which sought to make themselves evident, which sought to shatter the calm surface of his life, which strove to throw him into violent and sudden action. He had tried conscientiously to keep calm, to bear himself intently toward the accomplishment of the errand which had brought him here. But he had been frightened and irritated and angry, and now he was profoundly shaken by some new emotion. The woman stood before him piteously, crouching a little, sagging there against the door; and she rubbed with her palm the wrist of her right arm, and he saw a bruise there. Then she opened her eyes and discovered that he was watching her, and she said in an explanatory tone:

"He catched me when I come to the door. He had me by the hand and I banged the door on it."

Ernest swallowed hard and clung to commonplace. "I have to get a bucket of water," he told her. "Our radiator has gone dry. I have to get water."

She leaned aside to peer out of the window; then she opened the door and stepped outside to look along the road. Ernest followed her protestingly.

"I need a pail of water," he repeated. She looked up the pitch where the road climbed to the ridge above the farm. "I've got to hurry," he insisted.

"It don't look like he'd get over the hill so quick," she said half to herself, doubtfully.

"Listen," he urged, faintly irritated. "Listen to me."

She swung to him then, as though she were for the first time fully conscious of the fact that he was a stranger; that to him all this must be mystery.

She swung to him and shook her head, and after a moment she said doubtfully, "You'd ought to stay till Joe gets here."

He had to steady his voice, cling to common things. It was hard for him. "Listen," he said carefully. "I don't know anything about Joe, or you, or anybody. My car is stuck. I must have water. A bucket of water for the radiator. It's late, and we have to be in Bar Harbor by five. I just happened to stop here. It was the first house I came to."

"You drove him off," she remembered. "He won't come back long as you're here. I sent Charlie to fetch Joe."

He repeated helplessly, "I just want a bucket of water."

She nodded, seemed at last to hear him. "There's the well," she said. "I'll fetch a bucket." And went back into the house. He watched her go, but he stayed where he was—in the yard in front of the house. The well, he saw, was around by the shed. She came out through the shed to where it stood. Through the shed door and the windows behind, he could see that on the other side of the house and shed a veranda ran along, well above the ground. His eye swept through a far vista there, to distant, blue-veiled hills like mountains. He thought they must be the mountains by

Bar Harbor. He must get his water and return to the car so that they could be there by five.

"He's been in for nine years," said the woman cryptically. She jerked her head backward as though indicating the man who had gone up the road, "for burning Dave's barn—in Thomaston jail. They give him five years, but he made so much trouble they kep' him longer. He sent word to Dave to look for him when he got out. I'd heard he'd be getting out this June."

"The one you called Brad," Ernest suggested, willing to hear what she had to say, so long as he got his water. She was pumping the bucket full.

She nodded. "I see him coming up the road," she explained. "His brother Joe lives about a mile over the ridge. Joe tell't me if Brad bothered us to let him know. So I slipped Charlie out and told him to run and tell Joe that Brad was here." And she added, "I done the best I could to keep him out, after. I had to jump when he shot through the door."

He was standing just beside her, and he trembled. This thing into which he had stumbled, this drama, this incident on the brink of tragedy—why, it was outrageous, impossible, unreal. It ought not to be allowed. He swung a glance around, his eye surveying the encircling hills which hemmed and girt the lonely farm. The road, two wheel tracks and no more, climbed windingly over bowlders and ledges to the ridge above.

He said bitterly, "You ought to have him arrested. Telephone for the police."

She patiently explained, "We never got to put in a telephone." And she added, "This here pail leaks. It'd be empty, time you'd gone eight rod. I'll fetch another one."

He watched her go into the house. Ernest was a little over his head; he was like a swimmer in water to his chin who strives to keep his toes in contact with the bottom. He breathed somewhat heavily, like a man who runs a race. No telephone! No police! She came back with a fresh pail.

"You've a right to shoot him! Shoot him like a dog," he exclaimed.

"Dave ain't got a gun," she told him, and began to pump again.

"Here," he said, and took her place at the pump handle. He tried to smile. "Well, he's gone," he reminded her. "You're all right now."

She looked up the road. "Funny how he got out of sight so mighty quick," she said again

"Where's your husband?" he asked. "Away?"

She met his eye and colored faintly. "Why, Dave's poorly," she told him. "He got the ax in his foot here three weeks ago, and he goes on crutches mostly."

"Where is he?" he repeated. "In the hospital?"

She flushed now. "I hid him down cellar," she explained. She must have seen the shadow in his eyes. "He'd have stood up to it, but I told him I could get rid of Brad and no trouble. I thought I could handle Brad. I didn't know he was drunk the way he was." She cried, in sudden recollection, "Why, he'd kill Dave if he see him, the way he is! I put Dave down cellar. There's a cupboard there ——"

What a woman! With a sorry weakling for a husband, dwelling so remotely here, bravely fronting and defying a drunken convict with a loaded gun in his hands and murder in his boasts. Why did such women—women fit for the finest man—choose always some poor and shabby specimen to wed?

"He'd have handled Brad, if it wan't for his foot," she said defiantly, as though she read his thoughts. Ernest had no mind to wound her, yet there was an edge to his tone when he replied.

"Tell him he can come up now," he suggested. "Brad is gone."

"Here's your water," she reminded him. "Any time you want to go. I guess Joe'll be right along."

He had almost forgotten his errand. "Good gracious, that's so," he assented. "I must go back." He remembered to ask, "Where does this road lead?"

"Not much of anywhere." She eyed him. "I guess you took the wrong turn, back a ways, other side the swamp."

"We'll have to turn and go back," he told himself. "I can't bring back the bucket." And fumbled in his pocket. "This will pay for the pail," he told her. "I'll not be likely to see you again. Good luck, and thank you, and—good-by!"

"Good-by," she agreed, fumbling the bill he had given her.

He stood reluctant. But heavens! Mrs. Muster would be wild.

"Good-by!" he told her, and hurried across the yard to the road and began to retrace his way. When he looked back she still stood as he had left her, but she was looking up the ridge road.

"And that husband of hers skulking in the cellar," Ernest reminded himself. "What a man!" He had a great scorn for Dave and his inaction. "And what a woman!"

A dip in the road hid her from his view.

He had said good-by to her, no matter how reluctantly. He had no thought that he would ever pass that way again, but his feet intended otherwise. A hundred yards down the hill he stumbled over a root and fell and spilled the bucket of water. There was no brook between him and the spot where he had left the car, no clear water that would be serviceable; he must go back again.

When he came once more in sight of the house he saw the woman still standing by the pump, leaning her arm upon it, motionless and watching there. She was watching the road that came down from the ridge; watching, he understood, for the coming of the boy and the defender he had gone to summon.

"No sign of her husband," Ernest thought grimly, and felt a mounting indignation at that craven man. "He's well frightened, certainly, to hide so long!"

She did not hear him till he was near by, till his feet thudded on the turf of the farmyard. She swung then affrightedly, and saw that he was not the one she feared, and stood still while her heart slowed again. The sun was dropping down the western ladder of the sky and there was a golden light across the land. Golden rays tinted her hair and her cheek and her garment. Her lips were steady and strong.

"I fell down," he said. "I spilled the water."

A faint smile stirred in her eyes. He understood that she was relieved from the fierce agony of apprehension. "You have had a time!" she commented.

"My wife is waiting in the car," he said defensively. She ought, he felt, to be informed that he was married.

"She'll be fretting by now," she agreed. "Here, I'll pump for you."

He surrendered the bucket to her, stood aside that he might watch her; and he found his fists clenched in a new fierce scorn for that husband who still hid somewhere below. Better be shot than skulk away in such wise. Ernest Muster was ripe for mighty deeds.

"It's full," she said, and extended the brimming bucket to his hand. "Go steady, now. Mind where you set your feet."

And turned her head, and froze, and then dropped the bucket on the ground between them as she swung to run. Ernest on her heels.

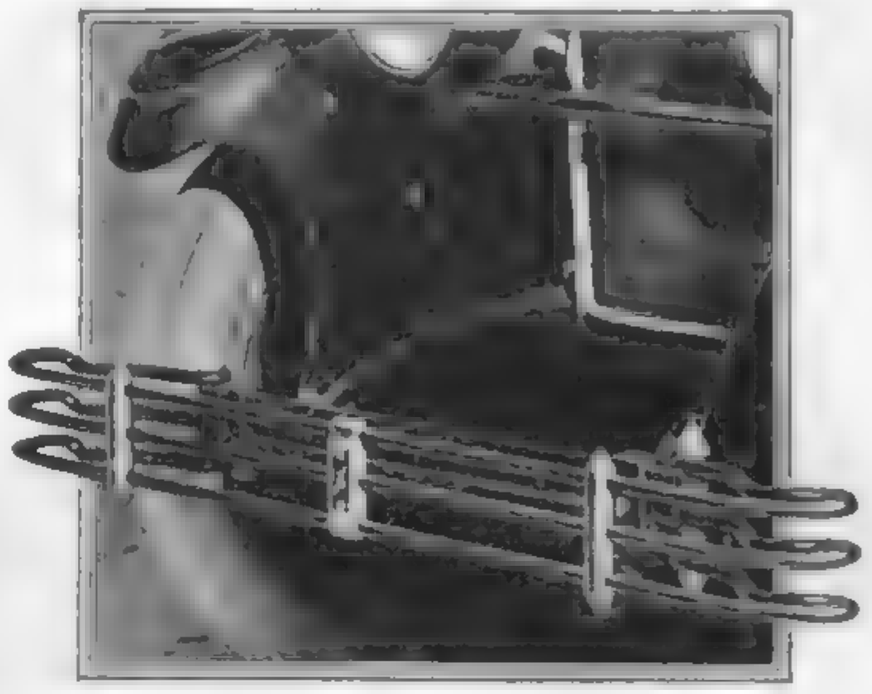
From somewhere below them, below the house, from the cellar perhaps, a muffled cry had come—a hoarse and bellowing cry, a harsh and brutal cry. They could even recognize the voice. Brad's. Hear his words.

"There, are you! Come out, you black snake! Come and get it! I told you to look for me!" As they ran they heard a thumping and a battering. "I'll bust it in. Come on out, you!"

(Continued on Page 150

Yielding Strength
—Comfort and Protection

You want "the best" when you buy; if you don't get it, it's for one of three reasons: 1. You're not willing to pay the price of "best"; or 2, you accept something "just as good" (it probably isn't); or 3, you don't know what is best.



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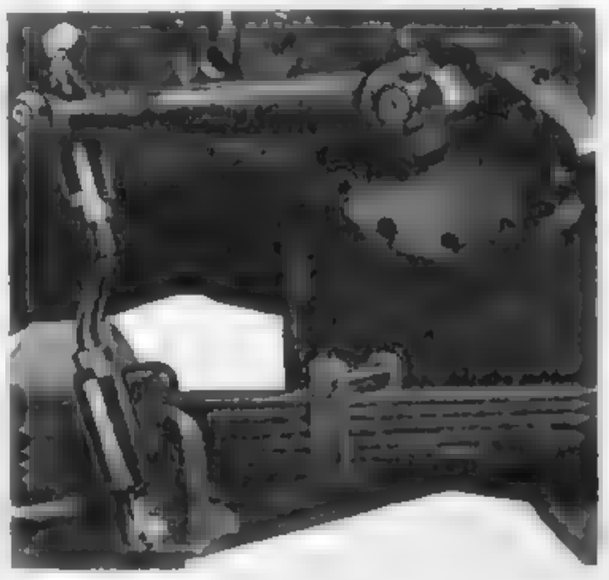

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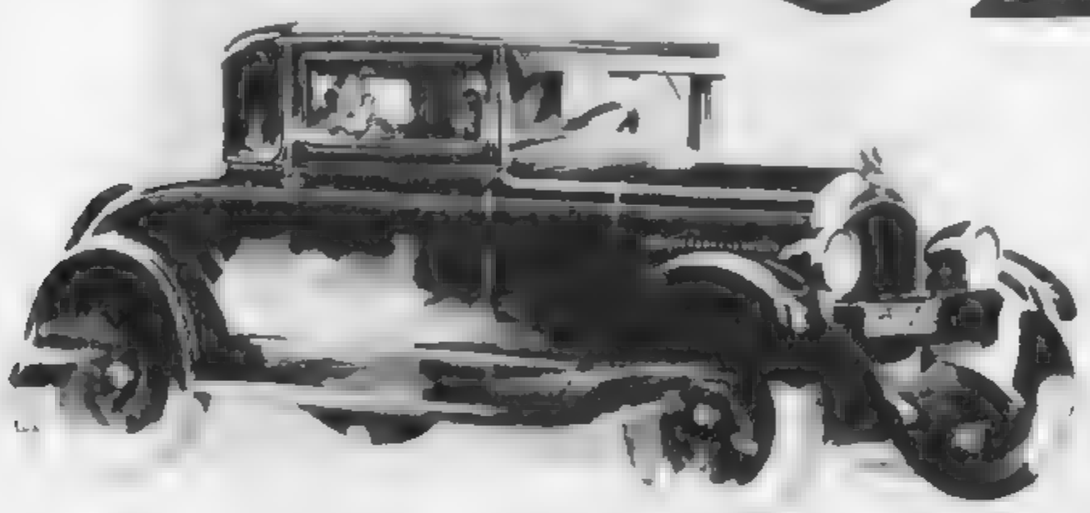
New Chrysler "52"—52 and more miles an hour. Acceleration and smoothness no other low-priced car can approach. Full-sized bodies of wood and steel, with ample capacity for adult passengers. Saddle-spring seat-cushions. Fine mohair upholstery. Utmost handling ease with adjustable steering wheel. Indirectly lighted instrument panel.



The New "52" Prices

Coupe $725; Roadster (with rumble seat) $725; 2-door Sedan $735; 4-door Sedan $795; De Luxe Sedan $875.

The Great New "62" Prices

Touring Car $1095; Business Coupe $1125; 2-door Sedan $1145; Roadster (with rumble seat) $1175; Coupe (with rumble seat) $1245; 4-door Sedan $1245; Landau Sedan $1295.

The Illustrious New "72" Prices

Roadster (with rumble seat) $1495; 2-passenger Coupe (with rumble seat) $1545; Coupe (4-passenger) $1595; Sedan (4-door, closed-coupled) $1595; Royal Sedan $1595; Crown Sedan $1745; Convertible Coupe (with rumble seat) $1745.

The Imperial "80" Prices

Eleven body styles priced from $2495 to $3595

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Listen to the talk wherever men and women gather. A welter of assertion and opinion, of conviction and prejudice about every make and kind of car. Yet, sooner or later, in every conversation one fact rises to the surface. That is the general agreement on the meaning of the name Chrysler.

These eight letters have crystallized in three years into a symbol. They have become the accepted expression of something supremely excellent; of something, too, so totally different that it turned the stream of traffic in an entirely new direction.

Ask the motorist what was the contribution Chrysler made that gave the world a new yardstick with which to measure automobiles. New engineering developments that transformed results—new features of design that obsoleted high-swung, cumbersome cars—new ease in riding, driving,

THE GREAT NEW

"62"

Great New Chrysler "62"—6-cylinder motor. 7-bearing crankshaft. 62 and more miles per hour. Invar-strut pistons. Oil filter and air cleaner. Ventilated crankcase. Impulse neutralizer and rubber engine mountings. New cellular type radiator. 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Road levelizers, front and rear.

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parking — new smartness in appearance as well as performance.

All these he could justly name and many more. Yet in the broadest sense of advantageous buying, the phrase that covers the story best is "Standardized Quality."

This is the very essence of the Chrysler name and what it symbolizes. And this remains true whether your choice be the New Chrysler "52," the Great New "62," the Illustrious New "72" or the Chrysler Imperial "80."

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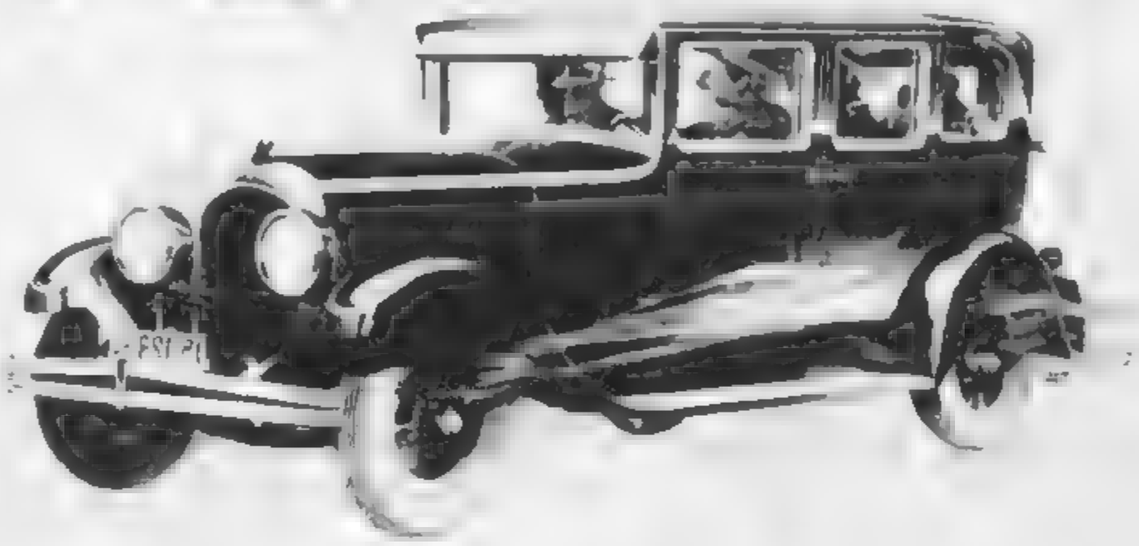
A new yardstick to measure performance, appearance and value that is guiding hundreds of thousands of motorists and is becoming increasingly popular every day.

ILLUSTRIOUS NEW

"72"

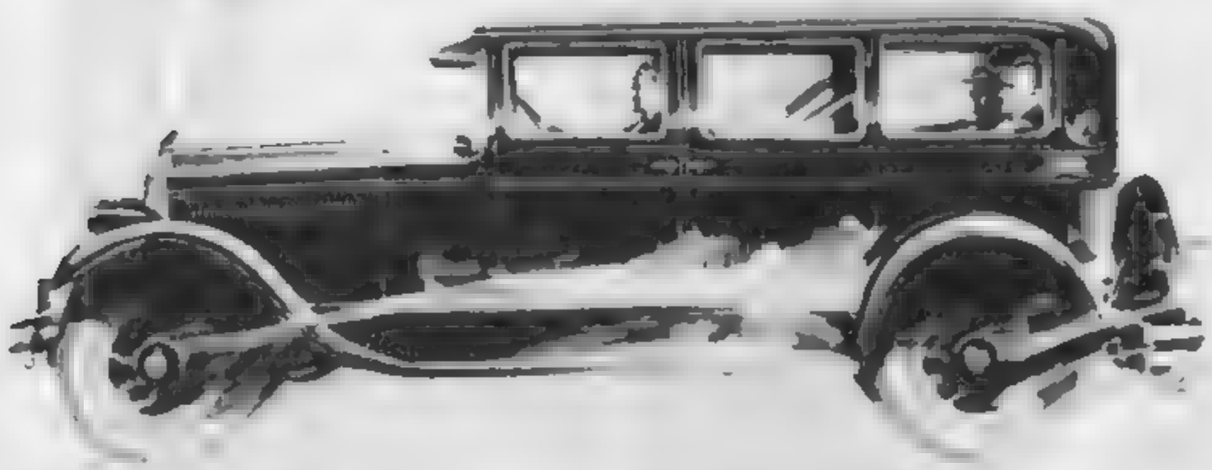
Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—75-horsepower motor with 7-bearing counter-weighted crankshaft. 72 and more miles an hour. 5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds. Spring ends anchored in blocks of live rubber instead of metal shackles for greatest riding ease. Longer, more beautiful bodies, tastefully appointed, luxuriously roomy.

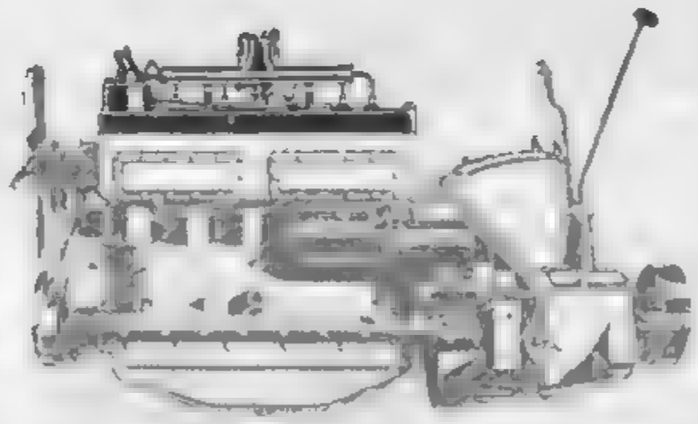


THE IMPERIAL

"80"

Chrysler Imperial "80"—92 horsepower motor. 80 dashing easeful miles with whispering smoothness. An ease and luxury of driving and riding that makes motoring comfort take on a new meaning. Supremely beautiful and ultra smart. As fine as money can build.





Setting Chrysler Performance Still Farther Ahead

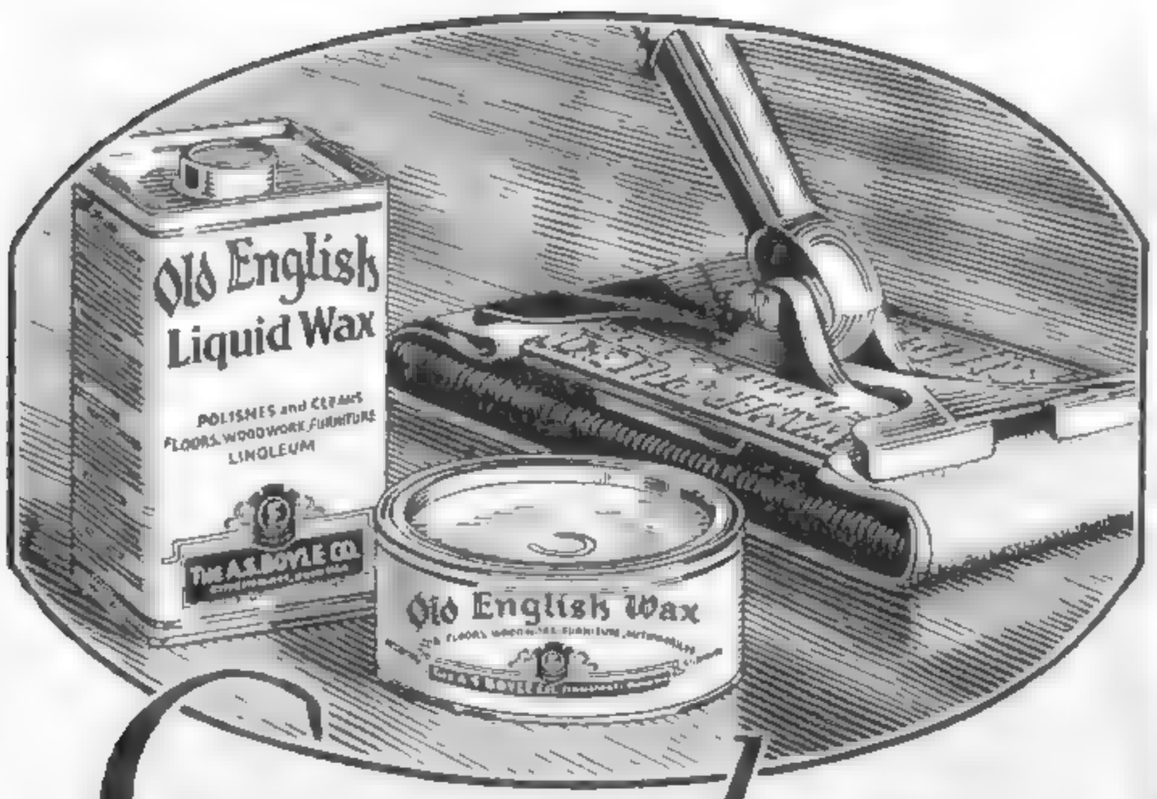
New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine —designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas, produces extra speed, still faster acceleration and even greater hill-climbing ability than the standards announced.

This remarkable development is standard equipment on the roadsters of the "52," "62," "72," and sport roadster of the Imperial "80." It is also available, at slight extra cost, for all other body types of these lines.

For a reasonable charge it may be applied at Chrysler service stations to earlier Chrysler cars now in use.

CHRYSLER

"52" · "62" · "72" · IMPERIAL "80"



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now only $3.90 *includes everything you need to beautify floors*

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PASTE, LIQUID, POWDERED WAX FOR FLOORS, LINOLEUM, WOODWORK, FURNITURE, DANCING

(Continued from Page 147

And at the moment when they came to the corner of the house and swung down the steep slope by its end: "All right, then!"

The gun roared, muffled, deadly.

Ernest thought the charge had struck the woman. At the report it was as though her legs were cut from under her; she fell like a rabbit and rolled over and over, sprawling down the steep slope. He checked and then flung after her. She lay on her side, limp as a string, her head downhill; and he pawed at her, turning her. No blood, no wound. After a moment he understood. Her nerves strung taut by the long freight of fear, the gunshot had struck her down as truly as though a bullet had found her breast. Fainted, at least; perhaps even dead.

Ernest scrambled to his feet and began to run along the lower side of the house toward the open cellar door. He heard a hoarse bawl, an affrighting sound; knew it for his own voice. Something like a battle cry. He was at once drunk with destructive fury and quite calm. It was curious, he thought dispassionately, that he should be so hot in this affair that was none of his concern. Yet he wished to get his hands on Brad. He perceived the perils in the course he chose, but risked them calmly. There was always the chance that the man had no more shells for his gun. And he chuckled inwardly at that ridiculous bawling cry he himself had uttered in the first heat and upsurge of his fighting rage.

He ran toward the cellar door and Brad came out of the door with the gun in his hand. Ernest was within a rod of him. Brad raised the gun and held it level at the other's head. The open ends of the barrels were tremendous.

Ernest swayed and dodged as he ran in, and he stiffened to meet the blare of shot in his face.

But he did not get to Brad in time. While he was still two or three strides short of where the man stood, someone dropped on Brad from the porch above his head—a lean man with a crutch in his hand and a bandaged foot. This man struck Brad across the shoulders and bore him down; and Ernest was instantly himself again, cool and composed and attentive to what went forward here.

Brad went down heavily, and the man with the crutch sat up on top of him and swung the crutch and clipped Brad on the head. Brad quivered like a rug when it is beaten, and the man raised the crutch again.

Ernest caught it then, and he said gravely, "That's plenty! He's quiet. I'll get the clothesline."

The woman's husband nodded. "All right," he agreed. And he whistled keenly. "Gosh, that foot hurts!" he said in a surprised tone.

Ernest went to unfasten the rope that served as clothesline. It was tied between two trees. While he loosed it he saw that the woman was getting to her feet.

She met his eye, and said uncertainly, "Why, I keeled over. I did. I fainted right away!"

"Your head was downhill," Ernest suggested. "I expect the blood flowed into it and revived you."

But she did not hear him; she had seen her Dave and run to him. Ernest chuckled and came back to them.

"He wasn't hiding in any cellar," he said jocosely.

"You, Dave!" she cried. "I tell't you to. What'd you go and come out for?" Her tone was full of tender pride in him.

The lean man grinned. "I 'lowed I might be needed around," he explained. "I was in the front room with an ax, and then when he went away I see him skin around back of the barn. So I kep' an eye on him."

He bound Brad. "Guess water'll bring him to," he decided.

By George," Ernest remembered, "I've got to get a bucket of water!"

And five minutes later he was retracing once more the road back to the waiting car.

He told Mrs. Muster that he had spilled the first bucket, tripped and fallen. "That's why I was so long," he explained.

"I wonder sometimes you can walk at all," she commented gently. Her gentleness was always bitter to him, and he hid one foot behind the other as he got into his place in the rear seat. He sat silent there while they went on up the hill and found a place to turn around.

Sometime later they found themselves once more upon the main road. "But it's nearly five now," Willie confessed.

Mrs. Muster nodded. "I despise detours," she said firmly.

She and Willie agreed in this, but Ernest's attention wandered. He wondered wistfully whether there might not somewhere be a road that was all detour. The broad highway was smooth, but it could be wearisome.

PHOTO BY V. MEAD, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

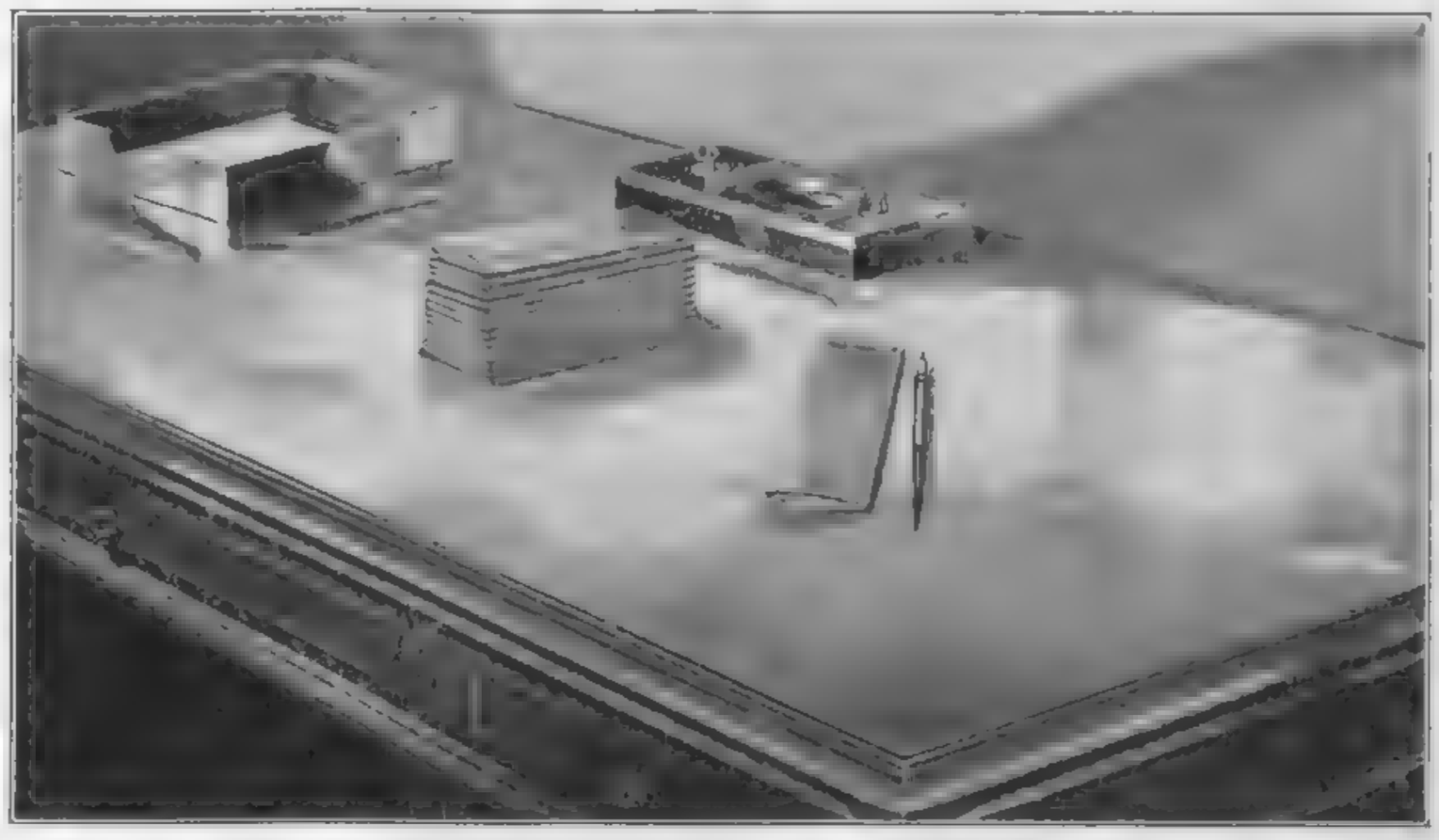
A Pool Near the Ellis River at Andover, Maine

"On my desk is a plan that is helping Truck Owners cut their hauling costs. . . . I shall be glad to send it to you." M. S. Sulcher
President

THIS offer, which we are now repeating, was first made in The Saturday Evening Post of July 30th. From every part of the country, from businesses of every size and kind came requests for the Federal System of Truck Expense Control.

Financial executives of great oil companies and of mammoth department stores, neighborhood grocers operating a single delivery truck, officers of gigantic steel companies, manufacturers of hundreds of products from pencils to pickles, from shoes to sausages; small cartage firms and big contractors asked for the plan, studied it—and expressed their appreciation of its value.

This plan enables the busy executive to know at a glance which trucks of a fleet are earning a profit—to stop leaks—to check mounting operating costs—immediately. It is not a cost accounting system. It is rather a method of using figures, compiled through any cost system already in use, to control operating expense.



Big Fleet Owners Adopted It

"We should have had this long ago," said presidents, general managers and auditors of concerns which considered and adopted the system. "We budget the operating expenses of the other departments of our business but we never thought of applying the principle to our transportation department, let alone to the individual truck."

In the Federal System of Truck Expense Control these executives found a simple, easily applied method of securing an automatic daily check on every truck, keeping down expenses and furnishing a reliable guide in the buying of new equipment.

Saves Money For Smaller Firms, Too

Owners of one, two or three trucks have found in this plan a means of cutting hauling costs. Just a few minutes each day keep the system at work stopping leaks and reducing waste. There is nothing complicated about it. It is easy to understand and apply to any business. It doesn't require the attention of an experienced bookkeeper. And there are no new forms to buy—no expense connected with its use.

The Federal System of Truck Expense Control is a contribution to the industry, gladly and freely made, from the experience of a company that for 17 years has devoted all its thought and effort to the solution of the hauling problems of modern business.

Write for our clear and complete outline of the system. It is yours—without charge or obligation.

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Clip the coupon to your letterhead and mail it today. We shall send you the Federal System of Truck Expense Control—promptly. And the request will not place you under any obligation of any kind—either now or in the future.

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"They make pretty good cars nowadays, don't they? You hardly ever see one hung up on the road unless it is having tire trouble."

"And very seldom then, if the car is on Kelly-Springfields."

CHAPARRAL

(Continued from Page 23)

but he raced headlong in kangaroo-like bounds along a trail worn by the feet of his clan, intent upon seeking sanctuary in the dwelling of some other member of the colony. His mate was bouncing down the trail before him, his young in frenzied flight upon whatever paths led away from the several exits by which they had emerged. The gopher snake moved swiftly along the path that Jerbo and his mate had taken.

The desert came to life. The flicker continued uttering exciting shrieks, the two road runners raced to the scene of the disturbance and the pallid rattlesnake contracted his pink coils, his sinister head poised to strike. Down from the heavens the two big hawks plunged like descending meteors and wheeled close above the scene of sudden activity. Like flitting shadows the kangaroo rats had disappeared, diving headlong into the nearest openings that promised shelter.

The frenzied entrance of Jerbo and his mate roused the members of the family whose home quarters they had invaded just as two of their half-grown offspring darted into a hole at the far end of the mound. The gopher snake was not far behind and as this deadly killer propelled himself into the gallery there was another general exodus of the kangaroo-rat clan. One of the hovering hawks swooped and struck, missing Jerbo by inches as he darted down with the snake a close second. Again he emerged in company with still another swarm of panic-stricken clansmen. Small tan-and-white shapes darted in every direction along the various trails. Jerbo's flight led along a stretch of path that was sufficiently roofed with chaparral to hamper the effectiveness of the winged death above. Both hawks struck at different points, and each rose with some squirming tan-and-white object locked in piercing talons and flapped away toward the hills.

One of Jerbo's sons made a miscalculation and the speeding gopher snake struck him. With lightning rapidity two muscular coils were wrapped round the victim's body and a sudden contraction crushed the life from him in a single second. The snake, this time in more leisurely fashion, took fresh wraps round his victim, then stretched, seeming to elongate his body, and by repetition of this maneuver proceeded to crush every bone in the kangaroo rat's frame, reducing it to a lumpy and shapeless mass.

At that same instant the pallid rattler's long and patient vigil was rewarded. A full-grown kangaroo rat sped along a trail toward the point where it converged with several others. Too late he spied the sinister, uplifted head. A wide mouth was thrust up to intercept his despairing leap as the rattler struck. Long fangs sank home in his side. The force of the blow threw him end over end. He rose and leaped away, a few erratic bounds, then turned to bite at the desperate wound. The big rattler glided in pursuit, turning when his prey turned, halting when his prey halted. The poison took effect and the stricken kangaroo rat swayed upon the sand, facing its slayer. From a distance of two feet the rattler regarded him, the evil head seeming to sway in unison with the tottering motions of his dying prey. Again a watcher might have mistaken this scene as one corroborative of the legend to the effect that the rattler charms its victims. It was the liberal dose of venom injected by the wicked fangs, not some mystic mental charm, that occasioned the little mammal's helplessness. The snake did not close in to finish its prey, its heavy body not being adapted to killing by constriction after the fashion in which the gopher snake ends its victims, but waited until the poison had done its work and life had ceased to throb, then commenced upon the slow process of swallowing the kangaroo rat. A hundred yards away the gopher snake was in the throes of a similar gorging operation.

Roused by the commotion, an antelope jack rabbit had left the shallow forms that had served as a nest in the concealing shelter of a purplish tuft of desert buckwheat plants. By contracting his back muscles he seemed able to elevate the skin of his sides, the motion serving to fluff the white hair of his sides. The rays of the sun, reflected from this white field, gave off a flash almost identical in effect to that occasioned by the flaring rump patch of the pronghorn antelope, from which similar phenomenon this big desert hare derives its name. The antelope jack hopped away, contracting his back strip excitedly. As if summoned by these signaled flashes, a tiny speck dropped from the blue-and-gold vault of the sky, plunged with exceeding speed. A thin humming sound similar to that made by some droning insect increased in volume to a screeching hiss of wings. The big jack fled as a huge golden eagle dived for him with the accuracy of a bullet and struck him down.

The feathered denizens called off the truce of appetite and resumed the hunt. The rattler, having completed the swallowing process, was stretched out on the sands, a generous bulge in his anatomy revealing the location of his recent victim. Again the flicker set up an excited protest as a newcomer glided into the scene. A creature six feet in length, slender but with the toughness of a whipcord and banded with black and yellow, was the occasion of the flicker's outcry. A king snake quested through the chaparral. This flashy reptile, though of striking appearance, nevertheless had not gained his title as a testimonial to his beauty, but by way of a tribute to his prowess; and he was aptly named a king among snakes, his business in life largely that of slaying other serpents. He subsisted upon snakes, and despite his slenderness, was capable of swallowing one of considerable proportions. Suddenly he chanced upon the pallid rattler. This creature was too large for consumption, a morsel of too generous proportions to be swallowed even by a six-foot king snake.

Ordinarily the intruder would have refrained from tackling a snake that could not be utilized as food. Perhaps he chose to battle on this occasion because the swelled portion of the rattler testified to a recent meal and the consequent sluggishness entailed by such gorging. Possibly the coiling of the rattler preparatory to desperate defense, the angry vibration of its rattles and menacing uplifted head served to irritate the king snake. This monarch of the reptile tribe, through some strange provision of nature, is immune to the venom of the rattler, so even in the event that the latter had been able to drive home its fangs—which was unlikely—the effect would have been no more than that of a poisonless wound.

The king snake lifted a swaying head and reached for its coiled enemy with a lightning feint that drew a strike. Swift as was the rattler's deadly thrust, it was far too slow, and the banded warrior seized him just behind the evil head. For the space of half a minute there was a mighty threshing of two muscular bodies lashed by a frenzy of fighting rage. Then the motion subsided somewhat as the two bodies intertwined. This tangle soon straightened and it was revealed that the slender king snake had perfected several spiraling coils of his slender length round the heavier trunk of his antagonist. Now he constricted these coils, steely muscles that crushed as they contracted. The rattler was no adept at constriction. Its wide mouth was distended, its rattles vibrating as it threshed in convulsive efforts to turn and sink its fangs in its enemy. These herculean efforts were unavailing. Little by little, with a rippling effect of body, the king snake perfected its coils, stretching itself to tighten them. The dull pinkish length of the rattler and the yellow-and-black slenderness of its assailant were braided in a barber-pole effect.

The rattler's struggles grew more and more feeble, and eventually they ceased. The king snake slacked his spiral coils, then released his jaws from the rattler's neck and drew back.

For a space the victor lingered, as if half tempted to try to swallow the bulky form of his late antagonist; then, apparently deciding that the feat was an impossible one, he glided away through the chaparral. The rattler violated still another legendary tradition by failing to wait until sundown before expiring. As a matter of fact, he was quite dead under the full glare of the sun, as if the hour of its setting had nothing to do with the continued duration of his vitality. Almost at once the insects gathered to feed upon the carcass. Millions of insect lives had been sacrificed to keep life in the bodies of the numerous birds and small mammals whose lives in turn had been sacrificed that the rattler might thrive and grow. Now that death had overtaken this doughty killer his frame furnished food to keep life in the thousands of tiny insects, completing the swing of the circle.

Jerbo, separated from the members of his family and ensconced in strange quarters, slept only at intervals. The occupants of the particular system of underground corridors in which he had taken refuge viewed him as an interloper and would have driven him forth, save for the fact that he declined to be evicted. Jerbo much preferred defending his position to taking a chance upon running the gantlet in the open in an effort to reach his own quarters. The matter was complicated by the presence of three other kangaroo rats from as many different families, all of them having sought sanctuary here during the recent excitement. The proprietors, therefore, were faced with the ordeal of wholesale eviction, the objects of which strenuously resisted all such efforts; so eventually the family and the intruders alike settled down to await the shades of night before dispersing to assemble again into customary household groups.

Hot and parched as was the desert, neither Jerbo nor any other member of the kangaroo-rat colony suffered from thirst. Except during the rainy season when driving storms played havoc with their dwellings, water was foreign to the knowledge of Jerbo's clan. It is possible that during such periods of flood, or when colonies are situated near desert waterholes or the course of streams, the kangaroo rats partake of an occasional sip of water. But drinking is not necessary to their comfort. In common with the prairie dog, some chemical action upon the vegetation that found its way into Jerbo's digestive tract supplied him with the moisture necessary to existence; and except when hungry, his system did not suffer from thirst.

The sun dropped low in the west. Giant and cholla cactus cast long shadows on the sand. As the fiery red ball disappeared behind the horizon and the violet dusk claimed the desert, the nighthawks tossed aloft to careen through the air in erratic and apparently aimless swoops. But the maneuvers were far from aimless, for these birds hunted a-wing and preyed upon such insect life as journeyed through the air high above the desert. The harsh buzzing cries of the bull bats dropped from on high and summoned the nocturnal desert people to come on shift.

Among the circling nighthawks there were similar figures, darting about the sky with eccentric loops and dizzy tacks—bats that had swarmed down from the hills. Among them were many big-eared desert bats. All across the sky this hunt was in progress. From her nest in a deserted woodpecker's hole high in a giant cactus, an elf owl—a tiny creature not much larger than a sparrow—emerged to blink in the waning light. A hundred yards away her mate had similarly emerged. For the space of half an hour the little owls shifted occasionally from one point of vantage to another, then set sail and soared low across the desert, their eyes trained upon its floor to detect the flutter of some roosting bird or the movement of some unwary mouse

Then suddenly the network of kangaroo-rat trails came to life. Tan-and-white shapes banded along the various highways. Jerbo returned to his own quarters, where his mate and five of his offspring had assembled. The absent member had gone to furnish a meal to the gopher snake. Tiny thumpings revealed the travel in progress on all sides, those engaged in the activities remaining invisible to all save eyes that were adapted to nocturnal vision. This invisibility, however, was not to endure for long. Already the eastern skies were bathed in gold. During this period the lone watcher slept in the shelter of his blind. The crimson disk of the moon, looming near and tremendous, pitched above the rim of the world, undergoing a gradual transformation of coloring from red to gold, then to pale yellow, and bathing the desert with a white radiance that nearly equaled that of day.

Jerbo, scouting for food, suddenly chanced upon a delicious morsel, a seed of some kind that was unknown to him. A bit farther on he found others—grain that the observer had cast from his blind when the rising moon had shed light sufficient to render visible the activities of the nocturnal prowlers of the desert. Jerbo, his striking tan-and-white markings looming clear and distinct, worked industriously at gathering the food that had appeared in such providential abundance. His cheek pouches were well distended before another invaded his foraging ground. Jerbo turned savagely upon this intruder, who fled before his rush. After a determined chase of some ten yards, he returned, only to find still another of his clan engaged in gathering the food that Jerbo considered his by right of discovery. The newcomer charged Jerbo, who, instead of fleeing, gave battle. He launched into the air and his hind feet, driven by powerful muscles, landed with a resounding thump upon his adversary. Dodging a counter punch, he landed another rear right and left. Twice again he struck and his antagonist fled, only to circle back in an effort to collect a few more of the delicious seeds that were scattered upon the sand. Jerbo was not to hold the field undisputed for many seconds at a time. One after another, traveling kangaroo rats chanced upon a few outlying grains of oats and rice and the smaller specks of cornmeal scattered upon the sand. A score of them soon congregated there, with many resulting brawls and the landing of numerous one-two punches. Jerbo filled his cheek pouches to capacity, scurried home to deposit the contents in a side pocket off one of the galleries that constituted his favorite hoarding place, then returned at top speed, thumped the nearest tribesman into flight and engaged upon a refilling program.

Pocket mice, too, resorted to the spot in considerable numbers. It was inevitable that such a gathering should invite the unwelcome attention of various enemies. Apparently so deeply engrossed with harvesting this mysterious supply of food as to be oblivious of all else, the transformation came with startling suddenness—a score of small figures foraging industriously one second and the next they had vanished as if by magic, their movements so swift as to be almost indiscernible. A rifle shot could not have dispersed them more effectively, but the cause had been merely the passing of a dark shape across the moonlit sky. With almost equal rapidity the panic subsided and the four-footed hosts reassembled at the feast.

Again there was that incredibly sudden dispersal, as if at a given signal, and on this occasion an elf owl swooped and seized a pocket mouse. Jerbo, including his tail, was some twelve inches in length, and he did not stand in great fear of elf owls, as they seldom attacked full-grown kangaroo rats, save when pressed by hunger. When smaller prey was scarce, however, these savage little hunters of the night would not hesitate to pounce upon one even of Jerbo's size; but the fact that they seldom did was evidenced by the swift return of the adult

(Continued on Page 156)

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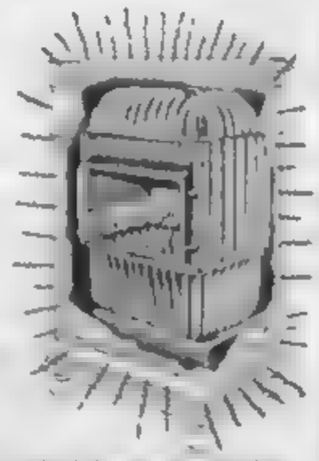

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All the world respects these Twin Guardians of the Northwest

SPANNING the headwaters of the most important river in the world, the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul form an economic unit unique in modern history. Backed by the industrial communities of the North Central States, and facing the tremendous sweep of the great Northwest with all its potentialities and raw wealth, these Twin Cities have attained a dominance in their quarter of the Nation that has no parallel.

Hardly a decade separated the advent of the first two groups of settlers; and for almost a century the two communities have grown side by side, guiding the destiny of the Northwest. When timber was the greatest industry of Minnesota and Wisconsin, these were famous lumber towns. When the forests were pushed back and wheat became king, these two were the greatest milling cities in the world. And now that diversification is making history in the Northwest, they have risen together to new heights as the industrial and commercial metropolis of one of the most remarkable agricultural regions in the world.

LOCATION: By St. Anthony's Falls, at the head of Mississippi navigation. On the fringe of the great forest region of Minnesota and Wisconsin, where the open plains begin to sweep westward. Metropolis of a region completely embracing northwest Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana.

INDUSTRY: Not only do the Twin Cities absorb the varied products of all the Northwest as a primary market, but they in turn supply the tools of production and all the needs of higher standards of living. Here is the largest manufacturing and distributing center in America for tractors and agricultural implements. The leading industries include grain, flour and mill products; metal working; clothing and textiles; printing and publishing; wood working; railroad shop construction; bread and bakery products; and food preparations.

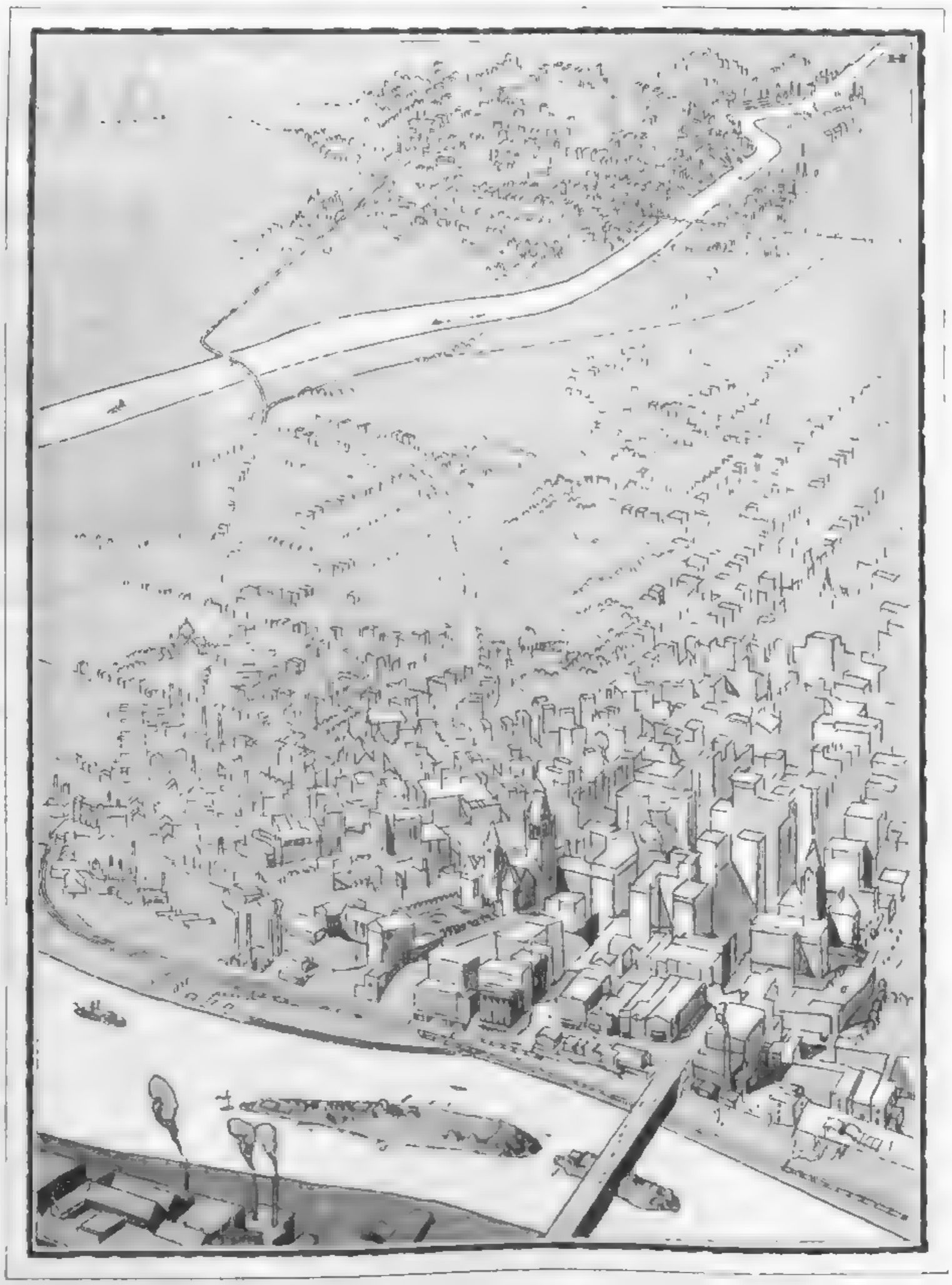
AGRICULTURE: Statistics on production run into tremendous figures. Grain yields a billion dollars, yet the total value of dairy, livestock, and other diversified farm products *has already swept beyond that figure*. Egg and poultry production has doubled in the last five years; alfalfa acreage has tripled. The farmers of Minnesota alone earn $200,000,000 on butter annually.

TRANSPORTATION: Twelve trunk lines radiate from the Twin Cities, making them both heart and head of the Ninth Federal Reserve District with a population of 5,341,897! The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul binds the Twin Cities to Milwaukee and Chicago with a double-track system over which run some of the most famous limited trains in America.

They grow in beauty

Beauty has governed the civic ideal of both Minneapolis and St. Paul, so that today there is no more delightful place of residence than here. This was the heart of the most romantic Indian country. Within corporate limits are the Falls of Minnehaha. The sandy shores of blue Minnetonka and Nokomis are circled by splendid boulevards and dotted with boat clubs.

Magnificent boulevards and parks, distinguished hotels and famous old clubs, excellent theatres, opera houses and restaurants, libraries, art galleries and educational institutions, give these cities a charm and mellowed culture that is doubly emphasized by the vigorous youth of the region they serve.



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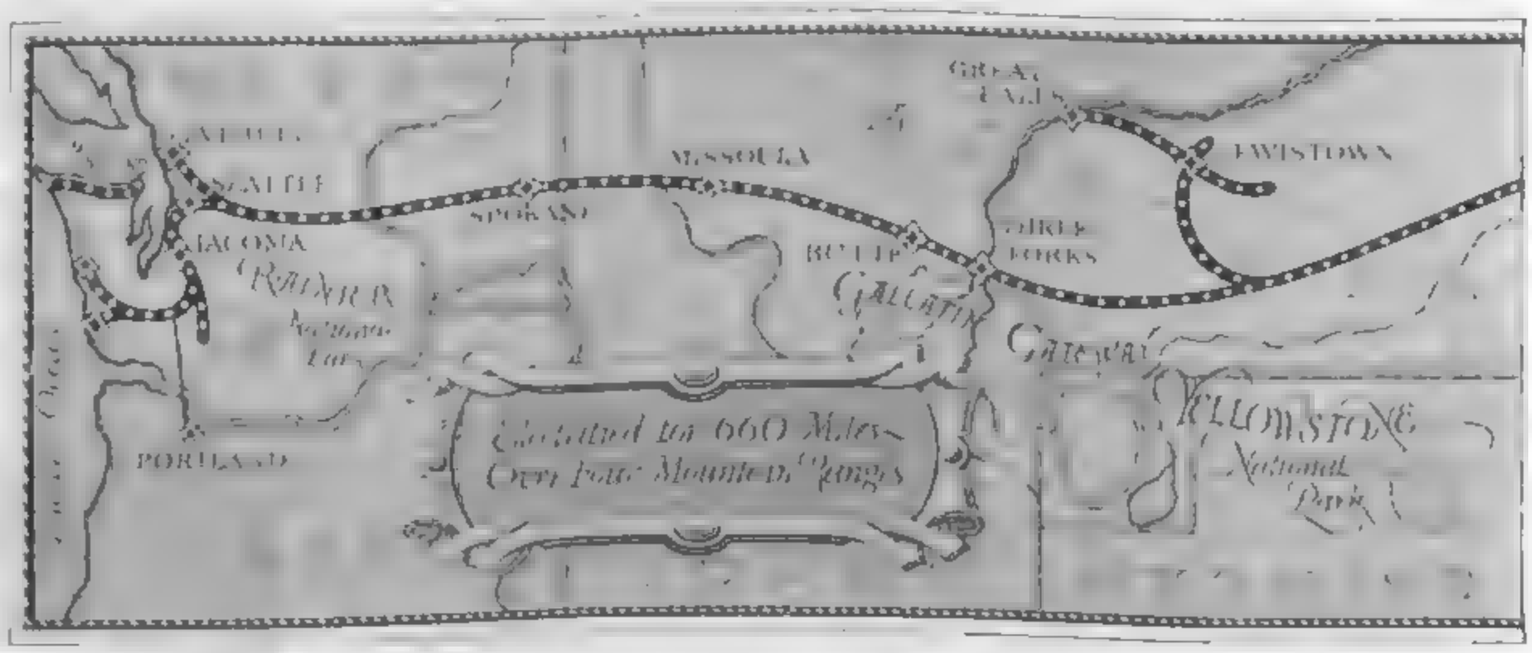
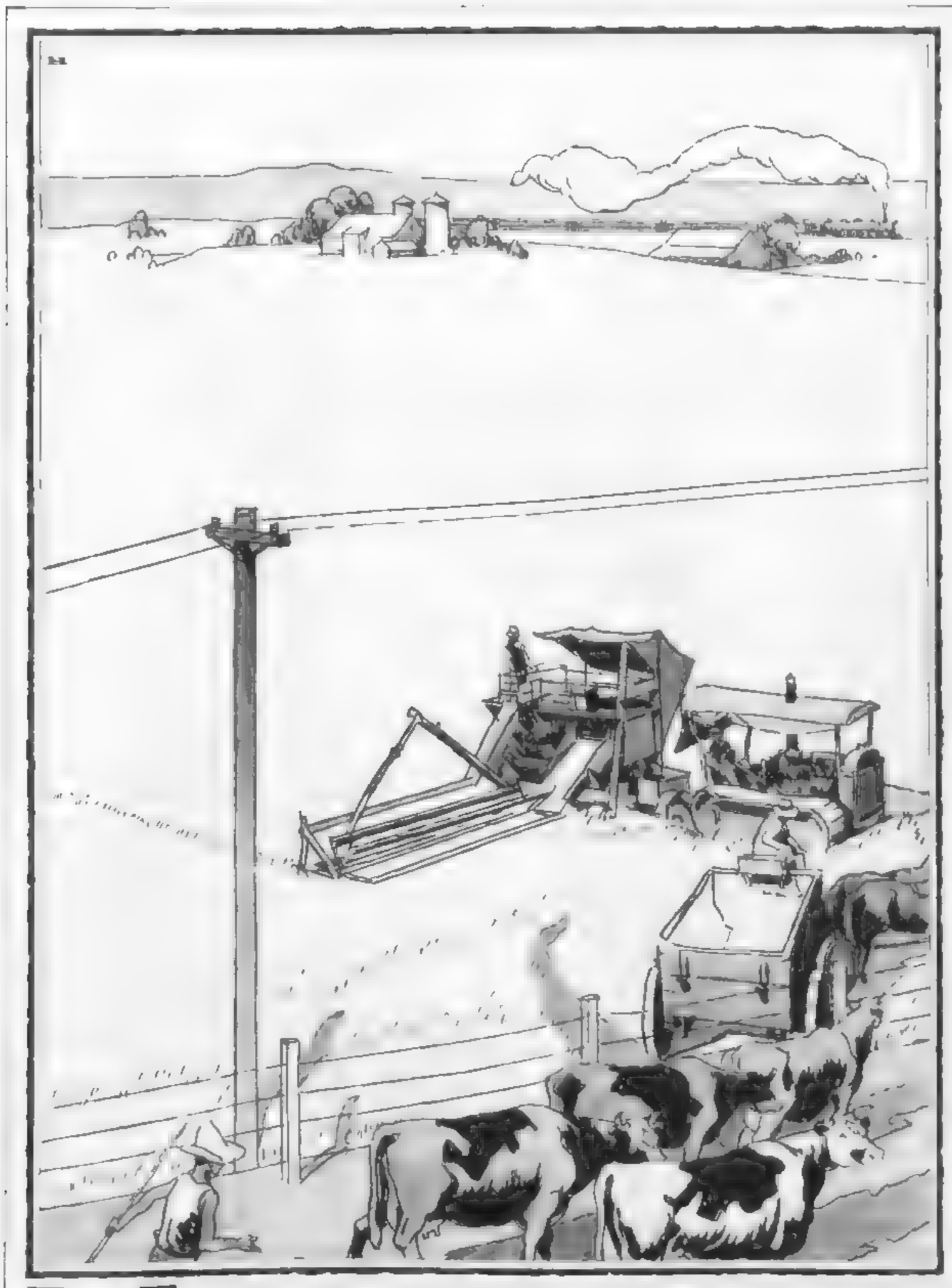


The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,



MILWAUKEE ROAD

Where trails begin and end

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The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway operates 14 trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis-St. Paul. This service includes some of the most famous trains in the world. The route along the beautiful valleys of the Fox and upper Mississippi Rivers is the favorite of business men.

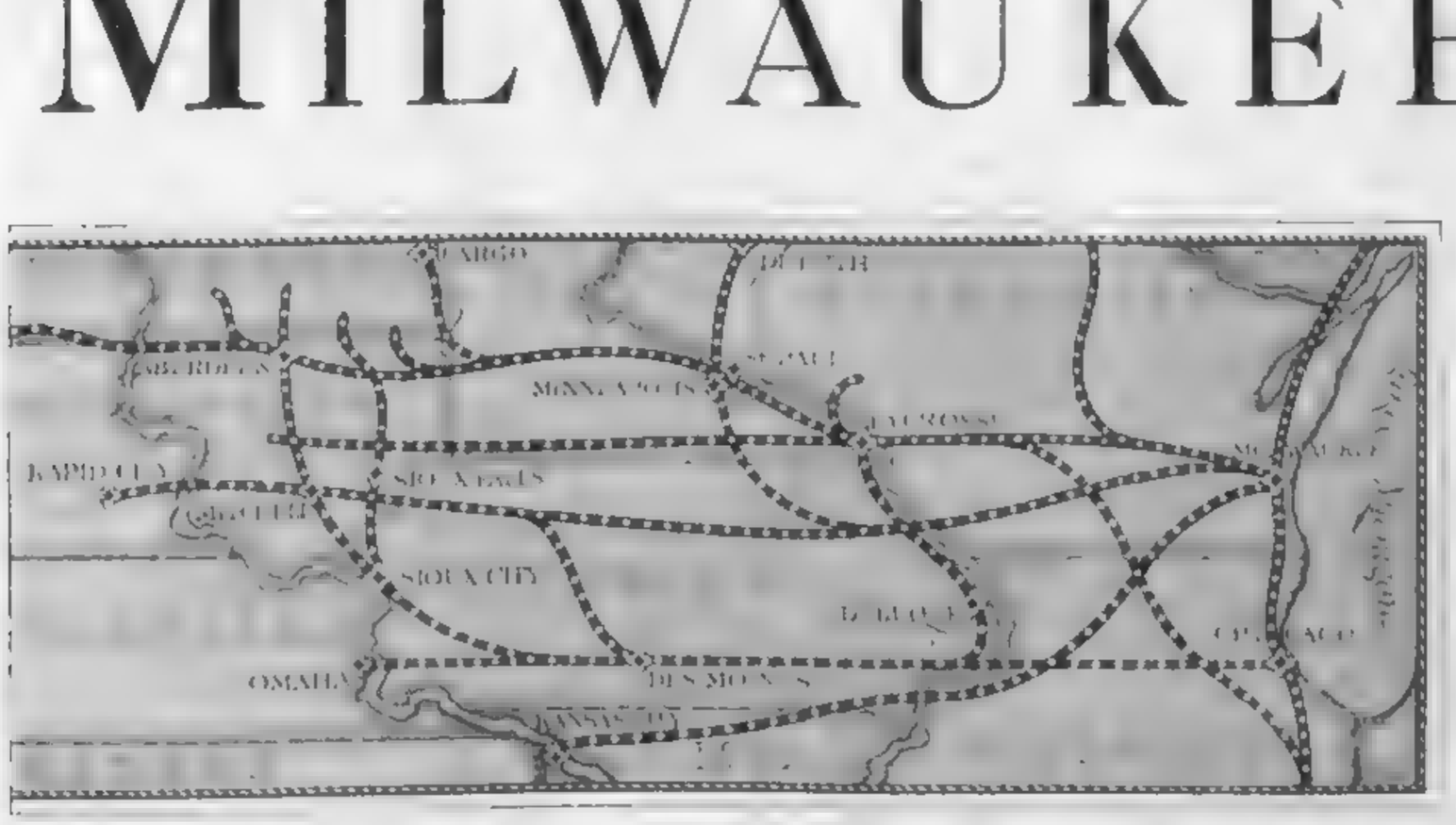
In 1853 the Milwaukee Road extended from Milwaukee to La Crosse on the Mississippi. It grew steadily into a vast system that is today 11,000 miles long and employs 60,000 men. Its lines extend in all directions over the entire northwestern block of the United States: From Chicago to Kansas City, Omaha, Des Moines, Sioux City; to Milwaukee and the upper Michigan Peninsula; to the Twin Cities and Duluth; westward to Rapid City in the Black Hills; and to Butte, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, the Olympic Peninsula and the Pacific.

Six hundred and sixty miles of the line from Montana to the sea *are electrified*. This is one of the most notable achievements in railroad engineering. Hydro-electric power, generated in remote valleys, sends the great trains—both passenger and freight—humming across the Belt, Bitter Root, Rocky and Cascade Mountains to Puget Sound.

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being *equipped with roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

Superior trains through glorious country

The famous *Pioneer* is the favorite between Chicago and the Twin Cities; but if you are bound for the Coast, by all means go by the *Olympian*, the de luxe limited that ranks with the finest trains in the world. The *Olympian* and its sister, the *Columbian*, travel to shipside at Seattle or Tacoma, after passing the most beautiful and diversified scenery in America, through a great industrial and agricultural empire in the making.



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members of the colony. The youngsters, as if aware of a lesser degree of immunity, remained for a slightly longer period in their underground sanctuaries before venturing out once more. Three times in the course of a half hour elf owls caused these dispersals, for Jerbo and his clan waited not upon the order of their going at the least suspicion of a dark shape in the air above. There were larger owls that sometimes winged down from the hills to hunt upon the desert.

The supply of alien morsels that were so delicious decreased to the vanishing point and Jerbo wandered farther afield. He nipped a few sprouts of tender new vegetation that peeped above the sand, ate a few leaves and investigated a lone mesquite; but the beans of this plant, of which he was so fond, had not yet reached a sufficient stage of maturity to tempt his palate. He harvested a juicy prize in the shape of the fruit of a prickly pear. Later he devoured a brace of grasshoppers and a beetle. Resorting again to the district in which the strange food recently had been so plentiful, he discovered that in some miraculous fashion the supply had been replenished. Others were there before him. He leaped upon one occupant's back and thumped him soundly, then took over the claim of the former proprietor.

Silently, belly close to the sand, a desert fox stalked upwind toward the banqueters. He emerged from a straggling growth of ocotillo and took shelter behind a giant cactus, advanced stealthily to the cover of a cluster of prickly pear, flitted to a cholla cactus and at last crouched behind the daggerlike fronds of a yucca a dozen yards from the nearest of the revelers in the moonlit open space—which happened to be Jerbo.

A big kangaroo rat approached and sought to startle Jerbo from his feed ground by means of a sudden rush. A sound thumping match followed, with the result that Jerbo, coming off victor and highly enraged at this intrusion, pursued his enemy hotly. A dark form was suddenly propelled from behind a yucca in a mighty bound. White fangs gleamed viciously in the moonlight and Jerbo, in horrible panic, reversed his course almost in mid-air as the little desert fox snapped up his late antagonist. The fox trotted off with his victim, to offer it upon the altar of family devotion by transporting it back to the den where his pups even now were frisking in the moonlight, indulging in ineffective neighborhood hunts of their own and waiting for one or another of their parents to return with food.

Jerbo, ascertaining from the actions of his neighbors that the fox had departed, issued forth on another sortie. His cheek pouches were but half full when another general dispersal was necessitated by the advent of a sidewinder that came hitching along in search of prey. A scene similar to that which had been occasioned by the gopher snake at high noon was now enacted under the desert moon, except that the sidewinder was far more leisurely in his actions. It was not within his province to capture his prey by speed and he was intent upon entering the domicile of some kangaroo rat while the occupants were out for the night, then to drive his fangs into the first pocket mouse or half-grown kangaroo rat that chanced to prowl through the galleries. His progress was slow and he seemed hard to please, for he entered three dwellings, only to leave each in turn by some other entrance after a leisurely investigation, before finally taking up his vigil in a fourth. The mound in which he remained was shunned religiously by the colonists.

This excitement over, Jerbo resorted again to the region where that strange but delicious food occurred in such abundance, only to become party to another of those lightning-swift dispersals before he had gathered a dozen grains. Just behind him, and headed for the same yawning hole that meant safety, another kangaroo rat was struck by piercing talons and carried aloft in the grip of a big owl that winged its way back toward the dark bulk of the hills with its prey.

Throughout the night Jerbo experienced numerous allied interruptions to his foraging. Sometimes the alarms came in swift succession, and during one such harrowing period the colonists sought shelter four times in twenty minutes. Then, for perhaps twice that length of time, Jerbo knew continuous respite from danger.

Kangaroo-rat memory, perhaps, is not too retentive. After some three hours, during which the mound invaded by the sidewinder had been shunned, a half-grown colonist forgot himself and ambled through the deserted corridors of his home, only to come leaping forth into the open, swaying unsteadily and closely followed by the sidewinder whose poisonous fangs had wrought his destruction.

There was another respite of considerable duration. Then Jerbo reared to listen alertly. Low grunting sounds and an occasional threshing of brush assailed his ears.

A drove of peccaries had left the cover of the chaparral-clad foothills to feed out across the desert. There was much rooting as the little musk hogs foraged. The sidewinder had not finished swallowing his recent victim when an old boar peccary, scenting him, rushed to the spot and destroyed the snake with crushing hoofs and it was torn in shreds and devoured. The carcass of the big pallid rattler that had been slain by the king snake was torn asunder and consumed by the ravenous drove. Jerbo watched these intruders with utmost caution and when one charged swiftly down upon him he leaped nimbly away, knowing full well that a peccary would ask nothing better of the night gods of the desert than the opportunity to catch and devour such a juicy morsel as a kangaroo rat. There was many a rush by peccaries upon the colonists, but no casualties, and eventually the musk hog drove fed on out into the desert.

Presently Jerbo reared again to listen. A tiny squealing sounded from close at hand and struck a chill to his heart. He knew that sound of old. Retreating to the nearest entrance to his home, he stationed himself just within its portals and peered fearfully forth into the moonlit open space. All activities had been suspended. His mate and five youngsters had sought shelter, scurrying home by as many different paths. The sounds ceased and suddenly a beautiful black-and-white creature with plumed tail emerged from the chaparral—the little spotted skunk that is known in the Southwest as the hydrophobia skunk, from the fact that it is sometimes subject to rabies and has been known to bite men in their sleep on numerous occasions. The mother skunk was no larger than a fox squirrel and with her traveled six youngsters scarcely larger than chipmunks. One of the young was an unusual creature, an albino, every hair gleaming snow-white in the moonlight. This family romped playfully, giving vent to ratlike squeals. The white skunk captured a dormant grasshopper and crunched it in his tiny sharp teeth, snarling when a brother approached. The two faced each other with angry squeals, backs arched high, plumed tails erect, stamping their front feet after the fashion in which Jerbo was prone to stamp his hind feet.

Every kangaroo rat in the colony, every pocket mouse in the neighborhood, all were stricken with a terrible fear of this family group of little spotted killers. None was immune, for the skunk was capable of excavating for pocket mice and her body was sufficiently slender to permit of her penetrating most kangaroo-rat corridors. For a time she played about, then she headed for Jerbo's dwelling. As she entered by one doorway Jerbo made a frenzied exit from another, almost colliding with the young white skunk that flew savagely at his throat, but missed its strike as Jerbo leaped frantically. All the members of his family had darted for the shelter of neighboring burrows. The mother skunk, her killing frenzy now roused to a high pitch, dashed to the dwelling in which Jerbo had sought refuge. This time it was the white baby skunk that entered first and put the occupants to flight; and it was the mother with whom the kangaroo rat just ahead of Jerbo collided as he sought an exit. Her teeth closed on the luckless one. Jerbo, turning back, reached a branching gallery just before a questing young skunk blocked it and he attained the outer air in safety, taking the first path that led away from this house of death.

The little spotted skunk dragged her victim into the open and her offspring fell upon it with tiny snarls. The snow-white face of the albino infant was now smeared with red. Throughout the next hour the desert colony experienced a reign of terror. The skunk dug out a nest of pocket mice. Then she quested about beneath the nest of the cactus wren. That family, too, would have been victimized save for the mass of thorns through which the skunk would have been forced to climb to reach it. The little spotted slayer was endowed with true weasel ferocity and the lust to kill endlessly for the pleasure of slaughter even after the pangs of hunger had been appeased, in contrast to the ways of her larger relatives, the true skunks, who are slower, more deliberate and lacking in ferocity. She invaded six kangaroo-rat residences and slew three of the colonists. The hunting here was of the best, she found, and she showed no disposition to leave.

Meanwhile the young skunks prowled through various homes and put the inhabitants to flight in one stern pursuit after another. This method of learning to hunt was great sport for them, but for Jerbo and his clan it was a period of nightmare. Throughout the entire hour there was scarcely a span of five minutes when any family was left unmolested by the ardent young hunters. This siege might have lasted until dawn, save for the fact that the drove of peccaries came feeding back toward the hills and the sounds of their approach indicated that they might cross again through the colony. The skunk's chief weapon was of no avail against these enemies and she knew that this invading swarm of musk hogs would be most eager to devour both herself and her offspring. She could, of course, have taken refuge in the dwelling of a kangaroo rat, but apparently the prospect was not to her liking and she summoned her young and moved off to be out of the line of march of the advancing drove of peccaries.

A peccary tarried to root out a nest of mice that the skunk had overlooked, then trotted on after its fellows, and once more the coast was clear so that Jerbo could come from his den. The moon had disappeared in the west and already the sun was bathing the eastern skies with scarlet. There was another alarm as the watcher emerged from his blind and began the brief process of packing up his effects preparatory to making his departure. All activities ceased and the scene about him seemed one of lifeless desolation, or at least one of drab monotony for such life as might exist there. He chuckled at the thought. Lifeless? Monotonous? Such a day and night in a village of a thousand humans would have driven many of the inhabitants to the madhouse. But to Jerbo and his tribesmen, now settling down to rest, it had been no more than a routine twenty-four hours in the desert. And as the man plodded away through the sand the desert sparrow was once more sounding reveille, summoning the daylight workmen to come forth to follow the meat trail in compliance with the law of the circle.

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THIS VERY ANCIENT SONG

(Continued from Page 25)

a week away from her, and she would kiss him under his left ear when he got into the car at the station, and her red hair that smelled so gently of verbena bath salts would brush his nose. No other woman had ever kissed Lupus under his left ear, or he had not noticed it. Anyhow, he was coming home, and Mary would kiss him under his left ear and tell him why Hu Smith had made his thin wife something that had to be succored. Until Mary explained all this, he didn't have to bother about it. One of the good things in being stupid was that people told you stuff—a captain or pop or Mary or Carolus—and you weren't expected to puzzle over it. Lupus lighted another cigarette and examined the scenery with attention as the train jounced along. If you watched what was happening when you traveled, you never got bored and didn't have to think. It was a nice day too. It was the eighth of September. Gee! He had been married three months!

"Where you been, Lupus?" the old conductor asked, taking his ticket.

"New York. A guy I knew in the Army was awful sick. I been gettin' him off to Ar'zona."

"Your father don't travel much."

"Not in trains," said Lupus. "He got his wooden leg stuck in a hole in a train once, about 1909, an' he ain't traveled in nothin' but automobiles since. He drives up to the races at Saratoga in the machine, an' back. . . . Naw, pop don't travel any."

"You and him look enough alike to be brothers," the conductor said. "He was meetin' this train at Rangerville Wednesday mornin'. I thought it was you. He was on the platform with your kid."

"Why, who was they meetin', Clancy?"

"Dunno, Lupus. It was some man in an overcoat. I didn't see him good. But I was pointin' out the old gentleman to a man in the smoker here—a man in the cattle business. He says, 'Is that Van Eck then? Lord, the money I've paid him for horses an' Jerseys!' He was int'rested-like."

"Yeh?"

"Yes," said the conductor, lumbering away, "he was int'rested."

Lupus scrubbed an ear and wondered what pop and Carolus had been meeting at the little Rangerville station on Wednesday noon. He looked at the village of Rangerville in passing, seeing that it had not changed in this last week, and then watched the two spires of Couveris float in their boat of trees to meet him. And Mary kissed him under his left ear when he climbed into the car at the station, and her hair smelled of verbena bath salts.

"How you, Red?"

"I'm not in the least well," said Mary; "and take your nose out of my neck, please. . . . I'm so glad you're home. Yes, I love you; and do stop annoying Carolus by this public display of affection, darling."

"Aw, the kid don't mind! How you, fella?"

"I'm all right," said Carolus, loading his father's suitcase into the machine.

"You look fine," Lupus assured him.

"He's been invaluable," Mary said; "he's a mine of unexpected talents. He has the makings of a nursemaid, Lupus. He can control little William Smith. It's amazing to watch him. And anybody that can control little William, Lupus, is a superior person. I'm afraid of him. His mother doesn't believe in slapping him, and your father's taken to spending all his time in the old smokehouse, because our little guest makes for his wooden leg and bites it all the time, and Rain-in-the-Face doesn't like that. But Caro manages the little brute somehow."

Carolus said dubiously, lighting a cigarette, "Aw, he ain't a bad baby, Red; but if Mrs. Smith's going to go on bringing him up without any inhibitions, she'd better take him to the Sahara Desert or somewhere. . . . I don't think granddaddy minds the kid bitin' his peg so much as he does hearin' Mrs. Smith have an emotion. She's an affective type, dad, and when she has an emotion she lets you know it. Those thin blondes," Carolus pondered, "kinda do, anyhow."

"But I saw Hu Smith on Broadway on Tuesday night," Lupus argued, "comin' out of a show, an' he said he was gonna take the midnight home. An' now you say 'at Mrs. Smith's took refuge with us an' Hu's deserted her or sump'n."

His son flopped black hair back from his eyes and looked surprisedly at Lupus. Mary stopped fooling with her husband's left hand and said, "Darling, is this second sight? Carolus and I were just breaking the news to you that Hortense Smith is out at the house, having emotions in the spare bedroom, and now you tell us that we said that Hu Smith has deserted her. We didn't say anything of the kind, Lupus."

"Yeh, so you didn't. It was a fat lady on the train. Her mamma—I mean Mrs. Smith's mamma—wired her to come an' succor Hortense. Her name was Egg. I was talkin' to her—an' gimme a kiss."

"You're very wonderful, Lupus," said his wife. "Yes, a Mrs. Egg wired that she was coming. We didn't believe it at first, but poor Hortense says that she's an old friend. Her daughters are named Fern, Ivy and Pansy, and her son was the champion wrestler of the Navy when he was eighteen and pulls bulls over fences for exercise. Hortense is very much afraid of her. It seems that Mrs. Egg always speaks her mind. I don't think that Hortense wants to hear anybody speak their mind. She knows she's made a fool of herself."

"How? She ain't been flirtin' with any ape, has she?"

"She's been flirting with the psychology of matrimony," said the red-headed woman, dropping back somehow heavily on his shoulder. "She's made Hu jealous of his infant son."

"How? How's a guy get jealous of his kid? I wasn't never jealous of Carolus, an' he was the hell of a good baby. He could sling the soap outa his bath an' get me in the eye any day he tried."

Carolus got into the front seat with dignity and started the car.

"Darling, your habit of appraising people by the value of their muscles has saved you from many complications. I'm sure that when Caro hit you in the eye with a cake of soap you saw he'd be a perfect Van Eck. But Hu Smith hasn't as much sense as that. I knew he was getting annoyed with Hortense, and her books on psychology, and how to make babies play the violin. . . . Do wait until we pass the jail before you kiss me again."

Lupus let her pale face alone and nodded politely to three ladies along the sidewalk of Iroquois Street who had all shown signs of being ready to be stepmothers to Carolus a few months ago. None of them smelled gently of verbena bath salts, though, or had red hair. He waited until the valley shimmered beyond Couveris before he kissed her again. "Love me?"

"Don't be abysmal," said Mary. "You have a son eighteen years old. . . . Does Mrs. Egg look like the kind of woman who'll take Hortense off our hands, Lupus? Hortense is a little cloying. I fainted on Wednesday and she tried to nurse me and ——"

"What did you faint for?"

"On principle. Carolus will tell you that I did it very gracefully and neatly—into the hammock. And ——"

"Yeh, but what for?"

"It's such a silly sensation," Mary drawled. "Doctor Hume put me on a diet."

"But you ain't fat!"

"So he said, with emphasis. Anyhow, I fainted, and she insistently nursed me all Thursday, and brought me a hot-water bottle that night and shed tears on me maternally. I'm twenty-nine and I've been a widow, and she's twenty-five. . . . I don't know why she brought herself and little William out to stay with us."

"'Cause you're a nice girl," said Lupus. "Gimme a kiss. . . . Aw, the kid can't see through the back of his head. . . . Gimme a real kiss."

But she was pale, and she looked somehow tired and somehow very beautiful and puzzling. She was always puzzling, because her eyes were gray stones and mirrors at the same time, and she never said anything dull. Carolus was alarmingly cultivated, too, but you could understand him most of the time. This woman whose hair was a red pile of little fires on his shoulder was not to be understood. But she loved him. . . . He smiled at her, and all at once she blushed. "Love me?"

"You complete idiot!"

"Yeh, but you do love me?"

"This very ancient song," said Mary, "has but one chorus. What's that a quotation from, Caro?"

"Quit bein' refined," said Lupus, "an' gimme a kiss. . . . When did Hu Smith quit Hortense?"

"Sunday, darling. He resigned his job at the bank on Saturday and wrote her from Albany that he was tired of life and was going away to find somebody who'd appreciate him, or that was what he meant. She got the letter on Monday. I suppose he's wallowing in sin in the metropolis."

"But he said he was comin' home on the midnight, an' 'at was Tuesday night an' ——"

"He must have changed his mind, Lupus."

"Well, it's damn funny," said Lupus. "Gimme a kiss. . . . Hey, don't the house look nice from here?"

The red brick house and the stables and an old smokehouse of a paler brick swelled larger as the car went slowly down the long curve of the highway, and Lupus was warm inside with looking at all this. He had got home. This afternoon he would ride a horse and then go swimming with Carolus, and now he had to brace himself against his father's tongue. Pop would be in high form with Mrs. Smith to talk about.

"How's the sachem take all this?"

"Enjoys it tremendously. He's said a number of things about matrimony that indicate your mother gave him an easy time of it."

"I thought you said he was hidin' out in the old smokehouse all the time. Yeh, you said so."

"That was mere persiflage, darling."

"Huh?"

Carolus said over a shoulder, "She means she was talkin' fancy, dad," in his civil, helpful way, and turned the car between the red gateposts of the graveled drive. Mr. Van Eck rose from the top step of the limestone porch, spat and nodded woodenly when Lupus whooped at him. His son noted that the sachem's wooden leg had been polished this week, or that the peg was new. Then he got out of the car and went up the white treads to be greeted.

"I hope I see you well, Lupus, boy."

"I'm fine, pop. How you?"

"Passable, son. I'm sixty and not as strong as I was when I was your age, but I'm gittin' used to bein' a guardian for a wronged female and her offspring. You look all right, Lupus. You can wrastle with the offspring when it don't want to go to bed. This is good for Carolus. He's gittin' trained to be a nussmaid to any kids you and your woman produce," Mr. Van Eck indelicately purred, his black lashes bunched in his narrow amber face so that his eyes didn't show. He spat and continued, as if he spoke from a pillow and would be asleep directly: "It's edjycatin', too. Hortense has explained all about suppressions and complexes and inhibitions to me. I see now why you're so dumb. Your mamma and me didn't develop the

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right complexes in you, you poor calf. Little William ain't to have any inhibitions or to git the wrong effects from the right extryversions. I may have the words mixed some, but Hortense will tell you all about it, Lupus. Except a woman who used to lecture on theosophy up at Saratoga in the racin' season, she makes more hay of the English language than any fool I've heard in my time."

A curly small boy here took hold of Lupus' right ankle and began to bite it. Mr. Van Eck spat and remarked, "Don't mind William, son."

"Is 'at William?"

"Him," said Mr. Van Eck. He lifted his cane from the stone of the old porch and politely poked William's back with it, but the child still chewed Lupus and merely rolled his violet eyes toward the lean brown man poking him for a second.

"Lay off of my dad, Bill," said Carolus, dropping his father's suitcase on the porch.

William stopped biting Lupus and said "Poppa?" in a brightly inquiring way.

"No, that's my poppa, Bill," the tall boy explained, sitting on his heels. "You quit eatin' him and we'll go ride a horse."

"Cow?"

"You get your animals mixed," said Carolus gravely. "The cow's the one with horns. Horses are what you're interested in, kid. Come along."

Lupus rubbed an ear. He had never heard his son speak in just that voice before to anything except an ailing kitten or to an old mare once, getting ready to die. The long lad's hair drooped over his black eyes and hid most of his dark face.

"Cow," William meditated, getting up. He accepted a finger and toddled majestically down the steps beside Carolus, and presently began a series of remarks as he was led along the grass. Once he waved regally toward a golden horse that had spun in all winds since 1821 over the slate roof of the biggest stable and sat down on the seat of his blue trousers plumply, and once he stopped his march to explain something to Carolus about a rooster under a rosebush.

"'At's a good baby now," said Lupus. "He can cover ground an' he's got a chest too."

A voice out of a window on the second floor said thinly here, "Mary, is it really quite safe to send William down to the stables when so many horses are in the yard?"

Mary was still watching the baby's march down the grass and did not answer at once, one hand playing with the black door of the car. "You mustn't worry, Hortense."

"I suppose I'm silly, but he isn't used to horses. . . . Could you come up for a moment, if Mr. Van Eck can spare you? I've found something very suggestive in Neidlinger's Analysis of ——"

All of a sudden the red-headed woman slapped the door of the empty machine and said loudly, "Hortense, if your mother weren't ill in Ohio, I'd telegraph her to come and spank you! Do stop reading those books! You've not been outdoors today!"

The tired thin voice said from the spare bedroom: "But—this is so very suggestive. . . . Do come up a minute." And Lupus flinched, because the thin pretty woman sounded so—he found the word clear in his head—so beaten.

"Very well, dear," said Mary, and her white frock went swiftly into the gray living room. Her eyes made Lupus plunge after her, and then he had to follow into the white hallway hung with engravings and photographs of famous Van Eck stallions before she turned on him.

"Gee, but you're pretty when you're mad, honey!"

"I am mad, Lupus. I'm furious with your father. He has Hu Smith hidden down in the smokehouse. Didn't you see Caro blush when I mentioned the smokehouse? He's been there two or three days. Rain-in-the-Face is amusing himself. Make him stop! They've got to be hitched up again, Lupus. She can't bring William up alone—she simply can't! She'll ruin him with fads and theories and things. She's that kind of idiot." Her voice was a panting music: "Of course Hu resents her absorption in the baby! And of course she simply doesn't know what to make of the whole thing. She's dosing herself with psychology and headache tablets. She wants him back. Lupus, she must have him back! She can't bring up W-William alone. It'd be fatal! She's feeble!"

"Yes'm. . . . Aw, honey, quit cryin'!"

"I shan't," said Mary. "People are such d-damned idiots, and William has a d-dim-ple in his stomach. You go and bring Hu Smith up here or I'll have a fit!"

"Gimme a kiss."

"Oh, don't be such a nuisance. . . . You can make Hu behave, Lupus. Knock him down or something. He's perfectly innocuous and so's she. . . . You didn't shave this morning. Darling, you wouldn't be silly and sulky if I told you you didn't understand babies, would you? Men never understand babies. I suppose they think they do, but they don't."

"Gimme a kiss," said Lupus, not understanding anything.

"Get Hu up here and I will. Hurry! The poor hen," Mary gulped, "is thrashing herself into nervous prostration. People are so silly. She wears pale-green nightgowns because she looks well in them, and he didn't like them, and she tried to make him like them when he liked her in pink ones. They've been behaving that way about things. Do hurry! Unless I get her out of the house, I'll lose my temper and slap her!" She ran up the stairs.

After thinking a while, Lupus stopped rubbing his ear with a fist and took off his coat and shirt. His undershirt was an old affair, once the property of the United States Army, and had his name with his battery's initial and the numerals of his regiment stenciled down the chest in faded precision. He felt in better condition for diplomacies, although he was pretty hungry and would have liked a bath. This seemed to be an affair of green nightgowns and not understanding babies. Lupus doubled one of his amber arms, wondering if he shouldn't bring Hu Smith back by the collar and save a lot of talk and trouble, and then wondered whether women really understood babies any better than men did. He had often meant to talk to pop or Carolus about that. Well, he had to get Hu Smith up here. Lupus lighted a cigarette, went trotting through a room called the library and dropped conveniently out of the window. This put him closer to the smokehouse in the gay orchard and farther from pop. Only pop was standing under an oak tree, spitting rhythmically and smoking a cigarette.

"I see you got your coat off, boy."

"Yeh. . . . Gonna do some work, pop."

"You dumb animal," said the sachem, as if too sleepy for speech, "your woman's sent you to git Hu Smith and fetch him to that limp sister up in the spare room. Ain't she?"

Lupus had to wriggle and dig turf with a heel. He finally said, "Well—yes, sir."

"I dunno just how she found he's there, but I seen in her eye at breakfast she'd caught on," Mr. Van Eck purred. "She's smart. I wish you joy, Lupus, son. I been tryin' to git that fool to come and tell his woman he loves her like he never loved before, and the rest of the words an' music, for two days. This ape rings me up from Albany on Wednesday so scared he can hardly bawl 'cause his house won't answer. He thinks sweet Hortense has c'mitted suicide. Your kid and I go git his remains off the train at Rangerville. We been feedin' him pie and cold beef ever since. He ain't a bad boy. But sandy-headed fellers blow up hard when they blow, and he's blew. Anyways, we got to clear these cattle off the property on your woman's account. She's high-strung, like all good stock, son. I don't want her worried no more. Go and make that calf behave."

"Yeh," said Lupus; "but how do I do it, pop?"

"I dunno, sonny, except that you're the nicest feller around here and maybe you can smooth him down. He's so in love with his Hortense, he hates her. And he loves his kid. He's dumber than you was about Carolus, and if you make as big a fool about your next kid as you done about Carolus, I'll wilt down an' run away."

"Was I foolish about Carolus, pop?"

"You was, son."

"Yeh, but he was an awful unusual kinda kid, pop."

"So was you, Lupus. I often told people so. If people didn't go on thinkin' it, there wouldn't be any more human race. It ain't even a sent'ment, Lupus. It's a belief. Our kids is different from any other kids, and"—the tall man spat twice—"sometimes they are. You're certainly the dumbest Van Eck there's ever been, and the nicest. Go make that fool behave himself now. It's near time for lunch."

Lupus tightened his belt and went loping down the grass, dodging trees, until he was right at the weathered door of the old smokehouse, in which hams were no longer cured. Then he stopped and took a breath. It struck him that he didn't know anything about Hu Smith in particular, except that the fellow was pretty nice company and had taken some kind of championship at a college for pole vaulting. He must be—let's see—oh, twenty-eight or nine. It wasn't much to go on. Oh, well! Lupus kicked open the door and said buoyantly "Hello, Hu"; when the rumpled, wiry man took his fair head up from between his knees, sitting on an ancient mattress that belonged in the attic.

"I've decided to take the late train tonight and go on out to Arizona. I know a man out there—knew him at college—and he grows grapefruit, or one of those things. He can find me something to do. No use hanging around here, Injun. And your father says that some friend of her mother's coming on today."

He had come to look awful since Tuesday night. His eyes were red and dry, and his voice was the same dry, beaten voice as his wife's voice.

Lupus scoured an ear with a fist and his zeal died in this smell of forgotten hams and cigarettes dead in a dish beside a slab of apple pie on the floor.

"Yeh, but ——"

"There's not the faintest use in arguing about it," Hu Smith went on. "I'm a cipher, you know."

"Huh?"

"I'm a double blank. I don't suppose you ever felt like that. I don't suppose you know how it feels not to be allowed to have a damn thing to say about bringing up your own kid."

"Sure I do," said Lupus. "Sue an' her mamma had it all planned out how he was gonna be an Episcopalian preacher with curly hair an' a Meth'dist bishop, before Carolus had a tooth. He was gonna be a lot of stuff, an' I wasn't fit to give him his bottle. If he got full of gas an' bawled, I couldn't say what the trouble was until Sue an' her mamma had said so. Men dunno nothin' about kids, Hu. It ain't worth fightin' about, fella. It's one of the things they pretend they're superior to us about, like we pretend they can't get drunk right nor ride a horse good. . . . What else is the trouble with you?"

Hubert Smith sat up on the mattress and stared at Lupus. "But your wife never told you that you'd spoil Bill—I mean Carolus—if you tried to teach him anything!"

"I bet she did! An' Red would, too, if we had a kid any time. . . . You come up to the house an' get washed for lunch, Hu. You're all right."

"Oh, pardon me! I'm not all right! If you went to Lockport for two days and came home, and she was writing a paper for the Mothers' Club on how to make him play the violin, or some rot like that, and you didn't even get -get welcomed a little, how would ——"

"Fella," said Lupus, "listen here! First, a girl thinks a husband's some kinda decoration, an' then she finds out he's sump'n 'at sneezes when he gets outa bed on a cold floor in the morning, an' makes a mess in the bathroom shavin' an' has bellyaches an' all that. She gets used to him. It don't show she don't love him. It don't show nothin'. You come up an' get a shower an' have some lunch. I bet Hortense will cry clean down your back."

Hu Smith put his sandy head between his knees again and looked at the floor. For a time it was so still in the smokehouse that a motor passing on the Albany road made its noise come this far through the blowing trees. Lupus heard it slow, and then the engine stopped.

"I've insulted her, Injun. . . . I wrote that fool letter."

"You can't go off an' leave her to bring up the kid all alone, Hu."

"I I know that. . . . Have you seen her?"

"Naw. But Red says you've got to come back to her or she'll get herself a nervous prostration. An' you will, too, if you go to Arizona an' leave her like this. You come outa here an' get washed for lunch an' kiss her a lot. You ought to kiss women a lot, especially if you're married to 'em. It saves talk. Only, you hadn't oughta do it when they're puttin' a hat on or something important like that. They like it more'n they say they do, Hu."

"You're pretty shrewd, aren't you, Injun?"

"Naw; but the Van Ecks always get along with women, Hu, an' anybody can get along with his wife so long as he wants to. I'm dumb, but I can. If they like green nightgowns, what do you really care, huh? Gee, you oughto've seen some of my first wife's hats 'at I said I liked! An' Red reads me hunks out of Russian novels that would sour your meals for a week. But what the hell?"

"I suppose that's it," said Hubert Smith, lifting his head again—"but what the hell? That's the—the philosophy of the thing. . . . And that's what makes me so damned mad at myself, Injun! And ——"

He stared so long out into the sunlight that Lupus turned to look, and saw Carolus escorting a small thing in blue among the trees. William was making an oration to the tall brown lad and waving a hand at this landscape. His eloquence mounted and his voice came, thin and sweet, along the blown rich grass of the orchard, a murmur of pleasure, meaningless. Only the music of it drew Hu from the mattress, and he went hurrying up the turf, and Lupus found his own lips drawn into a smile when he lighted his next cigarette. He sat down on the sill of the smokehouse and thought that he'd somehow done a pretty good job. Pop could purr at the bank and the bank would take Hu back and Hortense would take him back, and William was already telling him a story about a cow.

"That," said Carolus, "is a sort of unusual kid."

"How so?"

"Well, he sticks to one word at a time. It's kinda like this nonrepresentational poetics where you say the same stuff over all the time and the critics have to think what you mean."

"Yeh? Lots of kids do 'at, sonny. You seem to get along all right with the baby."

Carolus flopped back his hair and said, somewhat shyly, "Well, granddaddy said I'd better get in training for next year, dad."

"Next year?"

"Yeh. How long," Carolus asked, "do you feed 'em out of bottles?"

"Babies? I forget. But what about next year?"

Carolus rubbed a shoe on the grass and blushed. "Didn't Mary say anything about," he said, "next year, dad?"

Lupus tormented an ear with a fist for three beats of his heart and stared up at his dark son, and then he rose from the sill and went loping up the orchard with bugles

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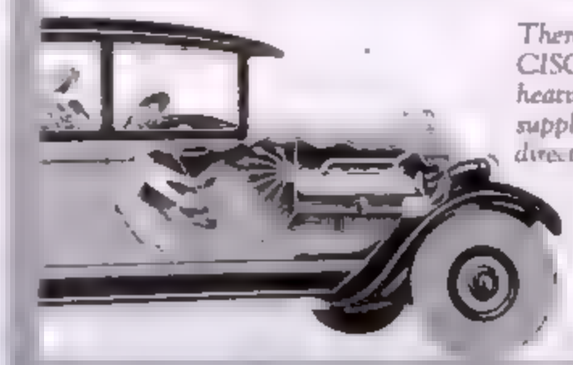

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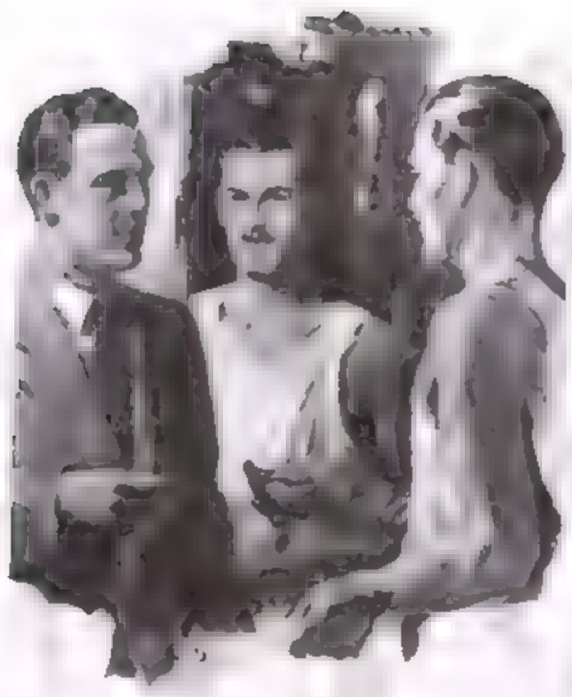

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blowing in his head. He went without thinking or breathing, and would never have stopped until he found the red-headed woman, except that a giant in blue serge was sitting with pop on the steps of the limestone porch. It was impossible to jump over pop and Mr. Adam Egg. Lupus slowed down and panted, "Hey, pop, did Mary tell you?"

"It's happened before in the history of mankind, you dumb sheep," his father drawled. "Meet my son Lupus, Mr. Egg. . . . You better not go in the house, Lupus."

"I gotta!"

"You better not, sonny. Mrs. Egg is making the duty of man plain to Hortense."

Mr. Egg took his cigarette from his scarlet mouth and observed: "Mamma always talks pretty rough when she ain't been fed right. She don't mean a thing. She's the best-hearted woman livin'." And then he put his cigarette back and let smoke ooze from his short tanned nose. His black eyes considered Lupus with a polite amusement. It now seemed that he wasn't more than seven feet long.

"Did you get her a breakfast in Albany?"

"She didn't like it," said Mr. Egg.

"Will she eat chicken potpie?" asked Mr. Van Eck.

"Try an' stop her!"

"She's a remarkable woman," the sachem purred. "No, sonny, you stay out of there."

But Lupus went up the stone porch and banged into the gray living room, where Hortense was lying in a corner of a couch with Mary holding her hand and Mrs. Egg filled a chair.

"—— to say nothing of the coffee in Albany bein' as bad as coffee ever has been made and Dammy drivin' forty miles on a pretty near empty stummick! And now, Hortense Cooper Smith, you ain't got the sand to walk down to this smokehouse, where Mrs. Van Eck has had the human kindness to store Hubert for you, and tell him you've been a fool! You make me sick," said Mrs. Egg, "if you'll excuse a piece of plain English! . . . Gee, ain't modern groceries degen'rate?" she panted, licking a finger. "There's no more strength in this ginger than if it was milk!"

"But, Cousin Myrtle," said Hortense Smith, "it isn't ——"

Mrs. Egg lifted a sliver of candied ginger from the box on a margin of her lap and seemed to swallow it whole. She went on: "Hortense, I've raised four children, and three of 'em girls who are all fools and extremely like Mr. Egg's mamma, which thought a lunch spread with mayonnaise all over everything was an elegant meal and tried to feed Dammy a pork chop when he was two and a half. If there's any music about matrimony you can sing me, get to work on it; but don't start the one about him not appreciatin' little William, or the one about him leavin' his shavin' brush on your bureau, or the one about him not sayin' he liked the new shade for the lamp in the parlor, or the one about him going to play golf when you wanted him to drive you out to look at a rose in the nursery which you wanted for the garden, or the one about him not wanting William to grow up a preacher or a poet or whatever you want William to be, which, dearie,"—the great lady puffed—"you'll have forgot in two years, important as it now seems in your dumb head. Even Adam's wife, who's an extremely intelligent girl and has hair the same shade as Mrs. Van Eck's, but curly, does some of these things. I've heard it all. The thing is, you fool, that you love him and he loves you. I do not," she said, "care to hear the rest of it. What you got to do is to get down to this smokehouse and tell Hu you're sorry and clean out of this house, because your matrimony has probably been a nuisance to Mrs. Van Eck for a week now, and she has other fish to fry. And ——"

"Red," said Lupus recklessly, "can you come out for a minute? I got sump'n important to ask you about—about sump'n. 'Xcuse me, Mrs. Egg."

"Ain't he got a nice voice?" Mrs. Egg said, eating some ginger. "I'll excuse your nice wife, Mr. Van Eck, because all she's been doin' is sittin' here and keepin' her face straight. You go on, dearie, and hear him out. . . . I keep tellin' you, Hortense, that you ain't had any troubles with Hu which aren't as common as mud when two conceited young persons marry each other. And if you don't put your hair straight and march down to this smokehouse and kiss the fool, I'll take you there by main strength, and ——" The door banged. Mrs. Egg took breath and said comfortably, "I thought she was just about ready to move."

Mary rose from the empty couch and shook her white frock. "You're really miraculous, Mrs. Egg."

"Mercy, no, child!" said Mrs. Egg, licking a finger. "I just know all the words to the music. Now you go and let him tell you what he wants to and don't mind me. I suspect it's something important, and —— Gee, ain't he strong!"

Halfway up the stairs, Mary said, "I assure you I'm able to walk, darling. Put me down. Put me down. . . . Oh, Lupus, don't be absurd! Don't be such a complete idiot!"

"Gimme a kiss!"

"Put me down!"

"Gimme a kiss! Aw, Red, I love you!"

"That's so monotonous!"

"I love you like hell!"

"You darling!" she said.

ankle in th' tinth r-r-roonnin' afther th' big boom."

"Sure 'tis th' bist fittin' soo-oot y'iver had on y'r back, sort, 'r 'tis not Ginsber-rg me na-ame is."

"Sorra th' loight did Oi see, orficer, if ye'll belave me ——"

"Sure an' 'tis tin pounds loither ye look, me dear, an' you sayin' 'tis no diet ye're on but atin' phwativer ye plaze! Sure 'tis wunnerful ye look intoirely."

—Bar-r'n Oireland.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

"He's Much Better"

SHE: How did you make out against Harry this afternoon?

HE: Well, he beat me out. 6-3, 6-3, I think it was.

SHE: Too bad. You must have been off.

HE: No, I guess he's just naturally a better player.

SHE: You're just too modest. I know that.

HE: No, really. I could never beat him. . . . My serve was a little wild, though.

SHE: There! I knew something was the matter.

HE: But he'd beat me anyway. Honest, he would. . . . I wish I had a little better luck with my rackets.

SHE: Why? What happened?

HE: Well, I played with three broken strings.

SHE: Well, of course you lost. What do you expect?

HE: No, honestly. Don't think I'm framing an alibi. He'd have won anyway. Really he would. . . . Don't you hate a soggy court?

SHE: I detest it. Was it very bad?

HE: Terrible. Harry seems to thrive on them.

SHE: Well, naturally ——

HE: Oh, I'm not trying to make excuses. He's just a better player. . . . Have you ever noticed anything queer about his eyesight?

SHE: No; what do you mean?

HE: I mean, I thought he called a few balls out that looked pretty good to me. Not that I'd insinuate that he did it on purpose. And they weren't on crucial points—always.

SHE: Oh, I think it's outrageous for him to do a thing like that. No wonder you lost.

HE: Pooh. It didn't make a bit of difference. . . . My backhand was pretty weak today.

SHE: How discouraging!

HE: But really, now, you must promise not to think I'm advancing excuses. He's much better than I am. Really he is.

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CRUSADE

(Continued from Page 33)

The bear began boxing clumsily at the fine hound, but the dog moved gently aside. The girl tossed the rose to the honey bear. He caught it deftly in his futile-looking paws and began eating it. She looked for a long minute at O'Neill.

"Why do you fight, Sheykh O'Neill?" she asked.

"I do not understand you."

"Some fight for money, and some for fame, and some for a cause they know to be true. For which reason do you wage war?"

"I suppose there was nothing else for me to do. I had no other resources."

"Then you are a hired soldier." There was surprise in her voice.

O'Neill flushed. "I had never thought of it in that way before, but I am afraid you are right. I am a hired soldier."

There was a faint line between her eyebrows, a note of wonder. "And yet," she said, "I should have taken you to be of princely blood."

"Of as princely," O'Neill said proudly, "as runs in any king's veins." He looked around the garden; he looked at the dog and bear; he looked at herself shining in rich Syrian silks and gold. "I suppose it has never occurred to you that there is such a thing as being poor. It's rather a horrible thing."

"Is it?" she said. "My father's brother, Sheykh Ibrahim, renounced all his possessions to be a dervish in the college at Cairo. He owns nothing but his dervish dress. He eats nothing but black bread and water, and those, according to his vow, he must beg, and yet he has a noble, happy face. To him poverty is a blessing."

The old physician came into the garden. He saw Kothra and noted O'Neill's flushed face and downcast head.

"Ho, thou who art witless," he told the girl, "what have you done to my ill one?" He passed his hand over O'Neill's brow. "You are no woman, sister of Ali, but a waspish boy." The girl looked as if she were going to cry.

"She said nothing to me but truths," O'Neill interrupted.

"Is mutton food for a sucking child, or truths for a sick man?" the physician grumbled. "I never held with this mumming. Women are women and men are men! Put a leopard skin on a goat and he will think: Ho, where is mine enemy the lion?"

O'Neill smiled, and suddenly through her tears the girl smiled too. "Consider the mule!" rambled on the hakeem.

"I am a woman!" Kothra flared up. "I am a woman, friend of my father, and you yourself have said, a very beautiful one."

"Ho, thou who art vain," snorted the old physician.

■

THEIR kindness to him during his convalescence was embarrassing. Kothra sent to Jerusalem for wine of Oporto, the full-blooded Portuguese wine, to help him to health, and her Moorish slaves were forever doing something for him. The wine seemed such a kind thought, and he was put about to drink it in a Moslem house, but Kothra and the physician stood by him. Still, out of courtesy he refused.

"*Wellah!* he will always think I am going to poison him, this one!" Kothra said impatiently, and seizing the glass, drank a mouthful. She choked and spluttered and ran out of the garden.

"See what you have done, boy, with your obstinacy," the physician said. "You have made a Moslem woman drink wine."

"She has sinned in her creed," O'Neill said, aghast.

"She has not sinned," said the old physician. "Sin is in the intention. Drink your wine, boy, and get well."

They told him news of Jerusalem, of how the Emperor Barbarossa was on the point of concluding a truce with the soldans of Egypt and Syria, and how the Pope had directed that no priest in Jerusalem was to officiate at his coronation were he to come there. Of De Lacy they had no news, and O'Neill could see that they despised the Irish captain. One evening, in the quiet Damascene dusk, he told Sheykh Haroun and the old physician and Kothra and the cousins Mohammed and Abdallah, the story of his life. They sat in a circle around the brass brazier of glowing charcoal and shook their heads and uttered many oaths.

"But the Sheykh of Ulster," Abdallah said. "I cannot understand him. To sit quietly and pray while the son of his brother's son is being wronged. *Wellah*, that is not the way of the Arab!"

"Old men are selfish," Sheykh Haroun nodded. "They hate to be bothered. Who knows the selfishness of old men better than I, who am both selfish and old?"

"No! No, Uncle Haroun! No! No, Father of Ali!" they all cried. "There is none greater-hearted than you."

But the old man shook his head. "Only God knoweth!" he said. "God and I." And he tapped the brazier with his sheykh's wand.

"But, Sheykh O'Neill"—Mohammed leaned forward—"why do you hold and fight with the Frankish knights who dispossessed you? Cannot you see they are your enemies, O'Neill?"

"You cannot turn against a whole race for what one family has done, Mohammed, and besides, one must have loyalties."

"*Wellah*, the lad is right!" the old sheykh cried. "For if a man have no loyalties, what can he have but profits? And though profits can ease the road of the body for a little space, they can never ease the road of the mind. And you are right, Sheykh O'Neill, in being true to your captain, pirate though he be."

"I knew," Kothra said quietly, "that you were not a hired soldier."

"But I am a hired soldier," O'Neill laughed; "else what am I?"

"You are one who has come along a road in darkness, O'Neill, and are waiting for the light. And when the light comes you will see your course of pilgrimage. We of the Arab"—she looked into the fire—"are hoping that the light may come to you in Damascus." She paused. O'Neill said nothing. She turned around to him suddenly and looked straight at him. "O'Neill, has a light come?" she asked.

Miles had a sense that the old sheykh and Mohammed and Abdallah and the hakeem's self were waiting intently for his answer.

"No," he said firmly, "no, sister of Ali, no light has come."

"I will not have my sick one bothered," said the physician bluffly, "by talk of this and of that. Ho, to thy bed, thou"—he put his arm around O'Neill's shoulders—"with thy broken bones!"

With the coming of Sheykh Ibrahim, O'Neill got an inkling into Arab belief which astounded him. The dervish was older than his brother, Haroun. He wore a close-fitting turban of green, a linen jacket and a wide, pleated-linen skirt. Sandals were on his brown feet. One got somehow the impression of an aged rain-washed tree. There was a feeling of kindness about him, but an aloof, impersonal kindness, like sunshine. One felt he had been long away from the world. With him were three young dervishes who had an ascetic fanatic look. From the disciples O'Neill learned that Sheykh Ibrahim was the *Qutb*, the most eminent saint of the time.

He went with Sheykh Haroun to the great mosque to hear the mystic speak. He had thought it impossible for any Christian to enter a Moslem place of prayer, but the Arabs had smiled. "So long as he come as a friend ——" Haroun had replied. In the courtyard, in the moonlight which threw strange shadows, Ibrahim and his pupils were dancing. Three flutes and a small throbbing drum gave the music, and as the men spun around, their white linen skirts standing out like ruffs, their balloon-like drawers wrapped around their muscular legs with the swiftness of spinning. Their hands were held on high and on each of their faces was the print of ecstasy. The thin wail of the flutes and the disturbing throb of the drum and the ghostly figures dancing in the moonlight while the mosque was crowded with seated silent figures, gave O'Neill a sense akin to fright. There was something so unearthly in it all. The sailing moon overhead was like a friendly village to him, compared to the weird silence of the vast mosque. Then the flutes and the drum and the dancing ceased.

O'Neill felt the Damascenes against the wall lean forward, surge forward sitting, as a wave curls before it breaks. The *Qutb* was going to speak. He stood up in the moonlight, a tall, thin, brown man. Behind him were his disciples. One was a Persian with a delicate girl's face. One was a squat Tartar with high cheek bones and almond eyes. One was a gigantic Saharan negro. The old man's bell-like voice went through the mosque.

"Jesus passed three men," he said slowly. "Their faces were white as snow and their bodies lean as a knife. He questioned them: 'Ho, ye who are haggard, what hath brought you to this plight?' They spoke: 'Fear of the Flames.' Jesus said: 'You dread a thing created, and it behooves God that He should save those who fear.' Jesus passed three others. Their faces were white as the bleached bones of camels and their flesh hung on their frames. He questioned them: 'Ho, ye who are lean, what hath brought you to this state?' They spoke: 'Longing for Paradise.' Jesus said: 'Ye desire a thing created, and it behooves God that He should grant you what you suffer for.'

"Jesus passed three men. Their faces were like mirrors of light, their bodies were frail as blossoms. Jesus questioned them: 'Ho, ye who are like petals in the wind; what hath brought you to this?' They spoke: 'Our love of God.' Jesus said: 'Ye are the nearest to Him—ye are the nearest to Him.'"

The sheykh and three disciples turned suddenly and walked out of the mosque. Kothra's cool hand caught O'Neill's wrist.

"Ho, Father of Ali! Abdallah, Mohammed, close about lest our guest be hurt in this crowd."

"I don't understand," O'Neill was bothered.

"You don't understand what?" the sister of Ali caught his undertone.

"He spoke of Jesus."

"See there," she pointed to the wall of the mosque, and faintly gleaming in the moonlight O'Neill could discern faint Byzantine letters in gold. "When this ancient place was taken by the men of Islam, and all material created things, all statues made in the likeness of men and women, broken and shattered, those letters were allowed to remain. I cannot read the Greek, but I know what they mean. They say: 'Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an enduring Kingdom.'"

"And those were not chiseled out?"

"Why should they be?" the sister of Ali said. "Are they not true?"

In the heat and sweat and grime of Jerusalem, the memory of Damascus would come to him like a story he had heard—like a story the wandering Arab tale tellers spoke to their gaping audience outside the Golden Gate, from the epic of Queen Scheherazade: Some tale of a calender who had wandered into an enchanted house, or of a merchant of Bassora who had left his silks and pearls and frankincense to walk in the quiet of the town, and opening a door ajar, had found himself in the garden of some king's enchanted daughter. The shallow river that trilled over the small polished stones; the kindly trees, with their rich varnished leaves; the clumsy honey bear going

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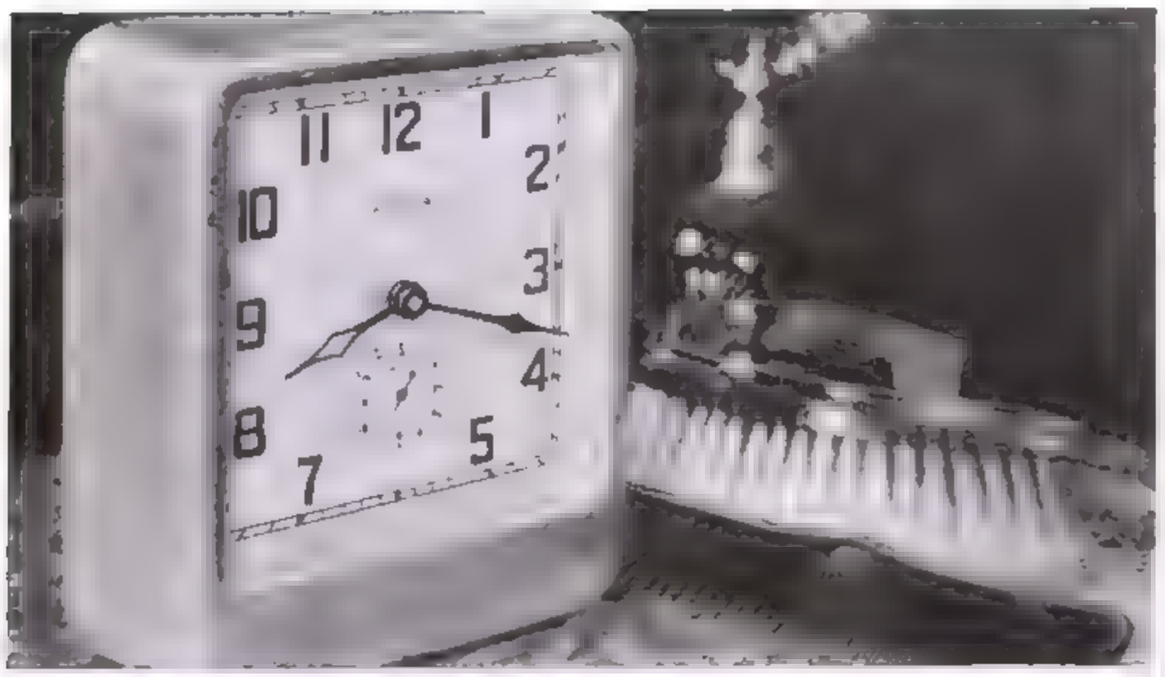

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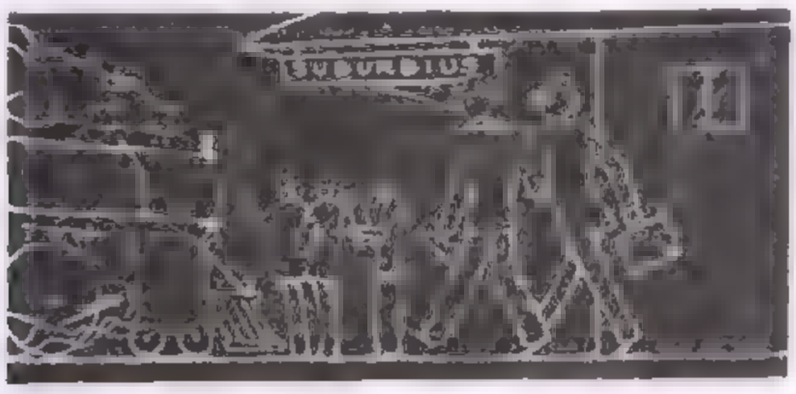

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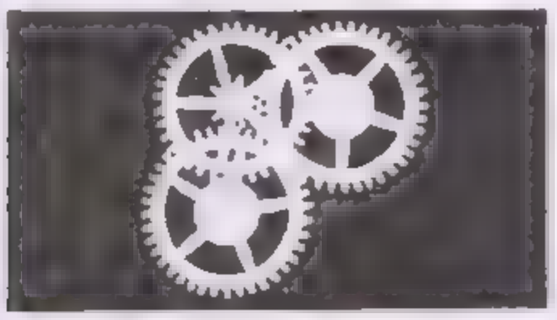

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about on its hind legs as though it were a child learning to walk; the mischievous lemur whistling and chattering, the great dignified Afghan hound, sitting or standing, always a picture of beauty and strength. Sometimes the wind would blow eastward from the Lebanon, and there would be the little chill of distant snow in the air, and the great hound would rise uneasily. He would be troubled by a dim memory of homeland, and O'Neill would say: "Poor old boy!" Kothra would throw him a quick look.

She loved sitting in the garden, doing the beautiful embroidery with gold thread on Damascus silk. All the work of gold on her garments was done by herself. O'Neill was amazed to know that the entire house was directed by her, with one old Moorish slave as her aid. She was always an amazement. Sometimes when he came out into the garden he would find her singing, the clear shaking Arab notes having a sense of resting in the air like a shower of gold or a lovely laburnum tree in the cool green garden.

Sometimes she would stop singing and nothing would persuade her to go on. And at other times she would begin singing in his presence, and go on with it, as though her heart and bosom were full and she must empty them. So that the wayfarers without the garden walls would stop to hear her, and gather in number, and at the end of each stanza would cry: "*Allah! Allah! Allah! Allah!*" in enthusiasm, until at last some gust of shame would come over her and she would run down the garden, muffling her face, laughing nervously. She once sang:

"Elijah hath a chariot,
Of gold and flame.
Elisha sails a galley
Of enduring fame.
David's son, King Solomon,
Hath all magic arts.
But the little Lord Jesus
Owneth our hearts.'

O'Neill looked at her keenly. She smiled and went on:

"Moses hath authority
From Sinai's rocks.
Abraham hath a myriad
Of silver flocks.
David hath all treasure,
Garnered in wars.
But the little Lord Jesus
Is crowned with stars."

"That is a Christian's song, sister of Ali," he told her. She shook her head and continued:

"Our Lord Mohammed
Stands at God's right.
Moses, the prophet,
Shines with God's light.
Gabriel, the Angel,
Acts as God deems.
But by the green hills of heaven
The Lord Jesus dreams.

"Captain Lord Mohammed,
Rides from world to world;
His bright sword in his right hand,
His green flag unfurled.
Bearded Admiral Noe
Sails to starry deeps,
But after long anguish
The Lord Jesus sleeps."

"What is that song, Kothra?" he asked.

"It is a song of the Syrian women, Sheykh O'Neill, in the days when the autumn is done, and the corn garnered and the men home from the seas, or from voyages to Egypt or the Tartar lands. The little breath of winter comes over the land and into the heart of everyone, like a gentle memory of death. The men of Islam speak and sing more of Abraham, the friend of God, and of the Lord Mohammed, the Sent One of God, but they love the gentle prophet, the greatest earth can ever see. But the Arab men speak little of what they love. That is why they never speak of their women, and you of the setting sun think that to them on this account women are cattle. But women are brave in their loves, O'Neill. They speak out. That is a song of the Syrian women. Also it is a charm against devils and against serpents and wolves."

"But is that our Jesus?"

"No," she turned on him savagely. "It is not your Jesus. Everything is not yours: The land of the Arab, the wealth and citadels of the Arab, and the Isa bin-Miriam of the Arab. It is the Jesus of all the world."

"But Jesus was murdered at Jerusalem."

"Jesus never died. A seeming of Jesus died on the gallows. Mohammed died; Noah died; Abraham died; Moses died but Jesus never died. He was born of the Spirit of God. Not the soft breath of April was more gentle than he. Is not God the Compassionate, the Compassionating?"

"No, Kothra. It's proved."

"Out of books. O Lord of all the worlds! Can the trick of writing with a pen make a man infallible? And listen to this, O'Neill. The real books are dead. My uncle Sheykh Ibrahim the dervish, will prove to you that. He will prove it to you out of the books themselves. There is no book my uncle, Sheykh Ibrahim, has not read. He could also write great books, O'Neill. But he teaches from his mind to the other minds. And if he put it down, what interpretation he puts on words might not be understood by those who read, so that he first teaches his disciples. Even the wicked one, the Sheykh el-Jebel—the Old Man of the Mountains, as you call him—who is cynic in all things, gives my uncle his due of reverence."

But the faith of the chief of the dervishes was too subtle for O'Neill. Kothra led him to where the saint was sitting quietly with his three pupils. The brown-faced man looked at them with eyes that seemed fixed on the end of the world.

"O father's brother!" she said—O'Neill could see that the disciples were displeased at their intrusion—"will you tell the Nazarene knight that Jesus did not die?"

"Since he did not receive his life from the Angel of Death, how could he give it up to him?"

"But, father's brother," the sister of Ali said impatiently, "that is of all of us. Listen, what I have been saying to Sheykh O'Neill is this: That Allah is so compassionate that he would not permit Jesus to die on the gallows tree."

"The compassion of Allah is beyond counting," the dervish said slowly. "It is reported of Abu 'l-Hasan Kurqani that one night of his praying he heard a Voice: 'Ho, Abu 'l-Hasan. Dost thou wish Me to tell the populace what I know of thee, that they may stone thee to death?' 'O Lord of all the worlds,' Abu 'l-Hasan said, 'dost Thou wish me to tell the people what I know of Thy mercy and what I perceive of Thy grace, that none of them may ever again bow to Thee in prayer?' The Voice answered: 'Keep thy secret, Abu 'l-Hasan, and I will keep Mine.'"

"O Sheykh Ibrahim"—she looked ashamed and perturbed—"will you tell our friend, and explain it to him that his religion is wrong and ours is right?"

The Persian disciple nodded into a sort of trance like a flower nodding. What was behind the Tartar's orange mask none could say. But the giant black man from the Sahara seemed impatient. The *Qutb* picked a handful of sand from the path and let it run through his fingers.

"Faith is capable of every form," he said slowly; "it is a pasture for gazelles and a convent for Christian monks, and the pilgrims' Caaba, and the tables of the torah, and the book of the Koran. It will follow the way of God, whichever road his camels take."

The Saharan dervish came toward Kothra and O'Neill. "You must go now," he said, and led them away. "Listen. What the chief dervish says is not for you. Simple things such as you want to know, I shall tell you. There are two things in Islam Truth and the Law. The Truth is that God is One, and the Law is the Koran. It is

written in the Koran that Isa bin-Miriam was from the Spirit of Allah. Can anything of the Spirit of Allah die and the world not founder? No! Then all is proved to you. Children, go in peace."

She seemed hurt and disappointed as they walked down the almond alley to the fountain where the small Chinese fish, red and gold, swam in a basin of rose-red marble, fed by Barada, the golden river. She looked as if she were on the point of crying.

"Sister of Ali," O'Neill said softly, to comfort her, "I like your simple faith better than all the wisdom of your uncle and all the dogma of the Cairene dervish."

She turned and faced him. He could see, between the muffling scarf and the close-fitting Moslem cap, that her gray eyes were filled with tears. "There"—he put his hand into the folds of his coat and pulled out a small scarf of linen—"sister of Ali, wipe your eyes. Don't be such a child."

She dabbed at them quickly, as though ashamed of herself. "O'Neill," she said, "if I do something for you, will you understand that it is because you are a friend and you have been kind to me, and not for any other reason?"

"Of course, small hostess, I shall understand," he smiled.

"No, but you don't know what it is," she said. All the assumed mannishness, all the grave womanhood had dropped from her, and she seemed very much like a child one humors. O'Neill could flow understand the vast love with which her people enveloped her. This was not the young sheykh who rode in the Arab raids or the capable mistress of slaves, but a small secret flower that had blossomed as a miracle in the Arab soil. "Please, you will not misunderstand?"

"I don't know what it is, Kothra," he said—it was the first time he had used the little name, and he had done it unwittingly, but with its slender consonants it sounded like some softly breathed bar of music. "Whatever it is, I shall not misunderstand."

"Folk who are friends are close to one another and know one another. Where masks exist, you speak only to a thing for fancy, not to a person you know. Friends must know each other. You have told us the story of your youth, and each day we see you. You know my father and my uncle and my cousins, and how I run our house, and why I ride with my father to round-ups of cattle and on the battle raids—to give him the sense that the son he lost is riding by his saddle flaps—the son whom he would never replace. You know this, O'Neill, and you know my pets to whom I talk—the clumsy honey bear, the Tartar hound, and the lemur who thieves like some urchin of the gutter."

"You have been so utterly kind, Kothra; you have shown me everything."

"No," she said, "I have not shown you this."

So deftly, so quickly did she do it, that he hardly followed the gesture by which the scarf came from about throat and chin and mouth, and the white Arab cap came from her head.

"*A Ree an Dhonal*" he said in Irish. "O King of the World."

He had seen something like it before, a beautiful Greek woman's head in stone, brought to Jerusalem by a Venetian lord from Athens, who said he could never marry after seeing that miracle of marble. It was said that Barbarossa had offered the noble of Venice half Sicily for the sculpture, but he would not part with it. And now O'Neill saw a more perfect face and head, not in marble but in life. The gold of her eyebrows had only given a hint of the mass of wavy, close-bound gold that was her hair—gold so fined that it was all but silver—that had been concealed by the headdress. From the border of the tied silken shirt the neck rose in a graceful column like music. The small chin was like ivory turned by a craftsman's lathe, and the firm mouth had the tint of strawberries. Above the nose that would have baffled the fingers of Phidias the brave gray eyes looked at him with a half fear in them. He remembered where he had seen their tint before. It was in the deep clear waters of Galilee before the sun came to noontime. Her brow was not less white, not less smooth, than the soft linen which had covered it a moment before.

"Yes, that is Kothra," she said.

He turned aside, such a swift surge had come into his heart. In all the words he knew, it was hard to choose. When he looked at her again, the cap was over her head, the scarf was about throat and chin and mouth.

He said, "There are things one expects from men, from a brotherhood of arms, from affection, from folk whose selves and whose forbears have been reared to know that nothing is good but honor. But I did not expect a gesture Homer should have written from a woman." He paused. "Sister of Ali, I don't say much, but a part of my young days was spoiled by a mother who was sour as spoiled wine, and the women who love to hear of spilled blood while they lie in their bowers disgust me, and the women of the seaports with their wet mouths—their mouths are the gateways of hell. I am clumsy with my words. It is as if a girl child of four laid her rose-leaf fingers on my battered hands, and I was filled with pity that anything so innocent must go through the desperate battle that life is. Her fingers are not laid on your hands, but are grasping the artery of your heart. Also, Kothra, never will I be out in the half light, looking out for the evening star to show but with its appearing I shall see your face. And when in the sweat and shouting and the hacking of battle, my moment of ending will come, as I know it must, the last thing I shall see before the darkness closes is—what you have shown me." He laughed. "It's a ridiculous thing to utter, but in all the stupid clutter of words I know, I can only find: Thank you."

"O'Neill," she said very softly, "I knew you would not misunderstand."

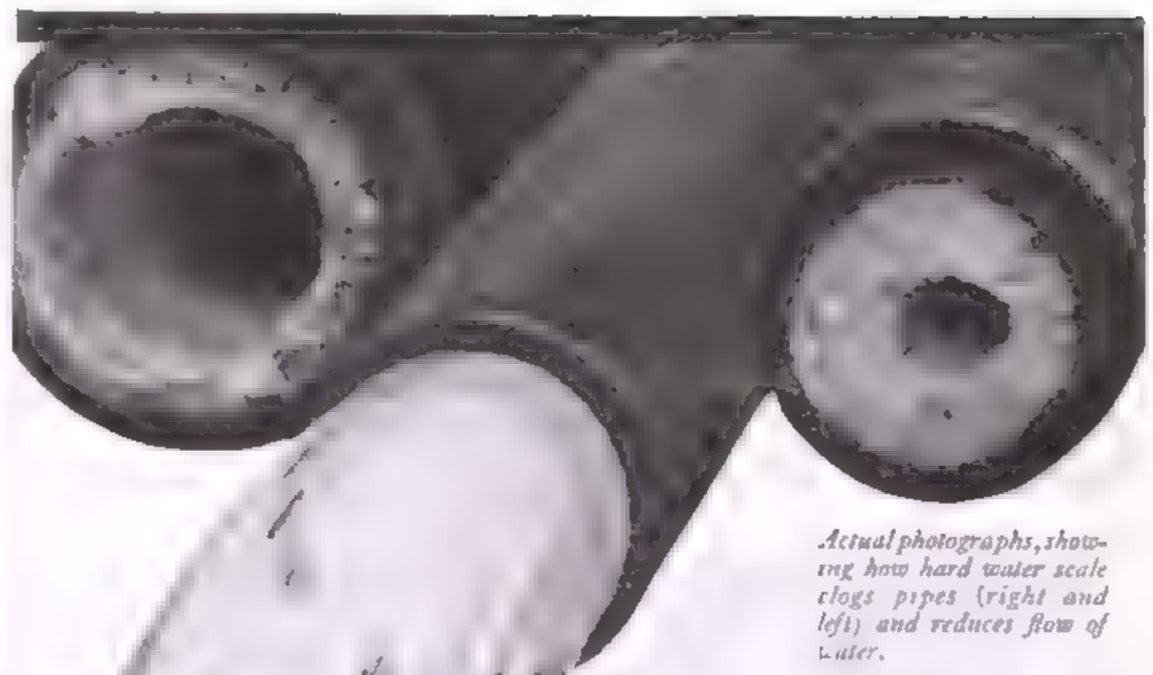
xi

THE one thing the cousins Mohammed and Abdallah could never explain to each other was how O'Neill had killed the Turkoman captain with his hands alone. The Tartar leader had not been a favorite with the Beni Iskander. Though he had professed Islam, yet there had always been doubts as to his sincerity, and it was rumored that he still owned queer Tibetan idols to whom he made sacrifices. He had been a winebibber. Also he was a mercenary soldier. Abdallah and Mohammed and many of the leaders had discussed his death, and had decided that there must have been some weakness in him to have dropped so easily. "Is it not so, O'Neill?"

"No, Sheykh Mohammed," O'Neill said. "It was an intended blow." And he explained how the warlike Irish tribes, disarmed after their defeat by the Danes, had evolved a manner of fighting as deadly as with weapons. It was a servant's fighting, but O'Neill happened to know it. They brought him a great Stambuly wrestler, a giant of a man, quivering with flesh. "Can you show Abdallah how it is done?" they asked.

They were in the garden at dusk. Kothra, in her sheykh's clothes, sat by her father. The chief of the dervishes, with his three disciples, sat and looked on, aloof, with eyes that saw only with the surface, their minds being on some problem of Koranic philosophy. Abdallah and Mohammed, big, muscular men, whose only interests were flocks and horses and fighting, looked at O'Neill. The Stambuly wrestler stood vast and deferential in this assembly of sheykhs. He had flung off his clothes, and stood in leathern loin cloth, barefooted, with all his Turk's white bulk. Abdallah wore only his baggy Syrian drawers from waist to ankle. His brown torso was like a figure of the Greeks cast in a mold of bronze.

"Can he be thrown, O'Neill?" The Turkish professional shook his head. His battered mouth was in a shrewd grin.



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Pipes become choked with scale, valves leak, boilers, heaters, sterilizers clog up, fuel is wasted, soap will not lather, and washing, scouring, dyeing, bleaching, in fact all manufacturing processes that use water, are affected.

But they do not need to be, for Permutit Water Softeners are very easy to install, and they remove absolutely all hardness from water.

For example:—

Public Service Corporation Reports Soft Water Saving in One Year of $78,875

In a report published by the National Electric Light Association in January, 1927, a large western public service corporation gave the following statement of savings in plant operating costs that had been effected by the installation of Permutit Water Softening Equipment.

Saving in fuel per year	$80,000	
Saving by reason of eliminating acid treatment at $0.17 per k. w. capacity	11,900	$91,900
Int. and Dep. on softener of 15 per cent	$10,200	
Labor and Material for softening water	2,825	13,025
Net Saving		$78,875

Laundry Saves $6769 Per Year by Using Soft Water

In 1919 a Cincinnati laundry operating 28 wash wheels installed Permutit Water Softening Equipment. Careful records kept before and after the installation show that the use of soft water saved 42,900 lbs. of soap and 27,768 lbs. of soda per year. At the current cost of these supplies this represents a saving of $6769.00.

Hotel Saves $3720 a Year With Soft Water

A well-known hotel of 563 rooms in Los Angeles, California, operates its own laundry and boiler plant. Equipped with two Permutit Water Softeners, it not only saves fifty per cent of the soap and soda formerly required in the laundry, but, due to the elimination of scale troubles, also saves over $3700 a year in the boiler plant.

It will pay you to investigate Permutit. Write for interesting booklets showing how Permutit will save money for *You*—write today, stating whether your need of water softening apparatus is in a manufacturing plant, textile mill, hospital, laundry or private home.

In the Home—Special Permutit apparatus is built for the home—connects into main water supply pipe, softens all the water in the house. Compact, extremely simple. Write for illustrated booklet, "Soft Water in Every Home."

Capable agents for household apparatus are wanted in some districts

The Permutit Company

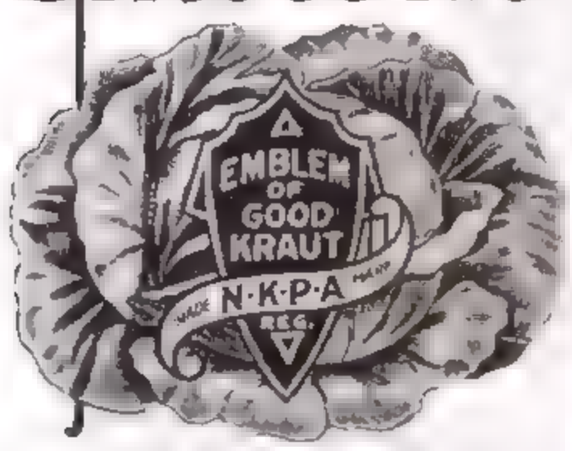
APPARATUS FOR REMOVING IMPURITIES FROM WATER

Main Office: 440 Fourth Ave., New York—Branch offices and agents everywhere

Sauerkraut

When you buy this wonderful health food make sure that the label bears this

Emblem



THE MILLIONS of lovers of Sauerkraut who are making this healthful, wholesome food a National dish will welcome the Emblem printed above. It is the Emblem of the National Kraut Packers' Association. Only members whose factories and pack meet requirements of the Association are licensed to use it.

It means that Sauerkraut in containers bearing this emblem on the label is *First Quality*—made in the cleanest of factories and in the most sanitary way. It means that the manufacturer has conformed strictly to the standard requirements of the U. S. Government.

Look for the Emblem. Buy no other. Your dealer will have it or can get it if you insist.

The National Kraut Packers for five years have been telling the people of America about this wonderful food. They have quoted Metchnikoff, Pasteur, Arnold Lorand, Kellogg, Hutchinson, Anders, Janvier and scores of other great dietitians, nutrition experts and medical men, describing its health-giving qualities.

Authorities have shown that its lactic ferments help keep the intestinal tract free from disease-producing germs; that it has vitamins for general welfare; that it is rich in calcium, potash, phosphorus and iron, for the blood and bones and teeth. Get the Sauerkraut habit—and you will be glad of it. But buy only the kind with the Emblem on the label.

Send for the Free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It will tell you all about Sauerkraut and give you 49 delicious ways of serving it. If unable to buy Emblem Sauerkraut, write the Association.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

Send for this Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio
Please send me postpaid your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

Address

City and State

"Easily," Miles said. He rose up, his left arm in its sling.

"No! No!" Abdallah protested. "Just show me and I'll do it."

"It's all right, Abdallah. I shan't be hurt." O'Neill went forward, smiling, toward the lumbering man. The Turk seemed to squat like a toad. He watched O'Neill out of small toad's eyes. O'Neill smiled at him. The wrestler's head drew into his shoulders, like a turtle's head retiring into its shell. O'Neill moved to the right. The wrestler moved in time with him, shuffling his feet. The man began to have a look of doubt and stupidity in his eyes. His vast arms, like men's legs, were poised. His hands hooked. O'Neill laughed.

Then, like the quick dart of a snake, O'Neill's right hand caught the wrestler's right wrist. O'Neill's right foot locked around the wrestler's right ankle. A quick tug and the naked Turk pitched forward on his face. He slid on his face on the ground like some weird uncomely monster fish flung out of a net onto dry ground.

"*Wellah!*" the cousins swore in astonishment. Sheykh Haroun nodded his head vigorously. The old dervish smiled faintly around the corners of his eyes. The Persian disciple drooped more beautifully than ever. The Tartar grinned openly. Only the Saharan dervish looked severe and bored, as though these things were vulgarities hard to be borne. And then suddenly the Turk on the ground did the strangest thing. He began to cry.

"You see, O'Neill," Abdallah said, "he has never been thrown before."

"Tell him, Abdallah, it is not real wrestling. It is only a trick."

"Fo! It is nothing," the sister of Ali said contemptuously. "My Uncle Ibrahim when young could make all the tables in the room swim in the air. Is it not so, Uncle Ibrahim?" she said to the dervish.

"Seeing that the lifting of the cup to the lips by the hand," the old dervish spoke, "is not the action of the hand, but the action of the brain and will, beloved, it must be true in principle that the cup can be lifted without even the hand. When I was young I did these things to prove the principle true. But now, I have found that the brain and will are only instruments, and I have nothing to do with instruments. There is only the soul praying that is good. Oh, little Kothra, were a real saint to pray, every fish in the sea would stop swimming lest the faint beating of its fins would disturb the communion with God."

"But, Uncle Ibrahim, you can calm madness and stop the murderer's knife in mid-air."

"These things are vouchsafed me, but what Sheykh O'Neill has done is a learned thing. It is of Archimedes, the Greek."

O'Neill and Abdallah calmed the crying athlete, Abdallah giving him presents, and Miles proceeded to teach the Arab various locks of wrist and head, and how a blow with the edge of the hand is more effective than seven blows with the clenched fist. Suddenly the big Arab threw his naked arm around O'Neill's neck.

"O beloved," he said, "will you stay with the Arab, who are your lovers and friends?"

"I can't, Abdallah."

"Listen, O'Neill. I am no merchant. I offer you nothing. Also, I tell you a secret thing. The Khorasanic barbarians under their aga, Barbarquan, are planning to overrun Syria with fire and sword, and we need great-hearted fighting men. Stay with us, dear one, and be a chief of the Beni Iskander. Only say: There is no God but God and the Lord Mohammed is the Sent One of God."

"I know, Abdallah," O'Neill shook his head. "If I could I would."

"Just the one short phrase, O'Neill. There is no God but God and Mohammed is the Messenger of God."

"I think I can say: There is no God but God. And as to the Lord Mohammed ——" he paused.

"The Sent One of God," urged Abdallah.

"I believe him to have been a great man. I believe that none but a great and good man could have influenced friends and country and the Eastern world as he has done. To have stamped out idols, abolished drunkenness, killed usury, established fellowship are the acts of a man of God. Yes, I believe him to have been the Messenger of God."

"Ho, Moslems in the East and Moslems in the West," the brazen throat of Abdallah rang in the dusk, "welcome a brother in Islam!"

"No, Abdallah!" O'Neill was firm. "I do not accept Islam."

"But you said"—the big man looked at him heavily—"but you said that God is One, and you believed the Lord Mohammed to be the Messenger of God!"

The old dervish stood up. With a motion of his little finger he called his disciples. They stood up like statues in their plaited skirts, their little jackets, their tall caps of green felt. Their bare feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. They were like players of the Magi in some Christian pomp of God's nativity—the beautiful drooping Persian boy, the masked Tartar, whose face was a mask, the giant negro.

"Ho, ye who are stupid!" the chief of the dervishes cried. "When will ye know the simplest thing, as that believing and believing to be are as strangers who pass in the dark!" He came over and put his hands on O'Neill's shoulders. "Hearken, thou who art young. The Old Wandering Beggar will tell you a secret." He kissed O'Neill on both cheeks. "You must never forget this: God is a friend."

He turned abruptly and walked down the garden. The disciples seemed to float after him. Their white garments were like silver pillars in the dusk and then they were gone.

"I suppose they are gone to the mosque," O'Neill said. He wanted to say something to break the strange, discomforting silence.

"They are gone," Kothra said, "none knows whither. To Khorasan perhaps, or to Persia, or westward to the Land of the Moors."

"But they did not say good-by."

"They never say good-by."

"Where are their camels picketed?"

"They have no camels."

"But who will carry their food and waterskins?"

"They have no food or waterskins," Kothra answered.

"And is nobody to guide or feed them in the bleak desert lands?" O'Neill was terrified.

"But of course!" the sister of Ali answered quietly. "God will."

"*Il a ja cinc ans, ou mains,*" Josselyn sang his interminable Le Romaunt of the Rose.

"*En mai estoie, ce songoie,*
El tens amoreus plain de joie
El tens ou tois rien s'esgaie,
Qui l'en ne voit boisson ne haie
Qui en mai parer ne se voille
El covrir de novele foille. . . ."

"*Five years have walked their destined way*
Since in the perfumed night of May
I had this dream; in the moon of joy
Whose magic puts on beauty as decoy
For all of Nature; when each shrub and brake
Gayly their leafy garment take. . . ."

Yes, O'Neill thought, it might have been five years and not five months ago since he had been in Damascus with them all, so high a wall had arisen between that life and this. The whole thing had even been like a vision out of Josselyn's Romaunt. October was here now, and there was an end, thank God, to the heavy flies and foul stinks of the bazaars. The blue Moabite mountains seemed each day a little more like the mountains south of Dublin. Jerusalem was quiet, with the deadly quietness of a man about to kill. The Arabs visiting the Mosque of Omar, guaranteed in their pilgrimage by Barbarossa, were finding it safer to wear shirts of chain armor. The Temple was winning against the Sultan of Aleppo, and there was a rumor that the Old Man of the Mountain had been assassinated, and that the successor to him—the new Old Man—was not averse from making a secret treaty with the Grand Master. O'Neill smelled war. Only for the iron hand of the emperor, there would be war now. Ah, well, O'Neill wished it would come.

He was walking quietly behind a detachment of English troops, who were being taken out for some scouting practice in the highlands around Jerusalem, when he noticed a young Arab with his retinue reining into the wall, some young sheykh making his pilgrimage to the Noble Dwelling. The bowmen tramped stolidly by, O'Neill following them, when the Arab called to him with studied insolence.

"Ho, What-Is-Thy-Name! Cannot you stand still when an Arab gentleman goes by?"

O'Neill's face froze in anger at the insult. His teeth bared threateningly. He swung back his long kurbash. It hissed through the air on the back stroke with the hiss of a snake.

"O beater of women!" The Arab sheykh dropped the scarf from about his face and O'Neill saw the sister of Ali smiling at him.

"Good God!" O'Neill said dumfoundedly. And then quickly: "Cover your face, Kothra, in this town."

"Are you glad to see me?" she asked.

He came across and patted her mare on the neck. "How glad, I can't tell you."

"Here are some folk you know," she turned to the followers, who were smiling and touching their foreheads to him. "And some you don't, but who, for all that, are your friends." He went amongst them, touching palms.

"Have you come to see the Noble Dwelling, Kothra?"

"To see that and to see you, O'Neill, our friend. Is all well with you?"

"All is well with me. And with you?"

"All is well with me and with the Beni Iskander. And I have messages for you, O'Neill, and presents."

"I'll give a few orders to my lieutenant," he said, looking after the bowmen, "and then I will be at your service, Kothra, and be your guide to the Noble Dwelling." As he went after the troop he motioned to the big Moor behind her. "Listen, Yussuf es-Senyussi, it is not meet for the sister of Ali to show her face in this town. She must not be strong-headed. Do you understand me?"

The Moor nodded. "Yes, sheykh, I understand."

He worried, now they were together, about her being in Jerusalem. Though Barbarossa had promised all Moslem folk access to the Mosque of Omar, yet it was not an invitation to be taken very seriously, for Barbarossa was far away. Also, O'Neill felt, what influence he had was only with the English troops in El-Kuds the Holy, and how long that would last he did not know. Only the day before yesterday Sir Odo had asked to see him, and when O'Neill had walked into the hall of the old Saracen house, into the pillared room with the floor strewn with herbs, he found the Cornish knight was not alone. Trelawney was sitting before a bottle of Rhenish wine, but the figure with him was sipping water. O'Neill noticed the beautiful frail hand around the thin Venetian glass. Trelawney seemed ill at ease.

"My Lord," the Cornish knight said, "this is Sir Miles O'Neill. . . . Miles, the Grand Master wishes to put some questions to you."

"Sir!" Miles bowed.

Miles saw in front of him the face and eyes of the man whom the Saracens hated as they hated Satan who was stoned.

He had an old, frail face and soft, beautiful white hair, and the pinched nose and mouth of the ascetic. He seemed like an old saint until you saw his eyes. They

(Continued on Page 177)

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TOLEDO

Leadership

THE AIR-WAY Electric Appliance Corporation of Toledo is a graphic example of the fact that men more than any other factor make successful institutions. It was not easy to create and merchandise the evolutionary system of home sanitation developed by this company, and the persistent faith and hard work of a group of strong men were necessary to carry this enterprise to its amazing sales record and its position among leading Toledo industries.

The members of the Air-Way Board of Directors who assist President Pratt E. Tracy are not mere lay figures, but constant, active factors in the conduct of the business, despite the fact that they have other large and important interests. That Toledo leaders have the capacity for diversified effort is revealed in the fact that Thomas H. Tracy, a nationally known legal counsellor for corporations; Clement O. Miniger, President of The Electric Auto-Lite Company; Marion M. Miller, President of The Home Savings Bank and Trust Company; E. J. Marshall, for years a leading attorney in Toledo and a director in numerous other companies; Newton A. Tracy, Attorney; L. G. Pierce, Geo. W. York, Robert Orville Matthews, Thomas H. Tracy, Jr., and Charles G. Groff, all busy men of varied affairs, are giving unreservedly of their time and talent to the needs of the Air-Way Electric Appliance Corporation.

The Company has been established eight years, and while at first it experienced great difficulty in the introduction of its new idea, owing to the apathy of trade classes first approached, it found instantaneous and almost overwhelming acceptance by the public when it adopted direct-from-factory-to-user methods of distribution through numerous and widespread branches. The Company is now growing at the rate of over one hundred per cent annually. It owns its buildings and equipment and manufactures its product entirely within its own plant. It has just completed the construction of the second addition to its factory to be built within the current year.

The enthusiastic public acceptance of the Air-Way Sanitary System arises out of the fact that it enables the user to really clean every room and thing in the house with an effort so slight that complete home sanitation becomes an habitual and usual feature of the daily life in every home where the Air-Way is used. It cleans not merely rugs, but the entire home; cleaning and polishing hardwood floors, renovating pillows, furs, clothing, draperies, curtains, and the most delicate fabrics. By reason of its light weight and special features of design it cleans the most inaccessible places, such as stairs, radiators, corners, closets, and cupboards.

The Air-Way Sanitary System is the direct expression of the desires of thousands of American housewives for a light, dependable device that will combine all the desired features in a single, easily operated unit. Representative housewives were first interviewed personally and by letter by the inventor, and then such a cleaner was built as fully met their universal wants.

Toledo has contributed to the Company's development an environment that makes possible the greatest efficiency in the manufacture and distribution of a device of such truly universal appeal, and Mr. Tracy and his associates unstintedly support all movements for civic benefit. Individually and collectively, they are strong, helpful factors in many other enterprises. Toledo is proud of Air-Way, and the Air-Way Electric Appliance Corporation is glad to be in Toledo, the town which offers to every citizen and industry—

The third largest railroad center in the United States.
One of the few natural harbors on the Great Lakes.
Closeness to center of population.
A nationally recognized school system.
A municipal university of first rank
A greater percentage of home-owners than any other city of like size.
An art museum endowed with more than ten million dollars.
Moderate climate the year round.
Stores, churches, manufacturing sites and facilities—a comprehensive, fully rounded and intensively developed, progressive community of more than three hundred thousand people.

This is the sixth of a series of advertisements on Toledo Leadership. The preceding ones featured:

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY
Computing Merchandise and Postal Scales, and Automatic Dial Industrial Scales, in capacities up to 60,000 pounds.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Champion Spark Plugs.

THE DEVILBISS COMPANY
Atomizers, Perfumizers, and Spray Painting Equipment.

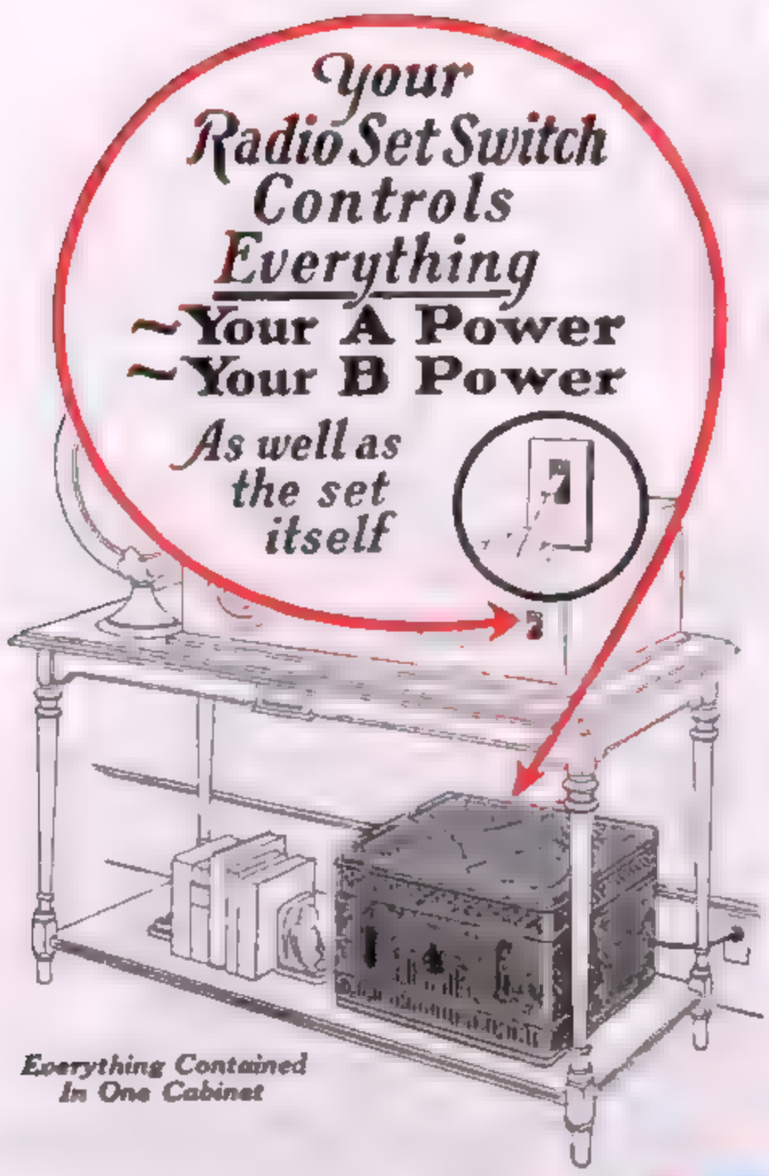
THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems.

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY
Willys-Knight and Whippet Automobiles.

The Industrial Department of the Chamber of Commerce is prepared to furnish complete facts and information about Toledo, and offers assistance to businesses both large and small. Give it the opportunity to explain Toledo in terms of benefit to you. Your inquiry will be held in strict confidence if desired. Address The Toledo Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce

180 Volts, Super-Power for all power tubes!



Everything Contained In One Cabinet

YES, the Philco AB Socket Power will give you a strong and steady flow of both "A" and "B" radio power from your electric current ***—super-power for all power tubes. 180 volts at 60 Milliamperes.*** Moreover, it will maintain the high voltage necessary for perfect radio reception on *any* standard radio set.

Perfect Radio Power

The famous Philco AB Socket Power does away with the ordinary "A" storage battery and all dry-cell "A" and "B" batteries. Here is your chance to avoid the usual troubles and annoyances about battery recharging and battery replacements.

And furthermore, the Philco AB Socket Power will give you absolutely the best radio reception ***without the slightest hum and without the least distortion.*** Perfect radio power always—as steady and as unvarying as your own electric current.

The set switch on your radio controls everything—your "A" power, your "B" power as well as the radio itself. Just as easy as turning on your electric light. All you need to do is snap ON the set switch when you want to listen in. Snap it OFF and your radio is silent. No fuss! No bother! ***And improved reception!***

Yours On Easy Terms

Yes, you can buy the New 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power on Easy Payment Terms from any Authorized Philco Dealer in your town. ***You merely make a small first payment and pay the balance a little each month.***

Go to your Radio or Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Lighting Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station. Just tell them you read this advertisement and ask to see the New 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power. Or, if you prefer, simply mail the Special Offer COUPON on next page and we will send you the full details.

Installation On Any Radio Set FREE!

Remember, any Authorized Philco Dealer in your community will connect the New Model Philco AB Socket Power to your set—***whether it is an old set or a new set***—at absolutely not one penny extra cost to you. Installation is FREE.

And if you buy a brand-new set, by all means insist that it be equipped with the Philco AB Socket Power. Get the improved reception and the super-power for all power tubes!

The New 1928 Model Philco AB Socket Power

The Marvelous New 1928 Model

PHILCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Radio AB Socket Power

runs any radio from your house electric current

It's a fact! It makes no difference whether you now have a dry cell or a storage battery operated radio set or what kind of battery set you buy, the New Model Philco AB Socket Power will run ***that particular set*** from the electric lighting current in your home.

Think what that means to you! No more recharging to do! No more batteries to replace! No hum! No distortion! And improved reception!

No Matter What Set You Own—
No Matter What Set You Buy—
Philco Will Run It From the Light Socket

That is exactly what we mean. Select the radio set with the tone you like best—***any tried and proven radio set.*** And the Philco AB Socket Power will operate that set from the electric light socket.

Trade-In Your Old "A" Storage Battery

You won't need your old "A" storage battery with the Philco AB Socket Power. Any Authorized Philco Dealer in your community will make you a ***very liberal trade-in allowance*** for it on the purchase of a brand-new Philco AB Socket Power.

No hum! No distortion! The Philco AB Socket Power will supply perfect radio power ***for any make or any kind of battery radio set*** whether home built or manufactured.

Your radio power will always be steady, smooth and uninterrupted. Your radio reception will be constant and unvarying.

Every Philco Guaranteed

Every Philco AB Socket Power is covered by an ironclad factory guarantee—the most comprehensive guarantee ever given a radio socket power. ***Furthermore, every Philco is built to conform to Underwriters' Laboratories Safety Specifications.***

Console-Cabinet Models

Yes, special Philco models are built to fit ***inside*** the cabinets of practically all the well-known radio sets, including:

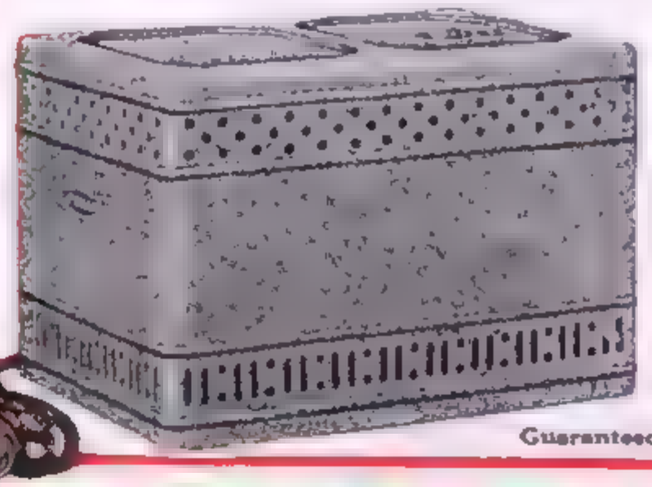
Atwater-Kent
Brunswick-Radiola
Freed-Eisemann
Fada
Pfanstiehl
Radiola-28
Victrola-Radiola

Another Sensation!
THE NEW PHILCO "B" Socket Power

No tubes! No acids! No batteries to recharge or replace! Positively delivers 180 volts at 60 Milliamperes for *all* radio power tubes.

Eliminates all "B" Batteries! Produces strong and dependable "B" radio power for any make or any style radio set; improves tone volume and tone quality.

Any Authorized Philco Dealer will give you Easy Payment Terms and Free Installation.



Guaranteed!

Mail This Coupon NOW!

Whether you now own a radio set or whether you are thinking of buying one, be sure to mail us this FREE Coupon. Merely sign your name and address to this Coupon, put it in an envelope and mail it to us. ***It does not place you under the slightest obligation.***

We will then send you the full descriptive literature of the New Model Philco AB Socket Power and the full details of our national offer of Easy Payments, Free Installation and Trade-In Allowance. Mail the SPECIAL OFFER COUPON TODAY!

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Ontario and C Streets
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Special Offer COUPON

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Ontario and C Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 1227

GENTLEMEN:

I shall be pleased to receive your FREE illustrated literature describing the New Model Philco Radio Socket Powers; also the full details of your Easy Payment, Free Installation and Trade-In Allowance Offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"Corrugated Round Ingots"—and Far Better Cars

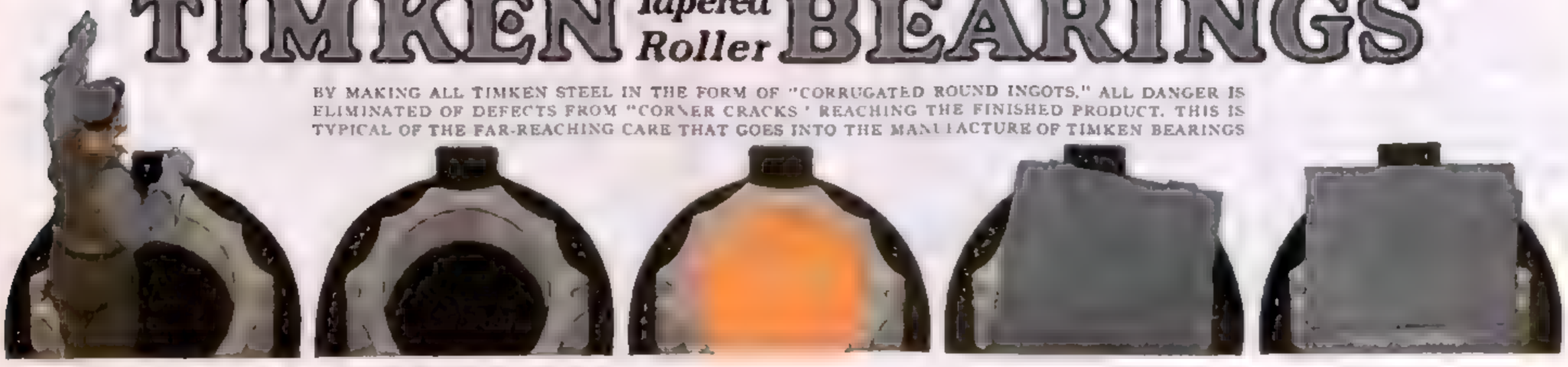
Overhead, rides a "ladle" of molten steel, to be poured into molds that form Timken "corrugated round ingots," one of the master improvements in steel making. This finest of steels for Timken Bearings, their tapered construction, and their *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* assure utmost endurance and performance in cars, trucks and buses that are Timken-equipped.

The threat of friction, shock, side-thrust, torque and weight is removed from Timken-equipped transmissions, differentials, pinion or worm drives, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans. Perfect alignment and quiet are preserved. Need for attention is avoided. More power gets to the road. Better simplicity and accessibility are obtained. That is what you want to make sure of. Then make sure of the presence of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. They are provided by a great majority of all motor vehicle manufacturers.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

BY MAKING ALL TIMKEN STEEL IN THE FORM OF "CORRUGATED ROUND INGOTS," ALL DANGER IS ELIMINATED OF DEFECTS FROM "CORNER CRACKS" REACHING THE FINISHED PRODUCT. THIS IS TYPICAL OF THE FAR-REACHING CARE THAT GOES INTO THE MANUFACTURE OF TIMKEN BEARINGS



(Continued from Page 172)

were gray and seemed to have no pupil. It was as if the eyes of a statue had been put in the face of a man. When he began to speak, his voice had the little tinkle of a silver bell.

"Sir Miles, you must not think that because I have not seen you before you are unknown to me. I have heard much of the fights at Bethlehem and Rouge Garde, and your policing of the Sepulcher has been temperate and wise.

"You have been a prisoner in Damascus, Sir Miles?" the Grand Master added.

"I have."

"And you doubtless know the city?"

"Very well, sir!"

"Now here we have luck, for this Irish knight will tell us all we wish to know."

"My Lord," Miles said slowly, "I know of only one way of putting it—my blunt way. I shall tell you nothing."

"Now why should this be?" The voice changed from the tinkle of the little bell to the purr of a cat.

"Miles! Miles!" Trelawney pleaded. "My Lord, he is only a hot-headed Irish boy. He means no harm. I know them."

"There is something here not overt." The Grand Master seemed not to have heard Miles' reply. "Why won't you tell us?" he asked

"I was treated as a guest by the Saracen and released from bondage out of their mercy. What sort of cur should I be to tell the secrets, if I knew any, of a generous foe?"

"Indeed! Sir Odo, cannot you do something to convince your lieutenant of the necessity of this information?"

"These are high policies, Miles," the Cornishman began, "of our Lord the King ——"

"I know nothing of high policies," O'Neill was very cold. "But I think our Lord the King can forward those without a knight of his losing his honor. What shameful thing do you wish me to do? Sir Odo, I turn over the command to Josselyn. I had thought I would receive better at English hands."

The Cornishman flushed purple and stood up. "You are too fast, boy. I had not known your ransom was unpaid. Grand Master," he turned to the ghostlike figure in the white robe, "my lieutenant is right. What he has learned under the circumstances it would be improper for him to say."

The Templar drew his cowl over his head. There was an air of finality about the gesture that was terrifying.

"Sir Miles is right," he said. His voice was cold as a cold freezing wind. "And yet Sir Miles advises himself ill."

"Sir, do you threaten me?" Nothing could be more quiet than the Grand Master's face. But Miles, looking down, saw a terrifying thing. The beautiful ivory hands of the Grand Master were writhing as in torment.

"Yes," the Grand Master said quietly, "I threaten. Who will protect you?"

The Cornish knight rose in his chair, sat down, reached for his bottle and glass, drank a mouthful, spluttered, kept quiet. The Grand Master looked at him with the dreadful, quiet smile in his stone eyes.

"My only satisfaction, sir, is that I go to a Gentleman with my honor clean." He watched the curling fingers twisting with murder. The Templar caught his glance and muffled his hands in his wide sleeves.

"But it bores me," the Grand Master said shortly, "to talk to a dead man."

"Miles! Miles!" Trelawney pleaded. O'Neill raised his sword hand to his chin, and turning, walked out of the hall. Like some dreadful ghost the Templar remained in his memory, but more terrible still was the memory of the shamed, perspiring face of the Cornish commander.

XII

THERE was always about her, wherever she went, a faint perfume—a perfume of very cold water and little mountain flowers. When she walked by his side through the heavy sooks of Jerusalem in whose crevices there still lurked the heat and stench of the summer that was dying, O'Neill felt a memory of the springtime that had been a dream, a springtime one feared would never come again. Fitter than the rimes of the Romaunt of the Rose Josselyn was ever singing, seemed each gesture, each step. All in Jerusalem of the English knights and archers knew her to be a sheykh of the tribe that had captured O'Neill in battle and tended him through sickness and set him magnanimously free, and that he should show her what kindness was in his power they found only fitting. That she was a woman none knew, except perhaps Josselyn, who concealed, O'Neill was beginning to discover, beneath his casual manner and speech, a sound, wise head. Sir Odo Trelawney asked the young sheykh to meat with him, and Kothra accepted in her sweet dignity. O'Neill was afraid that at table the burly Cornishman would allow himself some masculine jests that might offend her, but soon the worried man rose, excusing himself, and leaving her to O'Neill and Josselyn. Trelawney's manner to O'Neill was one of pleading apology. He could not resent the words of the Grand Master to his lieutenant, seeing how the great secret designs he had in mind must dovetail with Temple ambitions. And he felt he had left his deputy without protection. O'Neill had told him: "I wish you wouldn't worry, sir!" But he worried all the more. Thinking to compliment O'Neill's guest, he gave her a beautiful Italian sword, which she accepted with grave courtesy. The following morning the Cornish knight received two great emeralds from the Caucasus for his lady and a beautiful Nedjed mare for himself. The Cornishman walked in to where Kothra and O'Neill and Josselyn were sitting. He had the emeralds in his hands.

"But I can't accept all this, young sir."

"My father, Sheykh Haroun, and myself, and my cousins Abdallah and Mohammed, have sent them to you for this reason," Kothra explained. "When Sheykh O'Neill was with us we became fond of him, and we heard later that he arrived in Jerusalem penniless and worn—you will forgive me, dear O'Neill—and you took our friend in, sir, when he was in need. We are all friends, Arab and Christian, even though we battle. And that can be in a courteous sheykhly wise. Though O'Neill would not be of us, and hurried from our gardens and little rivers of Damascus to Jerusalem, yet we of Damascus and the desert esteem him much. And we wish to be friends with those who befriend him."

The Cornishman turned white and looked at the ground. Suddenly he rushed out of the room.

"But what have I done, O'Neill?" she asked in terror. "What have I said? Have I made some dreadful blunder? O dear God," she all but cried, "I have insulted him in some way, and he will think the Arab are churls. O'Neill, my heart is sore."

"No! No!" Miles comforted her. "Listen, Kothra. It is the English way. He is so overcome that he cannot find words. That is all. He is very moved. That is all."

"Is that what it is, O'Neill? I am glad. He must love you so."

He told her, "Kothra, I am going to be a nuisance to you, but when you make the *Ziyárah*, your pilgrimage to the Rock, I am afraid I shall have to be with you."

"You are no nuisance, O'Neill, and it will have a sweetness to be near a friend while praying." That was all she said. He was glad she asked no questions. He was no good at lying, and to admit that in spite of the emperor's edict no Arab sheykh's life was safe would have been dreadfully hard. He walked by her side, two Welsh kerns following them, as she put her right foot delicately into the Noble Dwelling, murmuring the Moslem ritual: "O Lord, pardon my sins, and open to me the doors of Thy mercy." They passed the lowering Templar sentinels at the door of the Mosque of Omar and entered the building lovely with scrolled gold and Afghan tiles. In the shaded Cubbet the Eternal Rock slumbered, like the gray shoulders of some sleeping giant—the Rock which was the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite and which to all Moslem is one of the Rocks of Paradise, and the center of the world. On it on the Day of Resurrection the Angel Israfil will stand to blow the last trumpet, and beneath it is the source of every drop of sweet water that flows on the face of the earth.

"O God"—Kothra prayed the prayer called Solomon's—"pardon the sinners who come here, and relieve the injured."

She bent reverently at the Footstep of the Prophet, where Mohammed mounted the beast Borak, ascending into heaven on the night of the Miraj. She prayed at Bab el Jannah, where Elias prayed, and which is reputed to be the covering of Solomon's tomb. And in the cavern beneath the Rock she bowed reverently to the mark of Gabriel's fingers on the stone, and inclined to the great iron bar which is the sword of Ali ibn Ali Talib, the Lion of God. She left the great mosque and saw the beautiful Dome of the Chain, standing by the greater dome like a filly at foot. She came to the little Dome of the Ascent, and the beautiful pulpit of lacelike marble called the Prophet's Standpoint. With quiet, reverential steps she visited the Suk el Ma'rifah—the Market of Knowledge—near where David prayed. She saw the 'Mehd 'Eisa, or Jesus' Cradle, and near the Women's Mosque she saw the Bir el Warakah, or Well of the Leaf. And she was shown the column where Es Sirat—the bridge that joins heaven and hell—will start on the Day of Judgment. She looked eastward to where Dajjal, or Antichrist, will appear and be stopped and baffled in his march on Jerusalem. And leaving the Noble Dwelling, she blessed the Lord Mohammed and murmured the customary prayer: "O Lord, pardon my sins, and open to me the doors of Thy grace." And then, star-eyed and jasmine-faced, she looked up at O'Neill, and said, "Thank you, O'Neill!"

He shook his head. "Thank you, Kothra," he told her. And she laid her hand on his arm.

She had various visits to make to Arab families in the neighborhood, and O'Neill's mind was wandering as he went down to Saint Sepulcher to go the rounds. He was to see her home, or rather to her cousin's at Bethlehem, that evening, and it seemed strange to him to be going to the castle he had once helped to empty and hold. Only for that dreadful affair of De Lacy's, he would never have known her.

At David's gate, when the sun had fallen, he met her with the great Moorish eunuch. The hunters' moon was just heaving up through the east. He passed her through the sentries, giving the countersign of the day. When they were out she turned to the Moor and said they were galloping ahead. But the Moor shook his head.

"The lady is under my guard from her father," he said firmly.

"But, Yussuf, we all know Sheykh O'Neill."

"O sister of Ali," the Moor spoke in the blunt old servants' way, "it is not right for a Moslem lady to ride with a Christian knight."

"Look, Yussuf." She took her long jeweled dagger from her belt and handed it to O'Neill. "Now I am defenseless." She laid her hand on O'Neill's riding coat. "Look, Yussuf!" She turned to O'Neill. "*Dakhilak!*" she pleaded. "I come under your roof." She turned to Yussuf triumphantly. "Now, O father of fearfulness!" she said triumphantly. And the Moor could only laugh his chuckling negro laugh, shaking his head and slapping his jellylike eunuch's thighs as they rode away from him.

They rode quietly down the moonlit night. Afar off the nomad shepherds' dogs made their loud barking and the tinkle of camel bells from the paddocks set up a sound like crickets. They said nothing one

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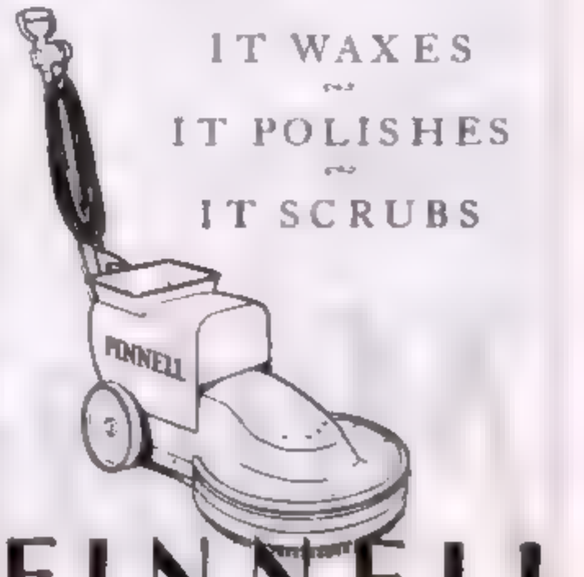

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to the other. They shared with each other the soft night of great moon and roaming hares. Halfway toward Bethlehem they came on an encampment of Provençal men at arms, probably a pilgrim guard from Aix. They were lying around a fire of olive wood while a ragged troubadour was declaiming to them. He was half singing, half speaking:

"Gentleman, burgher and tramp,
March bare to the Holy War.
Led from camp to desolate camp
By Gaulier Sans Avoir.
Clear in my inner sight
I see the arrow drawn,
Against the giant Turkish knight
By Godfrey de Bouillon."

The trouvère was a tall, bony man, with his heels showing bare in the firelight through his knitted hose above his Provençal pointed boots. His sword's edge peeped through the ragged sheath, and the plume in his hat was broken. He had a nose like a plowshare, and his left eye was half closed and had a scar over it, probably from the blow of a tankard in a pothouse.

"What is he? What is he saying, O'Neill?" Kothra asked.

"He is a tinker poet, as we call them in Ireland, sister of Ali, and he is making a tavern poem about the first Crusaders, about King de Bouillon and Walter the Penniless. Come along."

"No! No!" Kothra insisted. The poet strutted before the soldiery with his left hand on his sword. His good eye challenged the assembly. He announced in mock humility:

"Not I to chronicle,
In limping prosish phrase,
Those deeds, a spectacle
Of valor for all days.
But who shall write in gold,
For our children's children to pore,
These battles, now that old
Blind Homer is no more!"

He stood as if stricken at the decline of letters, while his eye and a half glittered with the quick actor's glitter of the Southern Frenchman. The bravos and ha-has of the guard were as meat and wine to him.

"O'Neill," Kothra said suddenly, "look at his poor stockings and his wretched hat. Oh, O'Neill, how terrible!" She rode forward into the light of the fire and put her hand in her waistband. "*Ya shder!* O poet!" she called. O'Neill saw the twinkle of gold pieces to the ground. The trouvère seemed to suck them up with a quick swoop. His gesture was the adept rapid gesture of a pickpocket. O'Neill rode into the firelight beside Kothra. The men at arms looked at him and murmured his name, standing up in respect. The traveling rimer's ear was cocked like a hawk's eye.

"Sit down, men! Sit down!" O'Neill told them quietly. He came close to Kothra, ready to take her away. He could already see visions of her adding the poet to the gazelle hound and lemur and honey bear in the garden and he was quite certain the poet would not be good for the animals. The poet drew a deep breath:

"We have not forgotten yet
That Western chivalry,
Tancred and Plantagenet!
No, nor the newer men,
Who crossed the untamed snarling sea,
To battle the Saracen.
That shining angelic band
Who hedge God's grave with steel.
Rouge Garde and the savage stand.
Of the younger Miles O'Neill ——"

The soldiers jumped to their feet, shouting. Their hurrahs roused the dogs of the countryside. They stamped their feet and whipped out their weapons and shook them in the air.

"For God's sake, Kothra, come on."

She had taken all the money from her waistband and flung it to the troubadour, and was tugging at her wrist. O'Neill caught her mare by the snaffle. He called to it by name: "Ya Umm es-Sghrar, O mother of the little one, trot!" But Kothra had thrown the poet her bracelet of ivory and fine gold, with little elephants scrolled on it in gold. "O silly one," he told her, when they were on the road again.

"But he is a *shder*, O'Neill, one that feeleth, and he had your name in his song Oh, O'Neill, do you not know that this is what the Arabs cherish—to have the poets sing their names in songs?"

"But, Kothra, he never heard my name until tonight, when the soldiers mentioned it. That nose of his smelled baksheesh as a hound's nose smells the fox."

"Oh, no, O'Neill! How can you say that? Everybody knows your name. It is the business of poets to know names yours and Tancred's and De Bouillon's."

"But, small Kothra, when the Father of the Nose took to poetry, the world lost an eminent barber."

"You mustn't say that, O'Neill. You must not say anything against poetry. It is an art very difficult. And he was a good poet," she insisted stubbornly. "He knew all the great names—yours, Cœur de Lion's everyone's."

"'Oh, how dreadful is this place!'" The voice of the Templar celebrant rang through El-Aksa. "'Truly this is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of heaven.'"

"Alleluia!"

"'I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.'" The priest read from the missal. The voices of the choir crashed into the ritual:

"'How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God and this is the gate of heaven. . . . Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.'"

"Alleluia."

"'And when Jacob was now awakened, as one out of a deep sleep, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."'"

"Alleluia!"

"'Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.'"

"Alleluia!"

The clear voices of young boys took up the hymn, Urbs beata Hierusalem. Their voices were high and eager. They beat against the roof of El-Aksa like the wings of birds.

"'Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord!'" said the priest at the altar.

"For ever and ever," answered the acolytes.

"'Mine house, saith the Lord!'" rang one voice from the choir.

"'Shall be called the house of prayer,'" the singing boys trilled.

"'And Jacob arose early,'" chanted the priests, "'and set up a stone for a pillar; and he poured oil thereon, and vowed a vow unto the Lord. Surely this place is holy; and I knew it not.'"

"Alleluia."

By the altar of El-Aksa, a little aside, on a manner of throne, the Grand Master sat. His eyes were closed, so that one could only see the unearthly beauty of his face. Around him and beneath him sat the priests of the order of the Temple, aloof grim men, their eyes on their books, with the proper of the season marked in quaint script and musical notation. The celebrant at the altar was a young monk who wore a great cope of gold. Kneeling on the steps in their white surplices and black soutanes were the small altar boys. They had olive faces and the high cheeping voices of sparrows. They were like small sparrows in a great net. Behind the congregation in the church the choir sang their plain chant, concealed by a great grille of ironwork.

"'The foundations of this Temple hath God in his wisdom firmly grounded, wherein the Angels extol the Lord of Heaven; though tempests rage, they can never prevail against it, seeing it was founded upon a rock,'" went the antiphon.

"Alleluia!"

Here and there, in knots, in straggling parties, the congregation knelt or lounged or lay against the vast pillars of the former

mosque. Pilgrims, their thick outland costume strange in contrast to the soft raiment of the native; beggars, their foul sores dimmed in the shadow of the huge church; a visiting German princess with her train of heavy-headed heavy-bellied officials; a Venetian statesman, his face pitted with treachery, attended by three boys who seemed more like women than lads; a knot of free-lance soldiery, awed in the church of the great fighting order; hawkers of religious objects, their eyes seeking customers to assail at the finish of the service. And here and there a quiet, a too quiet figure in native abba and turban, with his hands up his sleeves and his head bowed in devotion, but his wicked keen eyes swirling from right to left, from left to right.

The bell on the altar tinkled and all knelt. They were now approaching the secret part of mass. O'Neill pulled at Kothra's sleeve and brought her to her knees. Josselyn closed up to her far side.

"O Adonai," went the Templar ritual; the voice of the officiant rose and fell in supplication, "and Leader of the house of Israel, who appearedst in the bush to Moses in a flame of fire and gavest him the law in Sinai: come and deliver us with an outstretched arm.

"O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign of the people, at whom kings shall shut their mouths, to whom the Gentiles shall see: Come and deliver us and tarry not.

"O Key of David, and Scepter of the House of Israel, that openest and no man shutteth, and shuttest and no man openeth: Come and bring the prisoner out of the prison house, and him that sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death.

"O Day spring, Brightness of Light everlasting, and Sun of Righteousness: Come and enlighten him that sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death.

"O King of the nations, and their Desire; the Cornerstone, who makest both one: Come and save mankind, whom thou formedst out of clay."

And now the bell gave another warning and all was silent. Through all the vast church was a sort of death. O'Neill had a chill in his heart. He felt Kothra clasp his forearm in fear. He looked around at her and smiled in reassurement. Out of his eye's edge he noticed Josselyn, watchful as a hound.

All through the service he had been bitterly reproaching himself for allowing Kothra to come, but she had so pleaded to see a Christian service that he could find no reason for refusal. And she had said, "O'Neill, you have come into our great Mosque at Damascus—el Jami'a el Amawi—and you have been with me to the Dome of the Rock, and may I not come with you to your place? You know, O'Neill, how we of Syria love Mary's Son, and it will be another bond of friendship between us—between you, O'Neill, and the Beni Iskander, Alexander's children, who love you. Please, O'Neill." He wanted her to come to Saint Sepulcher, where she could see the strange Copts with their golden clappers and golden bells, and the tonsured friars, and the Greeks with their black hats and copes of wrought silver and gold. There, in spite of occasional crudities, it was a refreshing, sane ceremony. They wept over Christ's death, and they were overjoyed at the Resurrection, and their hymns were gentle hymns like Jesu, Auctor Clementiae—Jesus, of Mercy Source Alone—or Martyr Dei, qui Unicum—Martyr of God, the Only Son—or Lustra Sex Qui Jam Peracta—Thirty Years Among Us Dwelling—not the mystic ritual of the Templars, with their Angulare fundamentum, or Cornerstone hymn. But she would have none of it.

"But the only other place is the Temple—the ancient Jami'a El-Aksa. You don't want to go there, Kothra."

"Yes, I want to go to the Temple, O'Neill."

He was frankly afraid to take her there, for though he knew Sir Odo was working hard to gloss over his disagreement with the Grand Master of the Templars, yet he felt that whatever Sir Odo did, his life would never again be safe in Jerusalem. Beneath his short maroon woolen coat, with the Crusade symbol over his heart, he wore now a finely knit coat of Damascene mail. He was placing a small Irish knife under his armpit in addition to the heavy curved blade concealed under his coat, when Josselyn knocked at his door and strolled in. The Kentish boy watched him closely.

"Pleasant sort of dress for Sunday," he murmured.

O'Neill grinned.

But Josselyn didn't smile at all. He picked up a small steel mirror and looked at himself in it. "Do you think it wise?" he asked O'Neill.

"I don't," O'Neill answered.

"I think I'll come along," Josselyn said quietly.

"I think you won't," O'Neill was firm. "This little row of mine is none of your business. You keep out."

"Are you taking our young Arab friend with you?"

"Yes," ONeill nodded. "She—he wants to see it, or else I shouldn't go."

"Then I'll come along," Josselyn said.

"You won't," O'Neill told him firmly. "Good God, do you think I can't take care of myself and my guest!"

"Then I'll follow you." Josselyn was stubborn. "Miles, don't be silly. I'll be there anyhow. You may as well let me come with you."

"All right," O'Neill said diffidently. But he was relieved to know that Josselyn was on Kothra's left-hand side. The marigold-haired man of Kent was like a Viking of old time. The terrific bodily strength of him and sound heart and mind were a bulwark.

"*Ite, missa est*"—the officiant had finished his secret prayer—"Go! It has been sent."

The preacher of the day—a huge black-jowled knight in a white cassock—strode on to the altar. He had an iron mouth and black iron eyes.

He sprang up the pulpit steps and leaned on the pulpit rail as if reviewing men at arms. When he spoke, he spoke as if issuing words of command.

"Zechariah," he snapped out, "the first chapter, verses eight to ten:

"'I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom; and behind him were there red horses, speckled, and white.'"

Josselyn leaned over Kothra's shoulder and touched O'Neill. "Look out!" his eyes sent a warning. Miles glanced around. He could see nothing. The nearest person to him was a lay Templar brother with meek downcast face and iron-gray beard, his hands in his sleeves. The brother was paying no attention to anything but the preacher's sermon:

"'Then said I, O my lord, what are these? And the angel that talked with me said unto me, I will shew thee what these be.'" There was a dreadful sneer in the preacher's tones. "'And the man that stood among the myrtle trees answered and said, These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth.'"

So quickly did it happen that O'Neill could hardly follow it all. Josselyn said, "Miles!" sharply. O'Neill turned in time to see the lay brother fling himself forward, knife in hand.

O'Neill knew the knife was not for him, but for the sister of Ali, and stepping behind her, received the blow on the shoulder blade. The blow was the savage blow of a little hammer, and there was a sting like the sting of a wasp. There was a tinkle like the tinkle of broken glass as the blade shivered on the links of steel. The hilt dropped on the marble tiles.

"Ye will read further in the vision of the son of Berechiah, the son of Iddo the prophet. 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy.'"

(Continued on Page 182)

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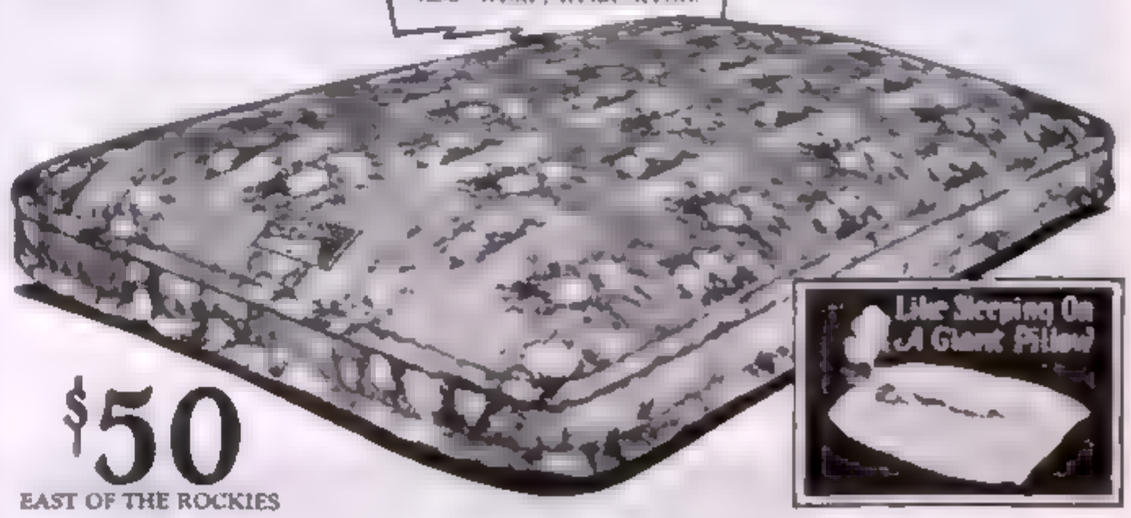

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~ ~ No truck owner will operate a truck long enough to run 100,000 miles unless those miles are money-earning miles

The record of White performance has become the scale where truck values can be accurately weighed. It is not the record of a single truck, a single model or a certain task. In every corner of the world, all models, under all conditions, in every kind of service, leave the same mark on the long trail to greater service—Most Money-Earning Miles.

Owners' actual records of White money-earning miles

117 Whites have run 500,000 miles and more each
623 have run between 300,000 and 500,000 miles each
1595 have run between 200,000 and 300,000 miles each
2347 have run between 150,000 and 200,000 miles each
6574 have run between 100,000 and 150,000 miles each

giving the astounding total –

11,256 Whites have run 100,000 miles and more each

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS
BUSSES

Let us send you the complete 100 000-mile booklet listing the owners of White Trucks which have run 100 000 miles and more. You will find in this booklet owners in your section of the country, in your line of business, and with trucking problems the same as your own. The booklet is free. We will be glad to send it to you. Write The White Company, 842 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

USL
GOLDEN RULE SERVICE
1 We do not sell a new battery if we can give the owner better value by repairing his old one
2 We give an eight months' adjustment guarantee covering every repair
3 If a repair cannot be guaranteed we do not make it and show the owner why
4 We consider that our job is to render dependable service and that "The longer we can make the old battery last, the surer we are of eventually selling the owner a new one
5 We pledge to our customers the kind of service we would want to receive
USL Service Stations Everywhere

Start your car with power from Niagara

14,000 USL DEALERS ready to save you money

USL Service Stations everywhere offer you economical battery service—in buying a new battery or repairing your old one. In observing USL Golden Rule Service, they serve you conscientiously and save you money—whatever make of battery you now own.

When you need a new battery buy a USL—the original price is low, repair bills next to nothing and long dependable service assured.

USL Batteries are priced right. You can buy a standard USL as low as $11.75

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Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Calif. Canadian Factory Toronto, Ontario Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.

USL AUTO and RADIO Batteries

14,000 USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Continued from Page 179

Josselyn had the lay brother by the throat.

O'Neill could hear the man's short breath coming through his nose. There was a heavy crunch as the Kentish man smashed the monk's head against a pillar. O'Neill took Kothra by the sleeve.

"Come," he told her.

She looked at him in amazement. So quietly, so quickly had all occurred that she had seen or heard nothing.

"But, O'Neill——"

"I said, 'Come.' Follow Josselyn." He was brusque.

He slipped the small Irish knife in his hand and pushed her before him. They passed the huddled figure beside the column. They picked their steps quietly along the wall through seated and standing worshipers, and walked out through the sentried portals. They walked quietly through the Noble Dwelling until they came to the Dome of the Rock. They strolled along the marble platform and through the massive gates into the street. There came a burst of singing from the Church El-Aksa:

"'They adorned the face of the temple with golden coronals, and dedicated the altar unto the Lord.'"

"Alleluia!"

"But they haven't finished"—the sister of Ali turned to O'Neill—"and I wanted to see it all, O'Neill. O'Neill, it is such bad manners to leave a mosque abruptly."

O'Neill laughed. He laughed quietly for minutes—a laugh that was not humor, but relief. Josselyn cursed heartily in English. His face was red and furious. Kothra looked at them aghast, as if both had suddenly gone mad.

"Oh, O'Neill," she said suddenly, and her white face became whiter and her eyes full of fear, "there is a great cut in your coat. And there is a great coin of blood on your shoulder. And you are wearing mail, O'Neill. Oh, what does it mean? I am afraid. I am so afraid."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

OUT-OF-DOORS

Ornamental or Protective

THE great-crested flycatcher nests in the cavities of trees, occasionally in heavy timber, but more often near the edge of an opening and usually at heights not exceeding twenty feet from the ground. I have found their nests in apple orchards, in isolated groves and even in rural mail boxes. Deserted woodpeckers' holes are frequently utilized.

The eggs, four to six in number, are most oddly marked and colored. The ground color is buff or yellow; and the markings, instead of spots, streaks or splotches, consist of short heavy dashes of deep chestnut. One can scarcely believe that they have not been placed there with a stub pen. A flycatcher's egg has the appearance of a message in the Morse code with the dots left out.

The oddity of the eggs is equaled by a peculiar custom of the parent birds. The great-crested flycatcher adorns his nest with a shed snake skin. It is doubtful if this queer trimming is for decorative purposes, but rather it is designed with a view toward protection. The snake skin protrudes from the nesting cavity and sways with every breeze. No doubt the gruesome ornament is placed there to lend the illusion that the nest hole is the haunt of a reptile and thus warn off squirrels and other marauders that might approach with a view to rifling the nest. It might even be intended as a danger signal to other snakes.

An Egg for Breakfast

That snakes do not confine their foraging to the young of birds that nest on or near the ground, but also rifle the homes of tree-nesting birds at a considerable height is a fact to which I can testify from personal observation.

Years ago I watched a six-foot black snake climb to a height of perhaps twenty-five feet. A pair of flickers vociferously protested his ascent. As the snake's head hovered near the nest hole I shot him with a .22 rifle. Upon investigating, I found but a single egg, although the nesting season was well advanced. Then it occurred to me that perhaps I had been a bit precipitate and might have conducted an interesting experiment.

The flicker, too, has a peculiarity. When a flicker begins to lay in the spring and the first egg is removed, the bird will sometimes persist, and continue to deposit one egg every day until the number far exceeds the usual limit. As a boy, I enlarged the nest hole of a flicker with a jackknife until the orifice was of sufficient dimensions to admit my arm, it being my purpose to secure a set of eggs for my collection. There was but one egg. Believing that the birds would desert the nest since the hole had been enlarged, I took the one egg. The following day I saw the bird emerge from the hole. Investigation proved that she had deposited another egg. The next day she left another. I removed one egg, leaving the other.

In this way I took sixteen eggs from the nest before Mrs. Flicker decided that she was playing a losing game. I have been told since that this is not an unusual performance among flickers. After shooting the big black snake and finding the single egg in the nest it occurred to me just too late that perhaps the old fellow had been systematically robbing the nest while the flicker accommodatingly furnished a daily egg for his breakfast, but the .22 pellet had terminated the possibility of verifying this surmise.

Trimmed With Snake Skin

Some two years ago I investigated an outcry of birds in and around a lone mulberry tree, and found a big bull snake that had just finished making a meal of the young of a pair of brown thrashers. Upon cutting him open, I found that the young thrashers were feathered out and would soon have left the nest.

Another bird that hangs objects near its nest is the shrike or butcher bird. The shrike ordinarily nests in hedgerows or thorn-bearing trees, and sometimes impales grasshoppers and other prey upon thorns in the vicinity of the nest. In the shrike's case the object is not far to seek. He follows the motto, "In times of plenty prepare for lean days to come," and his impaling activities are designed to provide a reserve store of food for the future.

The great-crested flycatcher must affect his odd notions of decoration for protection against foraging birds, four-footed marauders and tree-climbing snakes. As a boy, I found perhaps fifty nests of the flycatcher and in at least 50 per cent of the cases a shed snake skin dangled jauntily from the front door.

The only other bird of my acquaintance that adopts this style of adornment is the blue grosbeak. This highly colored chap nests in clumps of brush but a few feet from the ground. I have found but three nests with their pale bluish, unspotted eggs. In each case, a snake skin had been woven into the lower part of the nest with the free end draped among the limbs. In one instance two additional shed skins adorned the lower limbs of bushes within a few feet of the nest.

— HAL G. EVARTS.

DID YOUR WATCH SHARE YOUR ADVENTURES IN THE DAYS OF "REMEMBER THE MAINE?"

A watch may never lose a second yet be many years slow

You cherish such a watch, of course, but all others who may see it know nothing of the sentiment that binds you to it. They see only a watch that has weathered long and hard service, a watch that stamps you as a trifle behind the times . . . Hasn't this sturdy old campaigner earned an honorable discharge? Wouldn't a modern Elgin Watch be a more honest gauge of your present business and social status? It will mark you as a man abreast of the times, and record the time for you with unvarying accuracy . . . Finer and more dependable watches are not to be had than those that bear the old and honorable hallmark of Elgin. In the crucible of Time . . . through sixty years of watchmaking . . . these timepieces had been tried and tested and found true. Yet despite their excellence, their service, their loyalty, they are not expensive treasures. Even a modest investment puts in your pocket or on your wrist a timepiece faithful and beautiful.

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

ELGIN

© Elgin, 1927

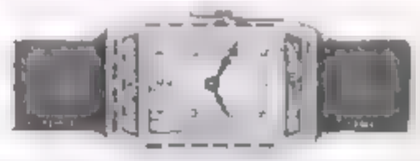
WATCHES TRUE ALIKE TO THE TIME-MINUTE AND THE STYLE-MINUTE

Here are reproduced six outstanding Elgin models. Others may be had in generous variety, and at a price range most liberal.

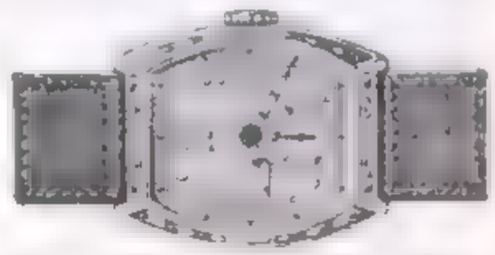
She who wears this bracelet watch has both admiring eyes and the correct time upon her wrist. A 7-jewel movement, in a white 14-karat gold-filled case.....$30

Only out of a long experience in fine watchmaking could come such a watch as this—good to look upon, faithful in service, 17-jewel, yet offered at such a modest price as $40

Designed to withstand the punishment of sport wear is this man's strap watch . . . a 7-jewel movement in a 14-karat gold-filled case of white or green tone.. $35



Refinement and beauty are linked with accuracy in this woman's wrist watch. The case is of 14-karat solid white gold, enameled and engraved $60



That a strap watch can be handsome yet hardy is most eloquently proven by this Elgin. It has a 15-jewel movement, luminous dial and a 14-karat gold case.....$60

This watch is an excellent example of the value Elgin ever offers. The case is engraved and made of 14-karat solid white gold. The movement is 17-jewel. The price.....$60

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

I didn't buy a new rug dear... ....just an
Ozite Cushion

...notice the velvety softness of this remarkable cushion

THIS soft cushion gives old rugs a new lease on life . . . gives them oriental luxury, too! A few Ozite Cushions will change the entire atmosphere of a home—lend it new richness and charm. You'll be surprised at how inexpensive Ozite is, and be daily pleased by its economy. Remember: Ozite doubles the life of rugs!

Sold by all furniture, rug and department stores

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY
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American Hair Felt Co., Mfrs.

Ozite
Rug Cushion

Ozite is made of sterilized hair—the only rug cushion that is "vacuumed". It is everlast ugly moth-proof Pat. Sept. 9, . .

Clinton Carpet Company
130 N. Wells St., Chicago
Please send me your free booklet on The
Name
Address
City State

FEELS LIKE WALKING ON VELVET

HEARTS AND GLOWERS

Continued from Page 29

But eventually he managed to snuggle under the canvas. No chance of his ever being seen. It wasn't exactly comfortable, but it was certainly safe.

Meanwhile Escrow Epps had completed his own telephone negotiations. He returned to his home raging with righteous anger. Annie was smiling happily. In fact she was even humming. Escrow bitterly resented her lightheartedness. He had been inflamed to the point where he was determined to show that he was master in his own home, at whatever cost. He flung a few bitter words at his spouse! "Ise goin' out!"

The news did not perturb her. She merely shrugged. "G'-by, Escrow."

He scowled. "An' when I come back, don't you leave me catch you with that limpin' Bud Peaglar, neither!"

"I won't."

"'Cause if I ever does see you talkin' with that feller again, Ise gwine bust him so hard his gran'pa will feel the shock."

"Terrible, ain't you?"

"Yes, I is, an'——" He stared into her level, mocking eyes and it suddenly occurred to him that he was making himself ridiculous. He gave vent to a loud "Bah!" and slammed through the front door.

Escrow Epps was a very angry man. He was crazy about his wife, but no dawg-gone woman had no right to look at her husban' like Annie done. It made him feel so no 'count! Well, he'd show her. He had a plan, and by golly, he'd just simply 'tend to things and then come back an' tell her where to git off at! Snickerin' at him thataway! Havin' a good time at his espense! B-r-r-r!

He moved down the avenue with great space-eating strides. He reached into the pocket of his trousers and produced an automobile key. He climbed heavily into the old sedan where Bud Peaglar was hiding. Bud, scrouged up uncomfortably on the floor, felt the car tremble as Escrow settled himself in the driver's seat. Mr. Peaglar was a trifle surprised that so delicately constructed a woman as Annie could cause the car to sway so violently. But he said nothing, nor did he uncover himself. Better wait until Annie should give the word.

He heard the whir of the starter and then the cough of the motor. Immediately there came a great clashing of gears and the car jerked ahead. Bud was disgusted. He had always understood that Annie was a clever driver. This was rottenly uncomfortable. He was alternately pressed against the back of the driver's seat and forced against the tonneau foot rail.

But the car was now in high gear and purring smoothly. Bud readjusted himself, only to be sharply bumped as it turned left at the head of the avenue and banged cruelly across the railroad tracks. At First Avenue the car swung eastward and sped out through Avondale and Woodlawn toward Roebuck.

And now Mr. Peaglar, sole proprietor of Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, considered that it would be safe to expose himself. His position was astonishingly uncomfortable and more than a trifle suffocating. With scrupulous care he moved the canvas from over his head. He blinked. He grabbed the foot rail convulsively. Something terrible had occurred. Bud knew it instantly, but not in a moment did he appreciate the complete and awful potentialities of the situation.

Annie Epps was not at the wheel—not at all! No woman was at the wheel!

Bud knew that he was staring upon the vengeful figure of Escrow, the man who no longer than two hours ago had threatened to exterminate him absolutely and completely at the very first available opportunity.

Mr. Bud Peaglar smothered a hollow groan and hastened to cover himself again. Horrid thoughts chased one another through his mind. He wondered whether his present predicament was the result of accident or design. It was possible, of course, that Escrow had merely happened to desire the car and was driving it aimlessly and without knowledge that he carried a passenger. But the alternative thought was woefully depressing. Bud was sickeningly inclined to believe that in some manner Escrow had learned of his presence in the car—perhaps through Annie, perhaps by having seen him enter. It was more than likely that the man was now driving him out to some lonely forsaken spot in the country for the express purpose of separating him from his existence.

Bud covered his face with his hands and shuddered. He stared at the door. He cursed the Epps affluence. If they had owned a mere touring car, there might have been a possibility of escape. But to open the sedan door and get out while the car was traveling at high speed was an impossibility. He couldn't do anything and he had to keep on doing it. Besides, even if he attempted to escape, there was little chance that success would crown his efforts. He himself was afflicted with a slight limp—relic of army days—and was unable to locomote beyond a very modest gait. Escrow, on the other hand, was physically perfect and reputed to be fast on his feet. Flight—and particularly unsuccessful flight—would prove considerably more than fatal. Bud discarded the desperate scheme even before it took definite shape.

He believed that Escrow knew he was in the back of the car, but he wasn't sure; and failing to be sure, there was nothing for him to do but cringe and wait and pray that he might survive the disaster when it started to happen.

Events of the past few days came back to him. With particular vividity, he recalled Annie's explanation of what Escrow had so very recently threatened. Bud was in a heartbreaking situation. He was prisoner in a moving jail. His jailer entertained toward him a deep personal animosity. Mr. Peaglar was very, very sad.

The car moved swiftly and smoothly, but Bud's muscles were becoming cramped. One leg went to sleep and when it waked Bud felt that he would shout with agony. He dared not move. He tried to control his breathing. He didn't know where he was or in which direction the car was traveling. As a matter of fact, he didn't care particularly. He vowed that once free from this predicament he'd never get into another. He determined that he would never again stray beyond the very safe precincts of his own pool room. And as for women—even the very friendliest of 'em —— In those awful minutes, crouched in the back of the car, Bud Peaglar became a confirmed misogynist.

Under his canvas camouflage, Bud found the heat excessive. Jefferson County sweltered under the first genuine touch of summer. The sun baked down from a sky of unflecked sapphire; trees by the roadside stood with motionless branches. Not a leaf rustled. Young garden truck seemed to wilt in the fierce glare, and over everything hung a mantle of dust.

Terror for himself and fear of suffocation combined to make Bud's position a distinctly unenviable one. He earnestly desired to be somewhere else—immediately. It mattered little whether Escrow knew he was there, it was a certainty that the discovery would be made eventually. And when it was —— Even in the gloom which concealed him, Bud's eyes rolled with horror. He faced an end not only untimely but markedly undignified. He wondered who would carry on at his celebrated barbecue emporium. His brain whirled with ideas for arguments to advance against Escrow Epps when that gentleman should discover that the back of his car was not unoccupied. The best of logic promised to be useless. Escrow was queerly unimpressed by sound argument. Chances were he'd act first and think afterward—that afterward being many minutes too late for Bud.

The car was slowing down. Mr. Peaglar's muscles crawled in anticipatory terror. He knew that a catastrophe was about to happen to him. He heard the shriek of brakes as the car halted jerkily. Then from the front came Escrow's voice a big, healthy, hearty voice: "Hey, Wash!"

Bud tied himself into a knot. Wash Johnson! It was bad enough to face trouble alone with Escrow, but to know that Wash also was present! Wash hated Bud as a matter of principle. He loathed him doubly now because he fancied that Bud had been very close to robbing him of this golden opportunity to become the partner of Escrow Epps.

From the roadside came Mr. Johnson's answer: "Howdy, Escrow? How you is?"

"Rotten, Wash, rotten."

Bud Peaglar breathed more easily. It was obvious that Escrow was not yet aware of his presence.

"How come, Brother Epps?"

"Oh, my wife an' that po' slab-sided imitation of a man which calls himself Bud Peaglar."

"Humph! Whyn't you just step on that feller?"

"Tha's the most thing I is gwine do nex' time I see him. What I ain't got fo' him is no use."

"Me too. Idea of him tryin' to do you dirt, askin' you practically to give him two thousan' dollars!"

"Ain't it the truth, Wash? But the way he's got my wife hypnotized——"

"Thank Gawd, I ain't got no wife, Escrow. They ain't does git in the way sometimes."

"You said it." Bud felt the front door open and the car shook as Escrow alighted. "Got them contracks, Wash?"

"Ain't got nothin' else. Drawed 'em up minute you telephoned me. Us is bofe gwine git rich on this, Brother Epps."

"Ain't we, just? I craves to show Annie how smart I is. Idea of her wantin' me to go with Bud!"

"Shuh! Don't pay no 'tention to her. Now le's us sit down on the runnin' board heah an' read this contrack over."

Frightened as he was, Bud Peaglar was keenly interested. Also, he felt a rather severe contempt for the big hulking man who sneaked off into the country to complete a business deal. If Escrow was just simply bound to make a fool of himself, why didn't he do it at home? At least he'd have the excellent counsel of his clever wife. Out here ——

Durn those fellers, anyway! Why didn't they go somewhere instead of sitting on the running board of the car? Bud lifted a corner of the canvas and peered into the tonneau. The sunlight seemed blinding, but at least he was able to fill his lungs with fresh air.

They were sitting within a foot of him. He could have reached out his hand and touched Escrow's head—a feat which he had no slightest desire to perform. He knew that a single move on his part—a tiny gesture toward escape—would arouse Mr. Epps. And then, having nothing else to do, he gave attentive ear to the contract negotiations.

"Heah's them documents," announced Wash Johnson. "Just read 'em over."

There was a long pause, then a sigh and the rustle of paper. "S'pose you read 'em to me, Wash. I don't seem to make head neither tail out of them whereases an' heretofores, an' I never can git straight which party of what part I is."

"A'right." And Mr. Johnson proceeded.

So far as Bud could gather, the contract was eminently fair. It provided for partnership in a barbecue stand and lunch room

Continued on Page 186

Constant Inspection of Methods, Machinery and Materials maintains that High Quality and Extra Value Found in all Certain-teed Products

Scientific methods and inventions are as much a part of Certain-teed's operation as are plants and machinery. Science permits of no waste — and Certain-teed follows the dictates of science by placing its whole structure on a basis of unusual efficiency and economy.

All Certain-teed plants are under one management—so that steady, co-ordinated supervision is maintained over every activity in this far-flung organization. World markets continually are scrutinized for economical purchases of good raw materials. Each step in processing the hundred and more products is strictly regulated and watched. Skilled chemists and inspectors carry out a system of constant inspection during all operations.

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He Does Something New For Someone Almost Every Day

Richard Mull

For twenty-five years Dick Mull—his given name is Richard, of course, and his place is at 636 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.—has been helping the Albany manufacturers and merchants to solve their weighing problems.

Hardly a day passes that some new problem is not revealed to him. That explains why Dick Mull, the first salesman employed to sell Toledo Scales, still keeps right on selling them with ever-mounting enthusiasm. It explains why he brought his son into the same business. His job has been an eventful one of doing something *different* almost every day.

For instance: The engineers of a great electrical company had the problem of determining the weight of liquid refrigerant *after* it has been placed in a *completed* unit. Dick Mull supplied the answer in the shape of a standard Toledo Scale—the same that millers use to insure exact net weight of bags of flour they ship to your grocer.

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Makers of automobile tires, raincoat fabric, paper, automobile-top material, asphalt roofing, the paper on which your money is printed, use the same scale for the same purpose. A pointer on the scale shows whether the product is running true to specifications.

Just as easily, Dick Mull solved a serious weighing problem for a dairy—with a Toledo Scale; then for a cement company, a stove manufacturer, a maker of famed shirts and collars, a milk condenser, for retail merchants, and so on.

That's why Dick Mull is cordially received wherever he goes—in retail store or industrial plant. That's why, after twenty-five prosperous years in the same territory, Dick Mull can write, as he did a few days ago, "Many concerns do not know what wonderful scales the Toledo Scale Company builds until a salesman demonstrates to them what the different styles of scales will do."

In our Division of Instruction salesmen are taught how to make a simple study of your requirements and submit recommendations. Whether you are a merchant or manufacturer, a Toledo Scale man will make such a study for you. Write us.

Toledo Scale Company

TOLEDO, OHIO

CANADIAN TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NO SPRINGS HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 184)

between Wash and Escrow on a basis of equal investment and equal share of profit or loss. Wash was to run the place and receive a salary of fifteen dollars a week for so doing. The partnership was to be launched with a paid-in capital of two thousand dollars, the money to be handled by Escrow Epps. The contract went on to state that Escrow hereby acknowledged receipt of one thousand dollars from Wash and that he, Escrow, was thereupon made responsible for the full capital of two thousand dollars, upon which Wash had the privilege of drawing as needed.

At that point of the reading Bud heard Escrow break his silence: "Where at is that thousan' dollars, Wash?"

To Bud's amazement, Wash answered instantly: "Heah 'tis."

A moment of silence, and then, in Escrow's voice: "You givin' me a check, Wash?"

Bud chuckled to himself. So that was the colored gentleman in the woodpile, was it? Escrow was to acknowledge receipt of a thousand dollars—and was actually receiving only a worthless check!

"Sure it's my check, Escrow. You don't reckon I go 'roun' ca'yin' thousan' dollarses in my pockets, do you?"

"Well, no. But ——"

"Has you got a thousan' dollars in yo' pocket?"

"No-o."

"Then why should I have? Now there ain't nothin' fo' us to do but sign these heah contracks. I signs one an' you signs the other. I keeps the one you signs an' you keeps the one which I put my name on. Then you has got me tied han' an' foot."

Bud waited anxiously. It didn't seem possible that even Escrow would be so dense as to fall for this. But he heard Mr. Epps' voice: "A'right, le's sign, Wash."

Bud heard the laborious scratching of a pen, then Wash's voice, vibrant with enthusiasm: "Tha's enough, Escrow. You has got the one I signed an' I has got the one you signed. So now us shakes han's an' calls ev'ything closed."

There came to Bud's ears the smack of palm on palm. Then Wash's question: "Goin' back into town, partner?"

"I sholy is. Gwine take this contrack home an' show it to my wife."

"Golla! Nerve what you has got!"

"She's got to know it sometime. Might's well be now as later. An' Ise all sewed up under the contrack."

"I'll say you is," chuckled Wash Johnson. "You is tied up just as tight as I is."

Bud Peaglar was raging. He loathed the thought of Annie's husband being duped thus easily. Yet he dared say nothing. In fact, it required absolute bravado for him to breathe. If only he could remain concealed until the men left the car —— Wild hope pounded in his breast. His chance for safety seemed better than ever, but he knew that grave danger yet lurked on the front seat.

The car jerked ahead. Bud scrouged just as far away from the front seat as possible. And a remark dropped by Wash Johnson indicated that Mr. Peaglar was not the only one feeling the hot effects of May.

"Golly, Escrow, Ise roastin'!"

"Me too." The car slowed down. "Ise gwine take off my coat."

"Good idea what you has got."

Bud heard sounds which denoted the removal of coats. Then there came two gentle thumps on his head and he cringed. It appeared, though, that these were merely the two discarded coats being arranged on the tonneau robe rail. The car moved forward and Bud breathed relievedly.

The fact that the scheming couple on the front seat had protested against the heat served to increase Mr. Peaglar's discomfort. It seemed as though he would suffocate for want of a lungful of fresh air. He fought against the temptation to remove the canvas covering. He knew it was foolish, but then, on the other hand, if he was simply going to stop breathing, he might as well meet his end at the vengeful hands of Escrow.

Timidly and with vast caution, Bud permitted his head to emerge slightly from its covering. The air which greeted him was blasting hot, but at least it was not charged with the odor of camps and ex-fish. With the same hypnotized curiosity which impels a bird to visit the gaping jaws of a hungry snake, he let his glance dwell upon the rear view of the two heads. They were large men, men of tremendous breadth. He was surprised to notice that Wash was even of greater proportions than Escrow. But then Mr. Johnson bore a decidedly enviable reputation as the result of various rough-and-tumble fracases. Two very, very bad men, and he—Bud—little and skinny and not even retaining the full powers of locomotion. Small chance for him if they ever discovered his presence.

Then his eyes fastened on something else. Tucked into the robe rail, within six inches of his face, were two coats. They were both folded carefully, so that the lining showed. In those linings were pockets and in the pockets Bud glimpsed the contracts which had just been signed by the hefty parties of the first and second part.

Bud was still doubtful that the contracts were exact duplicates. He knew perfectly well that there was a trick somewhere. With courage born of curiosity, he reached out an inquisitive hand and extracted from the coat pockets the two contracts. He first perused the one which Wash Johnson had signed. It was precisely as Mr. Johnson had read. Then Bud read Escrow's contract. He was surprised to find that it was, indeed, a carbon copy of the first. A fair contract, too, save that undue stress seemed to be laid upon the fact that Escrow acknowledged absolutely and without recourse that Wash had paid him one thousand dollars. That was the only paragraph Wash had not read accurately, for it went on to state that Escrow understood that he had been given full and complete consideration for signing the contract even beyond the payment of the thousand dollars.

Even to Bud's untechnical mind it was obvious that herein lay the joker. He did not doubt that Wash's check was worthless, and he believed that the contract had been so skillfully designed that even its worthlessness would not nullify the partnership agreement because of the acknowledgment of a further adequate consideration. Still, Bud wasn't sure. He had heard Lawyer Evans Chew, Birmingham's foremost colored attorney, state most positively that consideration was the very essence of any contract. For Annie's sake—even for the sake of the ungrateful Escrow—Bud hoped that Wash Johnson had overshot his mark.

As the car neared the city proper, Wash asked his friend to drive him over the mountain to his home in Rosedale. Bud—making certain that they were engrossed in their own conversation—placed the contracts carefully back in the coat pockets. Then he settled back into a condition of devout prayer for his personal salvation.

Wash was deposited before his Rosedale home. He flung a hearty good-by at his partner and Escrow turned his car on the narrow ribbon of pavement and recommenced the long climb of Red Mountain, from the crest of which started the descent into the city.

For the first time since the inauguration of this miserable journey, Bud Peaglar dared hope that he would emerge from the situation in a condition not too far removed from total annihilation. All he asked was that he be permitted to leave the car unobserved. It was a modest enough desire. Just to get away so that never, never again, not so long as he lived, would he have anything to do with a woman, a husband or an automobile.

He heard Escrow slip into neutral and knew that the car was coasting down the mountainside. Then it bumped over the brick paving of upper Twentieth Street

(Continued on Page 189)

Motor Protection Must be AUTOMATIC

If you would effectively combat cold—destroyer of motor life and efficiency

Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8," and Peerless De Luxe "6."

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

It is Automatic because—

There is no other way to assure you of timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold. When cold strikes, Winterfront is *always* ready. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect

THIS vital warning to motor car owners everywhere comes from the results of actual tests—the findings of leading motor car engineers—the recommendation of prominent motor car dealers and the proof signified by over a million users.

Cold—the destroyer that authorities blame for 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear—is too serious to guess about. While you're "guessing" it's cold—your motor can be ruined.

Science has developed—in *automatic* motor protection—a positive and effective means of putting an end to the great annual repair bill now caused by cold. *Automatic* so you *can't* guess—you can't forget.

Your car needs this vital protection at 60° Fahrenheit. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which cold alone is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature—keeps cold out—ends heat-waste—automatically

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather. An efficient radiator throws away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare—yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Opens itself when your motor needs cool air

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Closes itself when your motor needs heat

The motor car dealer who recommends and sells you a Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is considering your interests *first*. Take his advice. Your dealer will supply you.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy, snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Remember it's *automatic*. Insist on getting the original for this reason. Cold is too serious a menace to take chances with. Winterfront results are possible only because it is *automatic*. Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

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PINES WINTERFRONT

—It's Automatic

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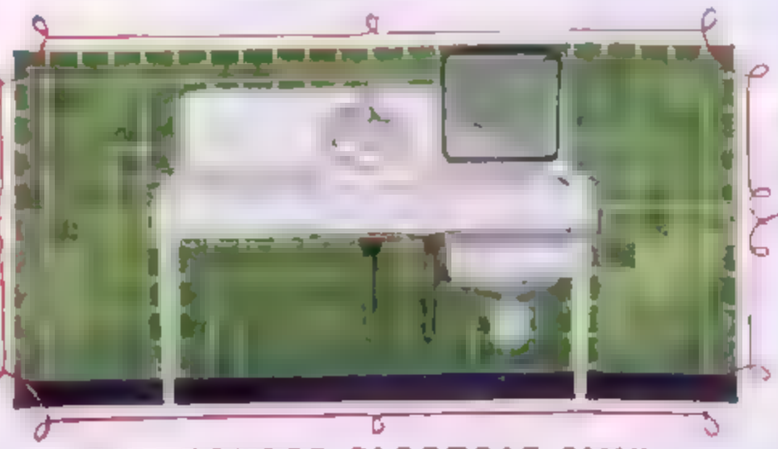

THE KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK

Made in several styles, there is a Kohler Electric Sink for your kitchen. Your own plumber will install it—on convenient payments. Write for descriptive booklet

(Continued from Page 186)

and he felt it slue around the little park at Five Points. He was frankly strangling for fresh air, but not daring to risk another revivifying breath. It couldn't be so long now—if only Escrow didn't decide to go home and unload the camping paraphernalia from his ancient sedan.

The car reached the center of the city, and suddenly it swerved violently, kissed the fender of another car with exquisite gentleness and came to a halt. Bud almost shouted with glee as he felt Escrow reach for his coat, alight, and then slam the door of the car. He waited the eternity of one minute, then moved his perspiring head through its informal draperies.

The car was gloriously empty. Narrow shoulders followed the head and Bud peered outside. He was parked on Twentieth Street almost directly in front of the First National Bank Building. The corner—perhaps the busiest in all Birmingham—was congested with traffic. On the sidewalk in front of the bank there was a steady stream of men and women and children. Street cars clanged by; trucks rumbled; electric traffic lights blinked and winked and bells rang noisily.

Bud peered cautiously through the crowd. No sense taking a chance now. Better be safe. His search failed to reveal any symptom of Mr. Escrow Epps. Bud's heart was bursting with thanksgiving. He opened the door with all the delicacy of a burglar at the dark of the moon. He oozed to the pavement, then skidded crazily to the far side of the street. There he leaned limply against a lamp-post and mopped a very damp brow.

"Good golly Miss Agnes!" he breathed. "I never thought I'd live to git back heah alive!"

He found that he was woefully weak, yet his legs obeyed brain orders to carry him away from Escrow's vicinity. He turned and was swallowed up in the traffic. Bud headed home—headed straight for Eighteenth Street, where he could suffer his nervous reaction in peace and quiet.

Meanwhile, quite something was happening in the huge marble banking rooms of the First National. The monster figure of Escrow Epps jammed in through the revolving doors. With great timidity Mr. Epps picked his way through the throng of patrons and stood patiently beside the cage of a paying teller whom he knew. The paying teller—a handsome young chap with keen, twinkling eyes and curly brown hair—grinned cheerfully at Escrow and waved a greeting.

Eventually the last customer left that particular window and the good-looking young paying teller called to the colored man: "What can I do for you this morning, Escrow?"

"Lots, cap'n, thanky suh." He fumbled in his coat pocket and produced the consideration which Wash Johnson had given. "I craves to cash this check, boss man."

He handed the slip of paper in through the window. The paying teller looked at it, frowned, turned it over, then frowned more darkly. "Escrow," he announced gravely, "you can't cash this."

"Cain't cash it!" Great terror struck at Mr. Epps' heart. "Ain't it no good?"

"I don't know—and I won't for a year. You see, Escrow, that isn't a check at all. It's a note."

The large colored man trembled violently. "A—a note? B-b-b-but, cap'n, it looks like a check."

"Surely. But that doesn't make it one."

Escrow leaned against the marble counter. His knees were suddenly very weak. He stared at the paying teller with melancholy eyes. "Cap'n," he said, "I just signed a contrack with the feller what wrote that note. The contrack said that I tooken one thousan' dollars offen him an' 'nowledged value received. Now I asks you, boss man, is that contrack gwine stan'?"

The young banker reflected gravely. "I should think so, Escrow. Of course, a lawyer would have to pass on it, but I rather fancy under those circumstances you are caught. Of course, the man will claim that he told you it was a note. If it had been a worthless check, I don't think anything he might have written into the contract could have validated it. But for a year at least I believe the law would construe that note to be adequate consideration."

"An'—an' Ise hooked up with that feller an' ain't got nothin' but a piece of paper which says that maybe he's gwine pay me a thousan' dollars a year fum now if he's got it?"

"That's it, Escrow. I'm sorry."

"White folks, you don't know what sorry is."

Mr. Epps lurched from the bank. He was suffering from a violent attack of disgust. With face rigid and eyes staring straight ahead, he drove to his home, and there, humbly and prostratingly, told his wife the whole ghastly story.

Annie Epps did not scold. She did not add to his misery with a flock of I-told-you-so's. She rose rather grandly to the occasion and merely expressed a devout hope that the experience would knock a little sense into his head. He was masticating a large hunk of humble pie at the moment.

"Nothin' ain't never gwine make me sensitive, Annie. Ise jus' dumb. I ain't got even one brain. If I had of on'y listened to my sweet wife ——"

"—— an' reelized that you was makin' a spectacular of yo'se'f by thinkin' that there was anythin' but business between I an' Bud Peaglar ——"

Escrow didn't do things halfway. "Bud is a gran' man," he sighed; "the smartest an' mos' noble cullud feller in Bumminham. I sho wish I had tooken yo' advice about partnerin' with him."

"Well, you didn't. An' the thing to do now is figger what you is gwine do with Wash Johnson."

"Him?" Escrow's face distorted with rage. "Ise gwine take two thousan' dollars out of his hide. Ise gwine ——"

"There you go, talkin' nonsensical again. What good is it gwine do you to go to jail? I ask you?"

"Well, then ——"

"There ain't but one pusson can he'p you, Escrow—an' maybe even he cain't."

"Who 'tis?"

"Bud Peaglar."

"Oh, lawsy, if he on'y would!"

"You mean that?"

"Uh-huh. I craves to 'pologize fo' what I thought about him. Whyn't you ask him to come up heah?"

Within two minutes Annie had Bud on the telephone. The voice of the diminutive barbecue concocter still trembled. Mrs. Epps stated her request: "I want you to come right up to my house, Bud."

"Gal, you jus' turn aroun' an' git yo'-se'f another want. What you requesses is foolishment."

"But, Bud ——"

"Don' try to but me. Ise th'oo with all wives, an' I ain't never gwine near no house no mo' "

"But Escrow wants to talk to you."

"I reckon he does. But if he ever gits his cravin', he's gwine be able to run faster than me "

"Aw, Bud ——"

Escrow caught the drift of the conversation. He moved to the phone and took the receiver from his wife's hand. Then he boomed an abject apology into the transmitter. Bud was suspicious. But at length he permitted himself to be influenced, and less than twenty minutes later nervously presented himself in the Epps living room.

There Escrow detailed the whole miserable story. Bud listened pop-eyed. No question that Escrow had undergone a drastic but belated change of heart. Mr. Peaglar felt that he was riding high, wide and handsome. He assumed a knowing air and attempted to take the dominant position which Escrow and Annie expected. "Lemme see that contract," ordered Bud.

It was handed to him. He reread the document with scrupulous care, and suddenly he chuckled. "You craves me to git you out of this, Escrow?"

"Tha's the most thing I craves."

"An' if I does, us goes partners, with me furnishin' the labor an' you puttin' up the money?"

"I promise."

"Then," exulted Bud, "listen at me."

Graphically, he told of his tryst with Annie and of the back-breaking, nerve-racking ride in the tonneau of Escrow's car. He told of hearing the negotiations and of later reading the two contracts while the parties thereto were immersed in conversation.

"An' so," he finished triumphantly, "I has saved you fum ev'ything."

They were piteously eager. "Wh-what shall us do, Bud?"

"Well, it's easy enough when you is dealin' with a brainy man like I. Fust off, I adwises that you tear up the contrack you got in yo' hand. An' immejitly after that you can tell Mistuh Wash Johnson where to go to."

"But, Bud ——"

"Listen at me, stoopid! Didn't you know I was always yo' frien'? An' didn't you know I was gwine proteck you?"

"Sholy. But ——"

"Git this, Escrow: When you an' Wash drawed them contracks, you signed his copy an' he signed yourn. You bofe put 'em in yo' coats an' later you put them coats over the back of the seat. That was when I read 'em. Right away then I says to myself, I says, 'Heah's my chance to do my frien' Escrow Epps a tremenjous favor.' So what did I do? I ask you, Escrow, what did I do?"

"I dunno, Bud. What?"

Mr. Peaglar struck an attitude. "I put them contracks back in the wrong coat pockets!"

For perhaps a quarter minute the portent of his announcement did not completely percolate. Then it struck Annie all of a heap and she snatched the paper from Bud's hand.

"Bud's right!" she screamed. "What you has got heah, Escrow, is the contrack you signed. An' Wash ——"

"Wash Johnson," interrupted Bud placidly, "ain't got a durn thing but a contrack with hisse'f. An' believe me, tha's somethin' which even he cain't enforce!"

In a second the room was filled with hysterical congratulations. Annie and Escrow united in declaring that Bud was the greatest genius in all the world. Bud accepted the adulation modestly. He personally supervised the destruction of Escrow's autograph on the hated contract, and within three minutes the two men had clasped hands as partners.

Bud Peaglar was treading on air when he left the Epps homestead. Flattering farewells were still ringing in his ears. For the first time in a rather uneventful life, Bud was being showered with the fulsome compliments he had always believed he deserved but which a cold and unappreciative world had been lax in bestowing. Happy as were Escrow and Annie Epps—delighted as they were with their own good fortune and Wash Johnson's complete discomfiture—Bud was tasting even greater beatitude. He was gloriously happy.

But once, just before he reached his barbecue parlor, he paused and stroked his chin. For perhaps five seconds he stood there, then shook his head.

"Nos-suh," he informed himself, "it woul'n't do a bit of good to tell 'em." A slow smile spread over his face. Mr. Bud Peaglar chuckled. "But woul'n't they most die if they knew that I put them contracks back in the wrong pockets by accident?"

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LITTLE EVA IS SEVENTY-FIVE

Continued from Page 11

condensed into one hour's acting time, and for some reason—it could not have been delicacy about copyright in that day—all of Mrs Stowe's characters except Tom and his wife, Chloe, got their names changed. George Harris was the hero, but under the alias of Edward Wilmot—a pretty handle for an escaped slave. The play shared the bill with Herr Cline, a tight-rope performer, and T. D. Rice's burlesque, Otello, wherein first was offered that rollicking retort to Othello's demand for Desdemona's handkerchief: "Blow yah nose on yah sleeve, nigger, and git on wid de show." Rice was the author of Jim Crow and the father of blackface minstrelsy. Messrs. Jolson, Cantor, Tinney, Flippen and all the burnt corks that have preceded them owe him a monument.

The first performance of the play as we know it, however—the George L. Aiken version—occurred nearly a month later, at the Troy Museum, N. Y. It followed Mrs. Stowe's story as faithfully as possible, and was full evening's length—the first American play to be so. Previously all native dramas had been preceded by a curtain raiser and followed by a farce. The stage in America was just 100 years old that month. Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield, Illinois, Millard Fillmore was President, Perry and his fleet had not yet opened the gates of the Hermit Kingdom—Japan—to the world. Gold had been discovered in California only four years before; Dickens had just written David Copperfield and Thackeray had completed Vanity Fair.

The Original Little Eva, Cordelia Howard, Who Still Lives

A Family Affair

Faithfully as possible was something less than faithful. In construction the book really was three novels: The first was the story of George Harris and Eliza, the second that of Tom and Eva, and the last story dealt with the woes of Emmeline and Cassy. While George and Eliza fled to Canada by the Underground Railroad, Tom was sold down the river to New Orleans and the plot grew more and more breathless geographically. Faithfully transcribed, Uncle Tom, like Shaw's Back to Methuselah or Wagner's Ring, would have been three nights in the playing: if Eliza had crossed the ice about 9:45 P.M., Monday, Eva would not have been due in a gauze heaven until around eleven P.M., Wednesday. Aiken managed to get the high lights of the story into one evening, even added two characters, Gumption Cute and Deacon Perry, for further comedy relief. The result was not a model for classes in dramatic construction, but it can stand on its record. George C. Howard, manager of the Museum company, gave him a gold watch, and that, so far as we know, was all he ever got.

Howard's company was largely a family group. He was the original St. Clair, his wife created the rôle of Topsy, and their four-year-old daughter, Cordelia, was the first of an army corps of Little Evas. Cordelia played Eva for eight years. When she outgrew the part, in 1860, she left the stage never to return, and she is living in Massachusetts today, a woman of seventy-nine.

Mrs. Howard's brother, George L. Fox, was the original Phineas Fletcher, "that cross between a bobtailed clam baker and a Kentucky backwoodsman." Fox later was to become the greatest pantomimist our stage ever has known; his Humpty Dumpty still is talked of excitedly by the ancients. In his last years he lost his money, his health, then his mind. Before the final catastrophe he used to be wheeled on stage, a paralytic. Sitting palsied in a rolling chair he would make funny faces that convulsed his audiences, and so the curtain fell for him.

Another brother, C. K. Fox, was the original Gumption Cute, a part that has been dropped long since Mrs. Fox, Sr., mother, mother-in-law and grandmother of the preceding, created Miss Ophelia. Aiken, the author, was a nephew of Mrs. Fox. He played George Harris, making seven of the family in the original cast. Greene C. Germon was the first Tom, N. B. Clark the first Legree.

The play ran for three months in Troy and Albany to sensational business and the following summer Purdy brought the company to his National Theater in the Bowery where Taylor's version had failed in 1852. Opening July 18, 1853, they gave 325 consecutive performances of Uncle Tom, closing May 13, 1854, setting a world's record run that was not broken until modern times, although Purdy put his prices up three times. It was played in six acts of thirty sets and eight tableaus—a scene-shifter's horror. Already Howard had written two of his four songs which became essential parts of the play: To Eva in Heaven and Uncle Tom's Religion. He added Topsy's Golly, Ise so Wicked and Eva to Her Papa during the run, and these two still are sung in orthodox Tom shows.

Versions

The same season the Aiken script was played in Philadelphia by another company that included Joseph Jefferson as Gumption Cute. Mrs. Ann Marble had staged a version of her own in Chicago the previous fall, the first of a procession of rival dramatizations that still straggles on. Only last year Ted and the late Virginia Maxwell of San Francisco, who wrote plays for tent-repertoire companies, carved an entirely new Uncle Tom out of the novel and sold it, together with a new East Lynne, to their clientele as a novelty. Great Britain saw its

Continued on Page 193

A Wartime Photograph of Mrs. Stowe, With Her Equally Famous Brother, Henry Ward Beecher

Krementz

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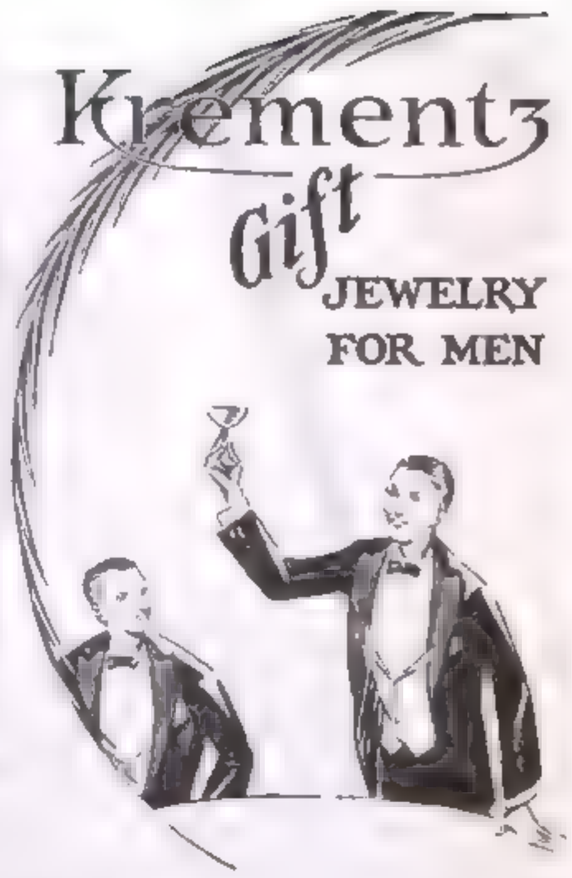

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Krementz Evening Jewelry stands close scrutiny. Its appearance suggests good taste. High quality is apparent. Above all, Krementz Evening Jewelry conforms with the requirements of correct dress; studs, links, and waistcoat buttons all match

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They come in with a richness, a purity, a life-like reality of *tone*, that is new and unlike anything else in radio—that has awakened millions to a higher appreciation of its fascination and value.

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Read below Federal's 14 points. Then ask your retailer for a demonstration in your own home! If with everything else you want the finest in tone quality, you never need look further than Federal.

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FEDERAL ORTHO-SONIC* RADIO

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(Continued from Page 191)

first dramatization at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, February 1, 1853—a version that ignored Eva. Topsy was played by a man and St. Clair got himself transformed into Mr. Yahoo, an American Exquisite—a steal from Dickens' American Notes—for the purposes of added Yankee low comedy. But it is the Aiken version, with some accretions and subtractions of time, that you will see played under canvas wherever Tommers roam.

Mrs. Stowe followed Tom with a second and forgotten novel, Dred, or the Dismal Swamp, and when the Howards had played Tom for four years almost continuously, they dramatized the new story, with little Cordelia cast as Tom Tit, the child slave. Like the book, the play was a failure, and the Howards returned to the old reliable, to play it for twenty-five years. Cordelia was followed by a succession of children, and the rest of the original cast dropped out one by one, excepting only Mrs. Howard, who was a Topsy without a rival until Kate Fisher appeared after the Civil War. The matchless Lotta played it briefly at eighteen, but Mrs. Crabtree, who seems to have been the original stage mother, frowned upon blackface for her daughter.

Tom had been on the boards without a pause for fifteen years before he even began to approach his zenith. In 1878 it was the hill at Booth's, as haughty a theater as New York owned, and not as a revival. Harry Hawk, the Lawyer Marks of this production, had been Laura Keene's first comedian and was a member of the cast of Our American Cousin at Ford's Theater, Washington, the night Lincoln was assassinated. Report has it that he was one of a few in a position to intercept Wilkes Booth as the latter leaped from the presidential box, but Hawk and Booth had quarreled over the war, and when Hawk looked up this night to see Booth jumping on the stage with a bowie knife in his left hand, the comedian naturally fled to his dressing room and locked himself in.

An International Affair

Writing from London in this same year—1878—Augustin Daly had reported: "At the Standard they are playing an English adaptation of the French version of the American Uncle Tom in which Eva is restored to life and Tom does not die. The inventive French also have created a mate for Topsy in the character of a fancy darky named Julius—and the two dance breakdowns together and sing comic duets and talk comic trash in a mixture of Cockney, Scotch and Irish, which the innocent—or rather, guilty—actors imagine is a good imitation of the genuine canebrake lingo. Five of the London theaters are playing Uncle Tom now, but no one place is hurting the other. When I remarked to the manager of the Princess Theater that the opposition must affect him, he said there was no such thing as opposition in London; that each place had its own special attendance."

Interpolations unknown to Mrs. Stowe crept into the play from the start, and they had a way of being cumulative. For example, Mrs. Stowe was innocent of Legree's order, at the conclusion of the whipping scene, to Sambo and Quimbo to take Tom out "and throw him to the hogs." This, in turn, suggested another liberty with the script. In the book Legree died very satisfactorily of delirium tremens. Aiken built up the action by having him die at the hand of Cassy, settling a private score of her own and incidentally avenging Tom. At some early but unfixed date an equally unknown artist devised yet another end for Legree, so superior in hokum that it was adopted generally.

In the book St. Clair was the accidental victim of a barroom brawl between two strangers, and Marks was a minor character who appeared only in that part of the story concerned with George Harris and Eliza. The new twist made Legree the assassin of St. Clair. No motive was advanced, but it permitted Marks to appear at the Red River plantation with a warrant for Legree charging him with murder, and when the villain resisted, the comic lawyer shot him down. And now Marks whirled his umbrella and ordered Sambo and Quimbo to take Legree out "and throw him to the hogs"—a Nemesisian boomerang that stirred the gallery to a frenzy of whistling and foot stamping.

Somewhere in the 80's that saturation point about which the motor-car industry has been worrying for so long without encountering, began to operate on Tom in the cities, and sales resistance grew. It was then that Tom shows began to detach themselves from the parent body, the drama, and set up in an independent existence. From being merely the surest-fire play on the boards, frequently resorted to by dramatic companies, it now conventionalized into a hippodrome and took to the byways.

Away from the cities a formidable embargo existed against the theater among the orthodox. Mrs. Stowe, for example, is said never to have been inside a theater until she saw a performance of Tom in Boston in the 50's, and tradition has it that she went heavily veiled. Tom invariably was advertised as "the great moral drama" and shared with Ten Nights in a Barroom, minstrel shows and the circus, immunity from the ban against the stage in general. That in part has accounted for its longevity.

The Tommer's Parade

No one seems to know just when the first U. T. C. company, organized to play Tom and nothing else season after season, was organized. H. B. Morgan, still living in Chicago, and E. A. Mason transformed their ten-repertoire troupe into a Tom show in 1878 and played it twelve successive years, but there must have been earlier Tommers.

The opera-house one-night-stand field was such a rich one in those years for Tom that competition grew deadly and the play was gaudied up more and more. By 1885 or 1890, when the already middle-aged drama was going strongest on the kerosene circuits, a genuine Tom show was a small circus. It paraded at 11:45 just as did the circuses and minstrels, and a real parade included not less than two uniformed bands—one white, one colored; at least six bloodhounds; a pony and cart for Eva; a donkey—preferably a trick animal—on which Marks rode with his feet dragging on Main Street; a band of negroes in field costumes, and sometimes a low-necked hack for the comfort and better display of Eliza, the St. Clairs and the company manager. A cage of monkeys was not unknown, and Mort Steece, a Chicago manufacturer of rubber novelties, took a Tom show overland as late as 1914 and 1915 that carried six gold-leafed floats, a calliope and a band wagon hauled by six prancing ponies. Parades ended forever when the Tom shows were motorized. Gild a flivver as you may, no one will wait on a street corner to watch it pass, nor would a fleet of Hollywood limousines suffice. Who runs after a motorized fire wagon?

On stage the already numerous tableaus were increased by one showing Lincoln freeing the slaves and another depicting a steamboat race, sometimes between the Baltic and the Eclipse, sometimes between the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez—an anachronism—but who cared? There was much singing of Stephen Foster's melodies by a mixed chorus of ten to thirty Jubilee Singers, who doubled as atmosphere at various points in the drama. The ice in the Ohio River over which Eliza escaped always was canvas, but a first-class production called for mechanical agitation of the ice for realism, and a tank of genuine water for Marks to fall in while waving his umbrella and shouting in his excitement, "Five hundred boats for a dollar!"

The closing tableau, or Apotheosis of Gentle Eva, as it was called on the playbills, in which Eva, suspended from an invisible wire, hovered in a scene painter's heaven above the dying Uncle Tom, used to

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end the play with a two-fisted wallop. The bigger companies did themselves very well here; theirs was no modernist heaven such as Lillom's, but a work of realism entitled to rank with the sawmill scene in Blue Jeans, the balloon ascension in The Great Ruby, the fire house in The Still Alarm, the Gatling-gun battle in Across the Pacific, and like billboard murals. Properly done, Eva and a celestial choir floated amidst a succession of semitransparent drops, lifted one after another, with appropriate calcium lighting effects.

Uncle Tom is seen almost exclusively under canvas these days, and heaven has come down to four drops of netting behind which is burned a red flare. Eva, standing on an invisible kitchen chair, is disclosed with golden curls, clasped hands and eyes uplifted. The choir is heard offstage, if at all.

De Wolf Hopper tells a story of Eva's apotheosis. He was playing in Pittsburgh about 1897, and a rehearsal ending early, he and his stage manager, Herbert Cripps, started for their hotel afoot. En route they passed the Grand Opera House, where a stock company was playing Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was their intention to pay their fifty cents as cash customers, go in and enjoy themselves unreservedly, but the man at the box office recognized them and insisted that they were guests. He showed them far down front where they were immediately under the company's eyes and forced to behave. George Edeson, father of Robert Edeson, was stage manager of the company. Harry W. A. Whitecar, who played Legree, was wearing a horsetail mustache fastened over his own brush mustache with a metal clip. In his scene with Cassy the horsetail grew restless and kept Legree busy herding it back in place. Eventually it got away from his clutching fingers and fell to the floor; Legree merely turned his back for the rest of the scene.

Walter Edwards, the leading man, was cast as Tom. Three rows of profile clouds were used in the apotheosis scene. Eva and her celestial choir were hidden behind a canvas drop in which a pattern of holes had been cut and the holes covered with gauze. When the backstage lights came on, a winged Eva and her attendant angels were disclosed, swaying gently on unseen piano wires. Uncle Tom knelt with uplifted arms in front of the first row of profile clouds.

Hare and Hounds

Suddenly Hopper noted what seemed to be a shower of gold descending upon Uncle Tom, a scenic effect new to him. He turned to Cripps to express his professional admiration, when the shower of gold was transformed into a rain of pebbles which rattled like hail on Uncle Tom's shellacked wig. One of the sandbag counterweights in the flies had sprung a leak. Walter Edwards, like a good trouper, rose to his feet with an agility unlooked for in a dying man, stepped carefully over the first tier of clouds, hands still uplifted to Eva's heaven, then knelt again and went on with the show.

When the play was over, George Edeson stuck his head around the curtain and, addressing Hopper and Cripps, asked gravely: "What did you think of our spectacular performance?"

Hopper has another Tom story; he always has at least two of each. Twenty-five years ago William A. Brady staged a spectacular all-star revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin. After ten weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theater, he took the show to Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Wilton Lackaye was Tom; Theodore Roberts, Legree; Burr McIntosh, Phineas Fletcher; Maud Raymond, Topsy; Mabel Amber, Eliza, and Georgia Olp, Eva.

One act of the Brady show, broadly burlesqued, was given as part of the Actor's Fund benefit at the Academy of Music, during the run of the revival. Dan Daly, as Legree, wore Theodore Roberts' suit, which rolled up on him like an accordion. Daly played the part with a lah-de-dah English drawl and a British blond mustache. The benefit borrowed one of Brady's bloodhounds for the occasion. The dog evidently was Roberts' personal bloodhound, for when he was led on by two darkies and saw the familiar suit but smelled a strange smell, he leaped for Daly's throat and pulled his two hostlers offstage, Daly going rapidly on before.

Hopper, as probably the most elongated Uncle Tom of record, was in blackface and wore exaggerated full dress, his swallowtails dragging on the stage. The rest of the cast were "straight." New York still was making an effort to enforce literally its state law against Sunday theatricals, and all the performers were arrested and brought into Yorkville Court the next day. The German magistrate presiding was not in sympathy with the police interpretation of the law and announced that he would "temper injustice with mercy."

The prosecution hinged upon the question of whether the actors had been in make-up and costume. "Did he have on any paint?" the magistrate asked one of the policemen, indicating Hopper, whose face had been as black as his dress suit.

"Not that I could notice," replied the intelligent copper. "Perhaps the light is a bit different; he seemed a shade darker last night."

A Public Concession

The double Tom show was the ultimate absurdity to which competition led. Two Toms, two Evas, two Marks, two Topsys were advertised and carried by half a dozen troupes in the 80's and later. It was as pointless and as absurd as it sounds, but it made a talking point and fertilized a soil grown thin from one-crop farming.

There were variations in the costuming and interpretation of the major rôles, but no true Tommer ever played Marks without his umbrella and his white leggings. Another property associated with Marks was a great accordionlike wallet, good for a big laugh in the auction scene. The ridiculous lawyer's rôle was played so much by rote that Markses have been known to blow up in their lines and have to leave the stage on missing the wallet at the big moment. Although Tom was a young man at the opening of the story, he invariably was played with a gray or a white wig in the first scene as well as in the last—an added pull for sympathy. It was fixed and immutable also that all the blacks should talk in dialect except George Harris, Eliza, Cassy and Emmeline. These four were played without burnt cork and spoken with a nice diction, George Harris spouting the most high-falutin speeches ever heard on any stage, with a command of English scarcely less than that of Daniel and Noah Webster combined.

Contrary to report, Lon Chaney was not the original bloodhound. No dogs pursued Eliza over the ice floe, in the book, and I find no hint of bloodhounds in the playbills and the advertising woodcuts until 1879, when a Broadway company in which Jennie Yeamans played Topsy introduced both dogs and horses on stage. Boys in the North and West grew to manhood in the belief that the bloodhound is a large and fierce-looking animal rather than the woebegone, bleary-eyed, flop-eared hound of reality, because the bloodhounds of Uncle Tom's Cabin always were Great Danes or mastiffs. This was a concession to popular error. The bloodhound, or trail dog, as the Southern negro calls him, is merely a hound with a specialized nose for human scents. Few in the North and West ever had seen one, but his name, his work and his voice all had the sound of a ghastly doom. The dog itself was a visual anticlimax, and if early Tom shows employed them they soon learned their error and gave the public what it wanted.

A. B. Stover, of Boston, a Tom-show magnate of the 80's, had three Great Danes that nightly gave every appearance

(Continued on Page 197)

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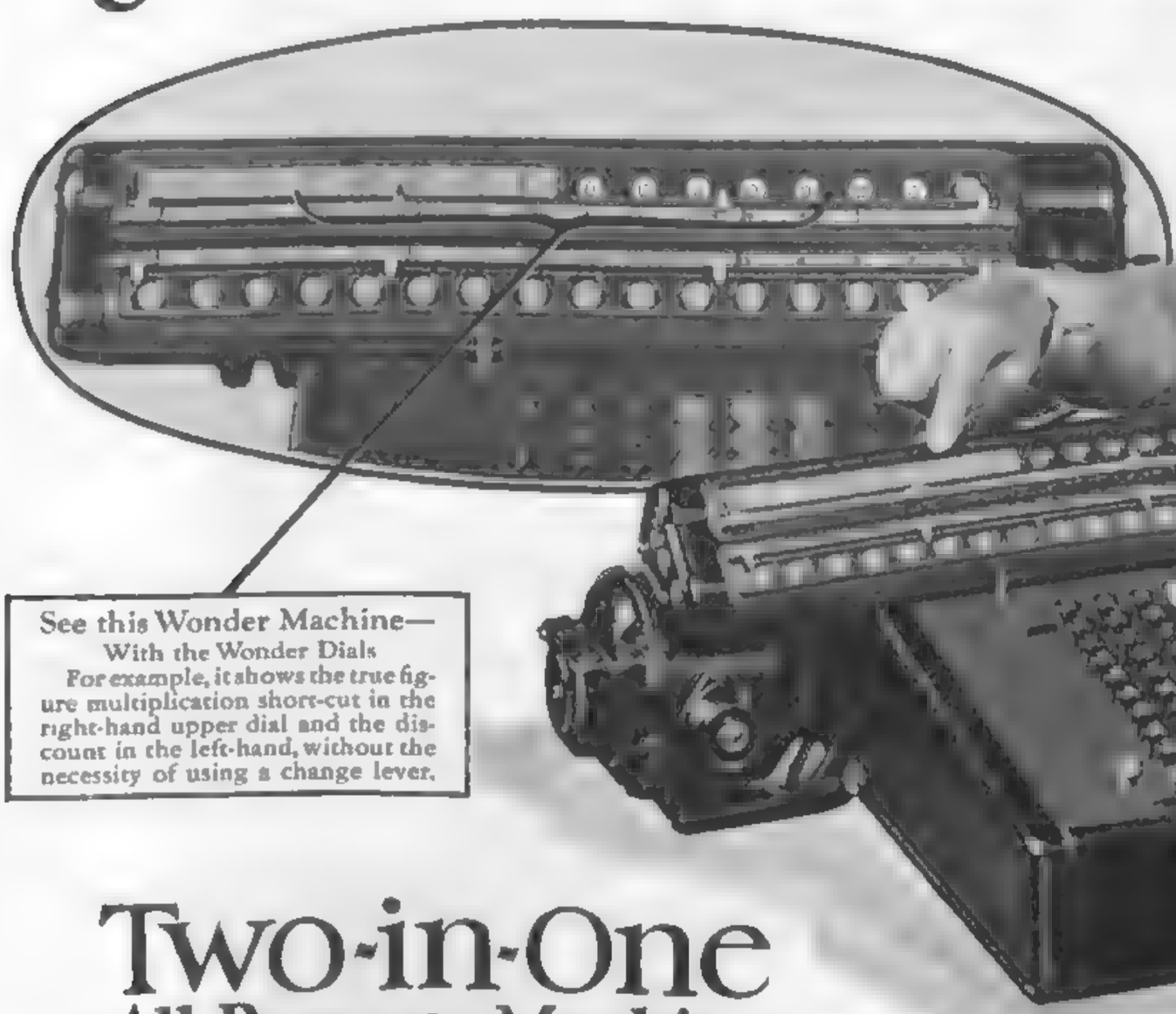

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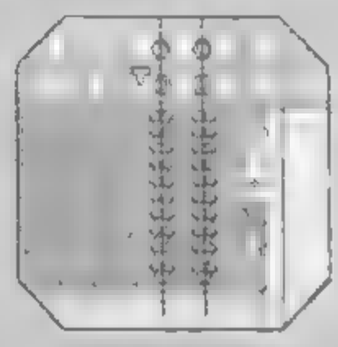

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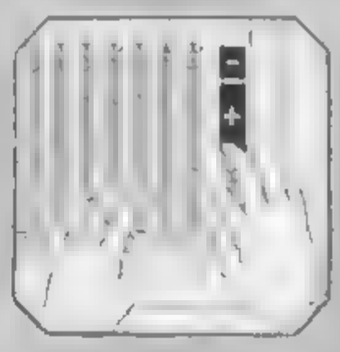

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The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan, U. S. A.
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of being about to make mincemeat of Eliza. This bit of realism was not attained by accident. Stover fed his dogs in one fashion only. Once a day he bought them a quantity of ground meat, which he divided in equal portions and tied in three red bandanna handkerchiefs. Stover hung each bandanna in turn about his neck and made the dogs, one at a time, jump for it repeatedly before it was given to them. The dullest dog soon associated red bandannas with meat, and as Eliza was careful to wear such a kerchief about her neck in crossing the ice, the Great Danes leaped at her throat fearsomely.

The Tom shows' hottest competitors were the dramatic repertoire troupes which sought much the same rural clientele with East Lynne, The Bells, Tempest and Sunshine, The Lights o' London, and the like, and direct competitors for the same slender subsistence rarely are overcome with fraternity. A mark of a true Tommer to this day is a contempt for rep and stock actors. He will tell you that hundreds of such have tried and none ever has succeeded in a Tom part; that such and such—with a curling of the lip—are not Tom people but rep actors. Tommers have been known to carry this feeling to the point of boasting that they were not actors at all. Col. F. J. Owens, chaplain of the Showmen's League of America, once met Martin of Davis & Martin's U. T. C. company in Chicago.

"Drop in and see the show," Martin invited the colonel. "I've got a great company. If you can find an actor among 'em I'll kill him."

A. B. Stover's Tom troupe—the same Stover of the dog story—and Jap Rockwell's repertoire company met by chance at the noon hour once at a junction in Maine where each was changing trains. Both had been playing to miserable business and were only one jump removed from stranding, but when Rockwell saw that he was in for the company of despised Tommers for at least an hour, he made the grand gesture and herded his troupe, which had been reconciled to forgoing lunch, into the railroad lunch room and sat them down at stools.

Stover, still possessed of his high hat and gold-headed cane, but little else, answered this gasconade by marching his seven Tommers across the street to the hotel, where he sat them at tables for the regular meal. His last cent went for cigars for the men. They then returned to the depot and paraded the platform, ostentatiously cigared and toothpicked.

Not content, Stover remarked to a rep-show actor, "What do you think of Tom actors now? If you'd been with us you'd eaten like gentlemen."

They Left Their Marks Behind

The sneers of Tommers for stock-company productions of their property are grounded in part upon the fact that there are six fat leading rôles in Tom, and no star. Stock companies usually are designed to exploit the leading woman or leading man, or both, with the supporting actors held sternly in the background. When this is done with Tom the play is thrown out of balance.

The doubling of parts is, of course, as old as the stage itself, but no other play ever lent itself so to this economy. Each act sees nearly a new cast of characters. Only Tom survives from the first curtain to the last; most of the other parts can be doubled or trebled without injury to the action—not that such injury has concerned Tommers unduly. They have trimmed and hacked the play to any exigency of cast or stage, and it having the anatomical construction of a centipede, it can lose half a hundred legs without apparent embarrassament.

The doubling record for all time, I am convinced, goes to a troupe which John Huftle, of Baltimore, was piloting through the West Virginia coal country in 1919. At Philippi defections reduced the company to Mr. Huftle, his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law and his grandson. That family group gave the show. Huftle played Phineas, St. Clair and Legree. Mrs. Huftle trebled as Eliza, Ophelia and Emmeline. Their daughter, Mrs. Henry Sordelet, was a versatile George Harris, Topsy and Marks. Her husband accounted for Tom and Haley, and Tommy Steiger, four-year-old son of another daughter, was Evangeline—for such was Eva's true name, Mrs. Stowe informs us

Mr. Huftle was the last to leave the theater after the show. "All out," he reported to the house manager, who waited to lock up. "Nope, Marks is still in there," argued the theater manager. Even his practiced eye had failed to identify Mrs. Sordelet's triple play.

At New Windsor, Pennsylvania, on New Year's Day, 1926, seasonal cheer again depleted the troupe's ranks. Mr. and Mrs. Sordelet were not with the show. Tommy Steiger, by then ten years old, played Marks and Topsy. Mr. and Mrs. Huftle did their tripling, another member of the cast doubled Tom and Haley, George Harris was honored in the breach rather than in the observance, and a child played Eva.

In the Elizabethan Manner

In this troupe, therefore, "I'm a lawyer and my name is Marks" has been played by a woman and by her ten-year-old nephew. What has happened to Marks in other companies may be imagined. I found Mr. Huftle's company at Greencastle, Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1926 with a brand-new outfit, and headed again for the soft-coal camps, where roads are bad, there are no cities and the free-spending miner never asks the name of a show but only the opportunity of attending. I did not see the performance that Saturday night, for soon after dark rain in torrents set in, though the afternoon had been cloudless and the next day was clear again. The troupe moved on Sunday by gasoline, to be pursued by daily rain and to founder, waterlogged, before midsummer.

Mr. Huftle's Eva then was his four-year-old granddaughter, Fern Sordelet. In the afternoon Fern, exercising her prerogative of office, had been temperamental and had declined to take a nap. That night, as an unrehearsed four-piece band blared outside, the rain guzzling down the tuba as through a down spout, and the players sat on their trunks backstage in the sodden tent, Fern, in her Eva frills and ruffles, was only a tired little girl. She tugged at her mother's skirts and whimpered, "Mamma, I'm sleepy. Mamma, I don't wanta play Eva; I wanta go to bed." The rain was on her side.

Tired Little Evas have been known to fall asleep on stage, but tired little girls have not always played the part. As Topsy and Marks have been done by children, so Eva has been lisped by forty-year-old peroxided ingénues, not in emergencies but by premeditation. I never have seen such a performance, but I live in hopes. At other times the figure on the deathbed has been that of an authentic child, hurriedly recruited, but the voice—ah, the voice has been that of an ingénue concealed under the bed, for Eva is a long part and cannot be learned by a child between dinner and show time.

Fern's eleven-year-old cousin, Tommy Steiger, had graduated by now from Eva to Topsy. The pickaninny who never was born is just about the fattest part in the play and customarily is given only to an experienced adult actress, yet there are many precedents for child Topsys. Almost always they have been boys, however, for little girls like to act sweet and pretty and do not warm to the rough-house humor, the gunny sacking and the blackened skin of Topsy. Fred Stone and his brother Ed played a double Topsy rôle with Dick Sutton's U. T. C. show about 1888, when they were boys.

Mr. Huftle's Uncle Tom had joined up earlier in the week in response to an ad in Billboard. The ad had specified previous

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Tom-show experience, but the respondent had ignored this clause as an unreasonable prejudice. He was not long with the company and I heard of him next through Billboard as playing Santa Claus at the following Christmas season in a Philadelphia department store.

In the metropolitan days of the play Uncle Tom always was a blackface part. David Belasco, for example, played Tom in San Francisco in 1873. When the play took to the mail-order-catalogue circuit it began to recruit negroes for the rôle. There have been many Toms who needed neither wig nor burnt cork—Gus Collins, Tom Davis, Ed and Walter Espey, William Hamer, William Curry, Tom Finley, Fred Bennett, George Dorsey and John Beecher among them. Their names are not to be found in the Who's Who on the Stage, nor are they known to the doormen at the Lambs Club, but as Mr. Webster said of Dartmouth, some while before the day of Swede Oberlander, there are those who love them. Beecher is one of the few who survive. He joined the Terry show at St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1903, as a roustabout. A few weeks later he was drafted for the rôle at the end of Act I, to replace a Tom much the worse for gin. The audience never realized the substitution. Since then Beecher has been the Terry show's Tom for twenty-five successive seasons.

Less often Topsy has been played by negro women. May Howard, now living in retirement at McAlisterville, Pennsylvania, was the Topsy of the Terry show for many seasons. Other veteran Topsys who needed no make-up were Daisy Tinney and Bertha Crosby.

A practiced Legree and Uncle Tom can make the whipping scene plausible. Clarence Jackson, a veteran who doubles as Phineas and Legree with the Terry show, coils his blacksnake viciously about the body of Beecher, who stands presumably lashed to a whipping post, a black undershirt passing for his flesh. The trick lies in Jackson's knack with the whip, actually it wraps itself harmlessly about Beecher.

Faint Praise

In one of the new plays of the 1927-28 season on Broadway—Burlesque—the central character, reappearing after a prolonged drunk, is greeted with a "Hello, Joe Morgan," to the mystification of all but an occasional old-timer in the audience, for the character's name is not Joe Morgan. Joe was the crapulous hero of the only American play even faintly comparable in stamina to Tom—Ten Nights in a Barroom. Timothy Shay Arthur wrote his temperance tract in 1854, only two years after the appearance of Mrs. Stowe's sociological document. It was dramatized shortly and has been played endlessly. I saw a performance at Pleasantville, New Jersey, last summer. Though prohibition had arrived in the interval—some sixty-five years later—Simon Slade still was behind the bar of the Sickle and Sheaf; Joe Morgan still alternately drank his liquor and cursed his morals; little Mary Morgan still pleaded:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two,

and Mehitabel Cartwright, "the gal who never had a beau," and Sample Switchell, the town clown, continued to provide comedy relief. Thomas Aiton, proprietor of Mason Brothers' U. T. C. company usually equips his troupe to play either Tom or Ten Nights, depending upon his advance agent's report of local susceptibilities.

George Broadhurst holds that the most devastating dramatic criticism ever written was inspired by Uncle Tom. It appeared in a Minnesota paper in the early 90's and read simply:

> Thompson's Uncle Tom's Cabin company appeared at the Opera House last night. The dogs were poorly supported.

It was about 1900 that a philanthropic resident of Concordia, Kansas, dying, left a bequest that gave the town possibly the largest and most ornate theater known to a community of some 4000 persons up to that time. Gomer Davies, editor of the Concordia Kansan, talked so much about the glories of Brown's Grand Opera House that the late Charley Blakesley, of the Kansas City Star, proclaimed that the house had special dressing rooms for the bloodhounds.

Leon Washburn, of Reading, Massachusetts, who originated the Stetson U. T. C. company in 1880, was the last of the magnates of the business. After thirty years he retired and bought a theater in Chester, Pennsylvania. Selling out there after fifteen years, he found Uncle Tom calling him again, and in 1925, at sixty-nine years, he reorganized the show and took it out again on the Butterfield circuit in Michigan, playing theaters. He returned to Reading and to retirement at the end of the season and the Stetson title is for sale.

From Hand to Hand

The stock jest of the Tom world refers to Washburn. At some time when a Legree demanded of Uncle Tom in the whipping scene, "Ain't you mine, body and soul?" Tom is supposed to have replied, "No, massa; my body belong to you, but mah soul—mah soul belong to Leon Washburn." The story dates before Washburn's reign, however. Welsh Edwards, playing Tom with Dan Shelby's troupe at the Academy of Music, Chicago, in the early 80's, spoke the line of Shelby, and it may not have been original with him.

Other nineteenth-century Tom shows have succumbed as their promoters died off. The largest troupe that ever took the road was the Ed Salter and Al W. Martin company, organized in 1895 and carrying fifty-two persons. It became the Al W. Martin show; then William Kibble bought it. When Kibble died in Mount Clemens, Michigan, C. F. Ackerman, of Warsaw, Illinois, who had been Kibble's manager, picked up the fallen banner. Ackerman, dying at Youngstown, Ohio, September 7, 1925, his manager, Joe Franklin, stepped into the breach and kept the show going until April 15, 1926, when it closed forever at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Yet there were at least ten U. T. C. companies on the road in the summer of 1927, and six seem to have survived the season. The Nestor of them all is J. W. Harpstrite, of St. Joseph, Michigan, eighty-nine years old. For years he was the advance agent of John Stowe's U. T. C. company. In recent years he has had his own show—Harvall's U. T. C. company—which was playing the Mountain states and the Pacific Coast the past season. Others playing in 1927 were Mort Steece's, Ora Martin's, W. J. Howell's Harrington's, Stowe's, Mason Brother's, Newton's, Pingree & Holland's—a troupe playing on a small new show boat on the Ohio—and Terry's, the largest and one of the oldest of the survivors. Howell's, like Harvall's, has been playing the Coast; the rest, except Terry's, have been in the Middle West. It was the latter show that I stumbled across by chance at Naples, New York, last July, while driving from Rochester to Philadelphia.

The story of Terry's epitomizes the business. It was organized by a bandsman out of Barnum's circus—O. Q. Setchell—at Lexington, Illinois, February 19, 1890. It is a fetish of the business that a troupe must have a name easily remembered by a heedless public, and Setchell borrowed the name of a brother-in-law, Fred Terry, a barber of Little Sioux, Iowa. Terry had a share in the enterprise, but gave it up when the troupe stranded in the Ozarks in its second summer. The town of Little Sioux, adopted as headquarters, rallied to the rescue, salvaged the property and sent it on its way, a wagon show in Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas for ten years, to grow into a two-car railroad show in 1900.

In 1903 Setchell sold out to J. D. Chunn and W. G. Dickey. Mr. Chunn died in

(Continued on Page 201)

ACHIEVEMENT

James Mackenzie, one of the silversmiths of the special creation shown above. Mr. Mackenzie, a Gorham Master Craftsman for 35 years, still devotes his skill to the decoration of Gorham Sterling.

IN a world-wide competition this exquisite Tea Set was awarded first medal at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Wrought entirely by hand from flat sheets of sterling, the beauty of each piece is a glowing tribute to the artistry and skill of the Gorham Master Craftsmen.

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"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Made for men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass. — for women and girls by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Healthy, vigorous, comfortable feet — in smartly styled shoes — are assured by wearing the Arch Preserver Shoe. The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging and straining; the special modeling of the sole supports the metatarsal arch; the flat inner sole, crosswise, prevents pinching of nerves and blood-vessels. These features are patented; they are found in no other shoes. The Arch Preserver Shoe is superior, not merely because of one feature, but because all of its features are right.

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E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.,
Dept. S-63, Rockland, Mass.
Send me "Foot Aches Chart," folder showing latest styles, and name of nearest dealer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 198)

1906, Mr. Dickey in 1921. Meanwhile Fred Terry had bought back in, and when he died his brother, Elias D. Terry, a Burlington railroad conductor, took his place. The latter, now sixty-nine, has been bedfast since last winter.

The show now is operated by a girl who joined the troupe as Topsy in its first season and became, successively, Mrs. Chunn, then Mrs. Dickey. As Corinne Olson, Mrs. Dickey had been the original child with McKee Rankin in The Runaway Wife and with Dora Davidson in Lost. She continued to play a rôle in the Terry show until this season, when Mr. Terry's illness threw the active management upon her. Her first act was to invade the East for the first time in the show's history, and to justify this boldness magnificently. Now a white-haired woman, she holds the reins with a kid glove that conceals a steel hand; like Ma Pettingill, she beams upon the world but buys no wooden nutmegs.

Three seasons ago the Terry show paid its last railroad fares, sold its rolling stock and returned to the highways, but this time by gasoline. Virtually all Tom shows, medicine shows, the hundred or more tent repertoire companies and some of the smaller circuses travel by highway in their own trucks and passenger automobiles today.

Last summer the Terry show moved in fifteen trucks and four sedans, the company providing gas, oil and small repairs, but the actors bringing their own cars and feeding and housing themselves. Salaries were correspondingly higher than with shows that provide all. With such a motorized show the chief mechanic usually heads the pay roll. The second-best wages are drawn by the advance agent; his is an artful job and a heavy responsibility. Good agents have made poor shows and poor agents have wrecked good shows.

Still Good for a Laugh

He must keep his outfit out of the path of competing attractions, have second sight for the business possibilities of every stand, smooth the local authorities and watch his licenses. The license problem is becoming so acute that it threatens to destroy the tent-show industry. More American towns exact a prohibitive fee of them than do not. Texas, Florida and Mississippi have state laws imposing a high tax on itinerant shows, and now Alabama has enacted a bill raising the fee from $35 to $300 a week. Attempts to evade the tax by showing on the edge of town have been met in Montana by a state law permitting any incorporated town to collect from any traveling entertainment showing within three miles of the corporate limits; in Minnesota, within one mile. The out-of-doors show world blames the picture-house proprietors for this hostility. Certainly it has spread notably and has been politically organized since the rise of the movie, but it can be traced far back of Hollywood to a sentiment among small-town merchants that circuses and the like take money out of a town and leave nothing and to the ancient rural distrust of itinerants.

In a company that "feeds on the lot" the cook is apt to be in third place on the pay roll, for troupers, like armies, march on their stomachs. The actors have to eat the cooking, while only the public has to watch the acting. The cook has turned out breakfast on a pressure-gasoline range soon after summer dawn, and is on his way to the next stand while the company eats cafeteria style. When they catch up with him again, dinner will be ready. Whether a show "feeds" or does not "feed," it always moves with the break of day, as a precaution against breakdowns or bad roads; those who seek sleep have idle afternoons ahead of them.

Tent-show actors are expected commonly to double not only on stage but in band and orchestra, dropping into the orchestra pit and catching up with the leader whenever not engaged in forwarding the drama. The Terry show demands no such dexterity. Such actors as can play or fake an instrument reënforce the band at the noon and night street concerts, but the show carries six musicians who form the nucleus of the band and a self-sufficient orchestra.

Actors, both men and women, however, are called upon, as always, to do some sort of vaudeville specialty between the acts and in the after show or concert which wheedles extra dimes from the crowd. These specialties sometimes achieve a depth of pain never plumbed by an amateur elocutionist. In the year 1927, in such an after show I heard a laboring team offer that one about "Who was the lady I seen you with yesterday?" "That wasn't no lady: that was my wife," in good faith—and the audience, or some part of it, laughed. "So," the feminine member of the team remarked later, but not consciously apropos, "they shot men like Lincoln and let you live!"

To Save Funeral Expenses

Little Evas have a way of growing out of the rôle. When one does, Mrs. Dickey hires another as casually as a grocer recruits a new delivery boy; she can teach any child the part in a few days, she says. Eva Adella Joseph, seven, going on eight, the daughter of a friend of Mrs. Dickey's, enjoyed her second summer vacation as Eva of the Terry show last season. Butter would not melt in Eva Adella's mouth onstage, but offstage she was prepared, with any encouragement, to mimic wickedly Mrs. Stowe's angel child and be convulsed by the sacrilege. Her immediate predecessor was her older sister, Lucile, and prior to Lucile, Mrs. Dickey's several nieces, in succession, played the rôle. Last season, venturing into strange territory, there was some fear of child-labor laws, and Charline Barnes, once the Terry Eva for five seasons, but now married and living in Ohio, was persuaded to travel with the company as an emergency Eva. The fact that her mother is the Topsy of the troupe was an inducement.

There is only one false note in the Dover, Ohio, newspaper clipping quoted at the outset—the pop corn. The reporter nodded here. Prize-package candy, not pop corn, is the by-product of tent shows. A good salesman should sell twenty-five dollars' worth of candy at a performance, and as the profit is 100 per cent, candy sales frequently are the margin between success and failure for a show. In every lot of prize packages there is a fixed number of "flashes"—a $1.50 watch, a pair of woman's fiber-silk stockings, a silk step-in, and the like. For a sheik to draw a lavender or pink step-in out of a package in the presence of his Sheba and his fellow townsmen is the life of the party, stimulating both sales and entertainment.

Why has the play survived for seventy-five years against competition unsuspected in its youth? The guess varies with the manager. Because it is historic, because it arouses curiosity, because it is a tradition handed down from father to son, because it contains more hokum comedy and bathos than any other play ever written, are some. "I don't know," is another, and perhaps the best.

"None of 'em, mister—none of 'em," decreed the author of the last. "Any or all of 'em might have held good for the first sixty years, since when it has hung on principally because most of us didn't know how else to make a living—and few of us have. I tried tent repertoire a few seasons back, but it is a different game and I lost my undershirt. As an industry, Tom shows are dead already. The play's got more lives than a dog has fleas, but it'll be in heaven with Eva and Tom when the last of us vets takes his curtain, and you won't have to wait long now. Meanwhile there may be two or three shows that's making money; the rest of us are traveling to save funeral expenses.

"They ought to build a new wing for us at the National Museum down in Washington, or somewhere, and bury us in Arlington though. Boy, we're historic!"

New metal discovery improves the . . .

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They belong with stoves, pans and kettles. In a suit of clothes, matches are as obsolete as grandad's turnip watch. Little things distinguish the modern man. He carries a fine watch and a Clark. One to tell him the time, surely and elegantly—the other to light his smoke surely and gracefully.

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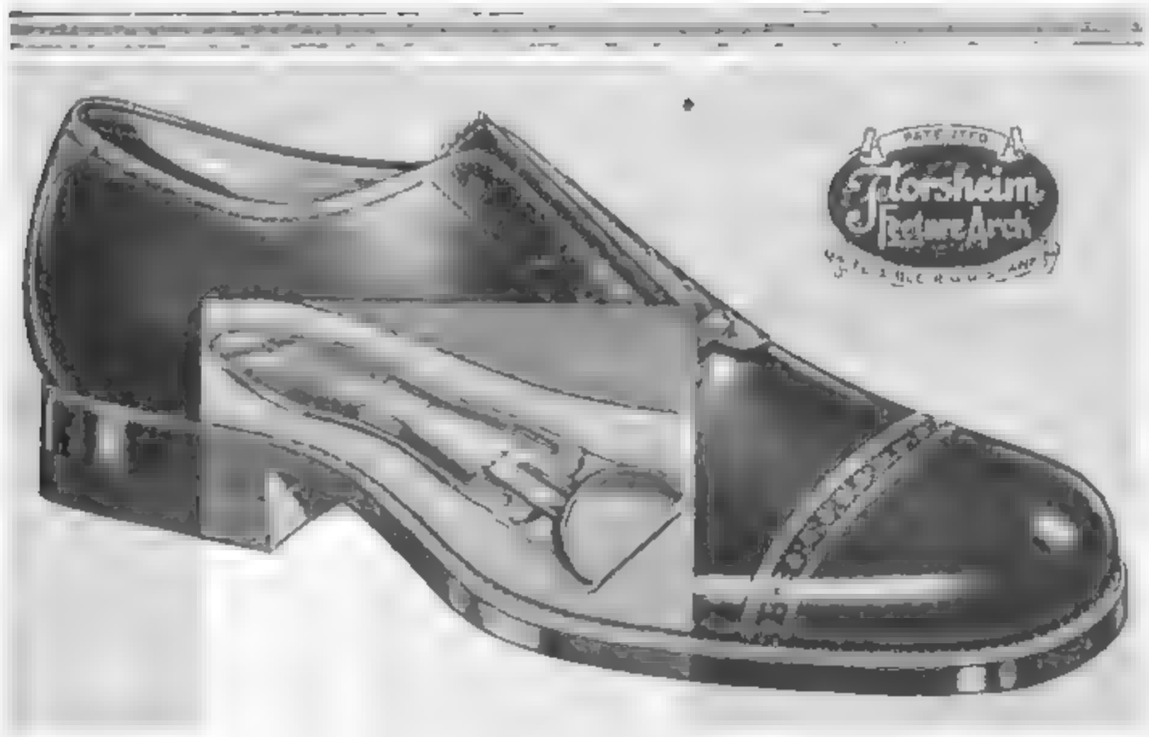

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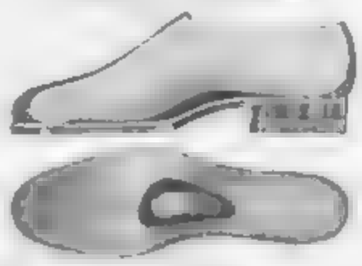
Side view of shoe showing how raised point of support conforms to foot



Top view of inner sole showing where raised point of support braces the foot

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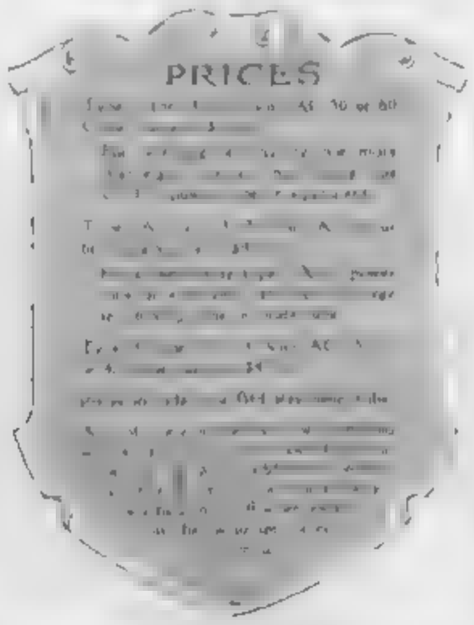
Kingston



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If your dealer can't supply you, ask us.

KOKOMO ELECTRIC CO. - Kokomo, Ind.

A GOOD LITTLE MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

He drew a sigh of deep relief. Then he looked at Junior, and a lump rose in his throat. The child's eyes were wide and miserable, staring piteously, appealingly, at him. They begged, begged, begged for a word—just one little word—of explanation, for something, anything, that would excuse, and Mr. Whiting turned away in a desperate, futile kind of anguish. His face grew hot, burning with shame, with loneliness somehow. Then he tossed the mangled remains of his derby hat into the street.

"Come on, Junior," he said throatily, and started for the gate. Junior ran after him, caught his hand again, but the clasp was loose and limp and spiritless.

Ordinarily the graduation exercises of the Franklin School for Girls and Boys, directed by Miss Lydia G. Franklin, were directly down Mr. Whiting's alley. They afforded him a splendid opportunity to be found nowhere else in his social life to discourse importantly on broad and inaccurately grasped subjects to a number of new acquaintances. He liked to show himself that he could meet big and successful men on their own level: he liked to discuss international subjects with whoever was agreeable. In addition, the Franklin mansion, where the exercises were held, twittered giddily with ladies—mothers, teachers, and so forth—on these occasions, and Mr. Whiting was gripped with a not altogether secret notion that he had quite a way with the ladies. The annual first Saturday evening of June was, somehow, a festival practically built according to his ideas.

It was scarcely in this spirit, however, that he entered the door this evening. He entered it as a rather insignificant-looking little man with pale, blondish mustache and thin hair, leading by the hand a skinny, solemn-eyed child. Miss Mousse, of the kindergarten department, greeted him.

"Why, Mr. Whiting, where is your hat?"

"I lost it," he said briefly.

He sat down away from the others and studied his program. Junior had disappeared; he was designated as a Sunbeam in the cast of a pageant of some kind. Under other circumstances Mr. Whiting would have laughed at this, in an excessively adult and masculine fashion, but this evening he stared at it without a smile. He scarcely saw it.

Why had God made him little and frightened? Why hadn't he been able to stand up for himself before that taxi brute? Why hadn't he taken the chance, anyway, and hit the fellow? He'd have got but one blow in return; the first would have knocked him unconscious, or he would have fainted, or something would have happened to end the pain immediately. Perhaps the fellow would have run away. Why hadn't he tried anyway?

There was a lot of confusion about him. He saw Gerald T. Huntington, whom he'd counted on cornering, and Merrill R. Blassingame, of United Printers, Inc. . . . What had Junior thought? Poor little fellow, to have a father who allowed himself to be pushed around like that! He'd believed so firmly in his papa's bravery—Mr. Whiting closed his eyes. To have told those stories, and now!

He felt no desire to mix with the fathers, no desire to corner successful men or to become a card for twittering ladies. Alone and lonely, he regarded the opening numbers of the exercises apathetically. Junior was in the school chorus, and then two stringy children had the stage to themselves in a methodical rendition of Beethoven's Minuet in G on the piano. A simpering girl came next to wrest music out of an opus entitled Fly Away, Birdie! Mr. Whiting brooded.

His wife appeared presently, sliding into the chair beside him during the graduation class struggles with a playlet in French, Pauvre Sylvie.

"Anything happen?" she whispered.

"No," he replied hoarsely, and his heart sank again at the thought that Junior would no doubt see fit to report the incident, in all of its humiliating detail, to Mrs. Whiting.

The graduating class at length concluded its self-appointed task of making a public spectacle of itself in French, and Mr. and Mrs. Whiting left their chairs to stroll to the front porch, where they stood looking silently and enviously at the wide grounds stretching through rose beds and hedges to the old-fashioned brick wall which surrounded the Franklin School. The rear garden extended, indeed, a good hundred yards from the house, ending against the edge of a short grove of tall, thick shade trees.

"Wouldn't you just love to live in a place like this!" Mrs. Whiting drew in her breath sharply.

"M'm-m-m-m," her husband replied bleakly.

"I'd give anything, Webster, if you could make enough ——"

A little muffled scream from the hall broke off her words. Automatically Mr. Whiting turned pale. They ran for the door. The hall was crowded, parents and teachers pressing about Miss Mousse, who, white and frightened, was being supported somewhat gingerly by Mr. Blassingame.

"I—I saw him, I tell you! I just—just ran up to get Miss Franklin's pocketbook—she'd left it on her bureau—and as I—I opened the door I heard a noise! Then I saw him! He j-jumped out of the door into the bedroom, I saw him, I tell you—I saw him!"

"But my pocketbook, Moussey! My pocketbook!" Miss Franklin was wailing. "Did you get it, Moussey—did you get it?"

"It—it was gone, Miss Franklin! He got it!"

"Oh, he can't; he can't, Moussey! It contains everything ——"

"Then he's still up there," Mr. Blassingame said, and Miss Mousse screamed and fainted at the idea.

The hall hummed with excitement. "Somebody ought to go up there!" Did Miss Franklin have a pistol in the house? Good lord, no! "You can't go up there against an armed burglar—it would be mad!" Mightn't it all be Miss Mousse's imagination? Who ever heard of a burglar entering a house filled with people? Somebody better telephone the police at once! Somebody ran for the phone.

"Oh, he mustn't get away—he mustn't!" Miss Franklin continued to wail. "It's got all of my jewelry in it! You've got to catch him! Oh, please, somebody do something!"

"So," Mrs. Whiting was whispering to her husband, "they arrested the dinner burglar this afternoon ——"

"Hush!" He glared at her fiercely. Then, with a firm "One side, please!" he was making his way importantly through the crowd to Miss Franklin and Mr. Blassingame. Once more the hero of the Spanish-American War, he strutted perkily to the center of activity, glowering haughtily up at those slow to give him passage.

"Well," he said crisply and in a manner that immediately gave him charge of the whole affair, "we've got to work quickly, men."

Mr. Blassingame and Miss Franklin stared down at him uncertainly, but Mr. Whiting exuded that matchless confidence which can come only to one secretly possessed of the knowledge that in all likelihood there is no danger whatever. Mrs. Whiting watched him curiously.

"We've got him trapped. We've got to keep him trapped until the police come." He hesitated and then said again, "We've got to work quickly, men."

He glared around again. Mr. Blassingame seemed on the point of objecting to

(Continued on Page 205)

STARK tree trunks, sharp autumn winds—but through the sombre, early dusk gleams warm light from many-paned Fenestra Casements. . . . There's real welcome in the fascinating sparkle of these unusual windows—cozy comfort in the snug fit of their rolled steel frames—added security from cold and storms. . . . And, in summer, Fenestra Casements continue to add to the joy of living, with swing-leaves that catch the faintest breeze—interior screens that keep curtains clean—extension hinges that permit washing from inside. . . . Winter comfort—summer ease—year-round charm and beauty—you can have them all with Fenestra Casements for less than you spend on roofing, heating, plumbing or decorating. Fenestra Casements cost only about 2% of the house total.

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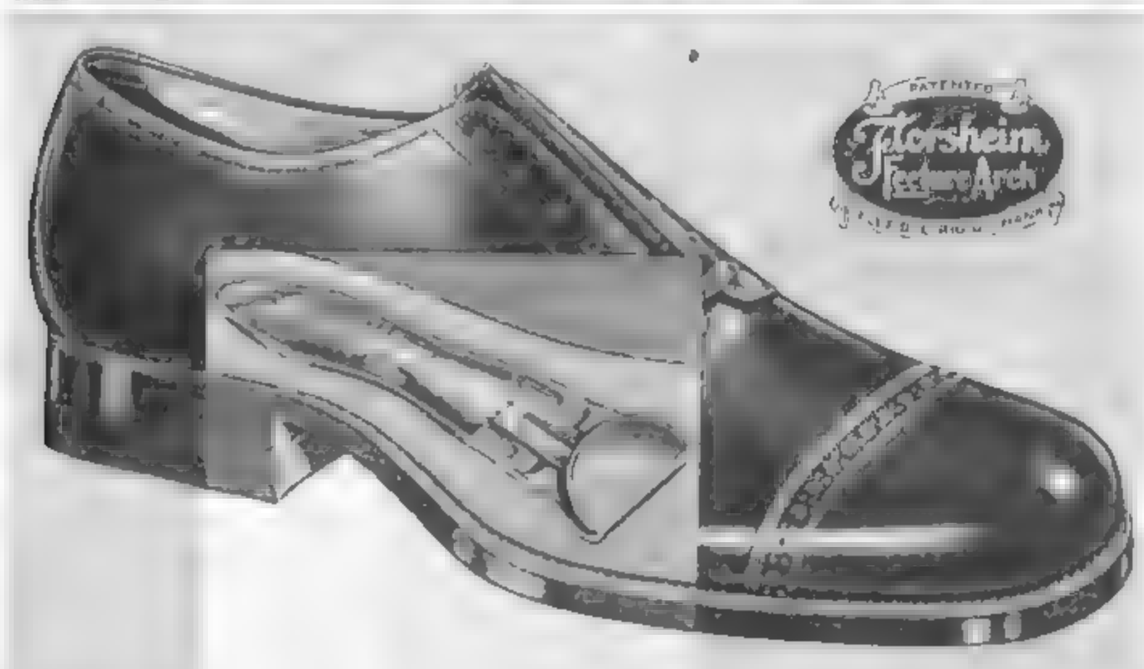

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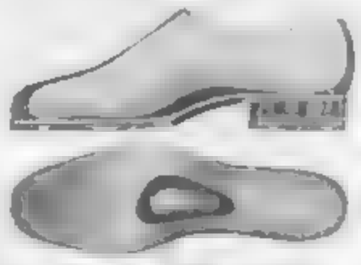

Top view of inner sole showing where raised point of support braces the foot

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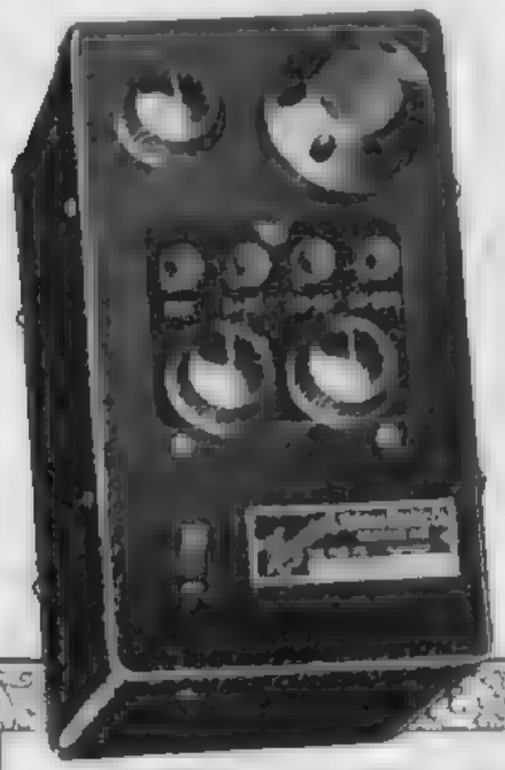
KINGSTON



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A GOOD LITTLE MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

He drew a sigh of deep relief. Then he looked at Junior, and a lump rose in his throat. The child's eyes were wide and miserable, staring piteously, appealingly, at him. They begged, begged, begged for a word—just one little word—of explanation, for something, anything, that would excuse, and Mr. Whiting turned away in a desperate, futile kind of anguish. His face grew hot, burning with shame, with loneliness somehow. Then he tossed the mangled remains of his derby hat into the street.

"Come on, Junior," he said throatily, and started for the gate. Junior ran after him, caught his hand again, but the clasp was loose and limp and spiritless.

Ordinarily the graduation exercises of the Franklin School for Girls and Boys, directed by Miss Lydia G. Franklin, were directly down Mr. Whiting's alley. They afforded him a splendid opportunity to be found nowhere else in his social life to discourse importantly on broad and inaccurately grasped subjects to a number of new acquaintances. He liked to show himself that he could meet big and successful men on their own level; he liked to discuss international subjects with whoever was agreeable. In addition, the Franklin mansion, where the exercises were held, twittered giddily with ladies—mothers, teachers, and so forth—on these occasions, and Mr. Whiting was gripped with a not altogether secret notion that he had quite a way with the ladies. The annual first Saturday evening of June was, somehow, a festival practically built according to his ideas.

It was scarcely in this spirit, however, that he entered the door this evening. He entered it as a rather insignificant-looking little man with pale, blondish mustache and thin hair, leading by the hand a skinny, solemn-eyed child. Miss Mousse, of the kindergarten department, greeted him.

"Why, Mr. Whiting, where is your hat?"

"I lost it," he said briefly.

He sat down away from the others and studied his program. Junior had disappeared; he was designated as a Sunbeam in the cast of a pageant of some kind. Under other circumstances Mr. Whiting would have laughed at this, in an excessively adult and masculine fashion, but this evening he stared at it without a smile. He scarcely saw it.

Why had God made him little and frightened? Why hadn't he been able to stand up for himself before that taxi brute? Why hadn't he taken the chance, anyway, and hit the fellow? He'd have got but one blow in return; the first would have knocked him unconscious, or he would have fainted, or something would have happened to end the pain immediately. Perhaps the fellow would have run away. Why hadn't he tried anyway?

There was a lot of confusion about him. He saw Gerald T. Huntington, whom he'd counted on cornering, and Merrill R. Blassingame, of United Printers, Inc. . . . What had Junior thought? Poor little fellow, to have a father who allowed himself to be pushed around like that! He'd believed so firmly in his papa's bravery—Mr. Whiting closed his eyes. To have told those stories, and now!

He felt no desire to mix with the fathers, no desire to corner successful men or to become a card for twittering ladies. Alone and lonely, he regarded the opening numbers of the exercises apathetically. Junior was in the school chorus, and then two stringy children had the stage to themselves in a methodical rendition of Beethoven's Minuet in G on the piano. A simpering girl came next to wrest music out of an opus entitled Fly Away, Birdie! Mr. Whiting brooded.

His wife appeared presently, sliding into the chair beside him during the graduation class struggles with a playlet in French, Pauvre Sylvie.

"Anything happen?" she whispered.

"No," he replied hoarsely, and his heart sank again at the thought that Junior would no doubt see fit to report the incident, in all of its humiliating detail, to Mrs. Whiting.

The graduating class at length concluded its self-appointed task of making a public spectacle of itself in French, and Mr. and Mrs. Whiting left their chairs to stroll to the front porch, where they stood looking silently and enviously at the wide grounds stretching through rose beds and hedges to the old-fashioned brick wall which surrounded the Franklin School. The rear garden extended, indeed, a good hundred yards from the house, ending against the edge of a short grove of tall, thick shade trees.

"Wouldn't you just love to live in a place like this!" Mrs. Whiting drew in her breath sharply.

"M'm-m-m-m," her husband replied bleakly.

"I'd give anything, Webster, if you could make enough ——"

A little muffled scream from the hall broke off her words. Automatically Mr. Whiting turned pale. They ran for the door. The hall was crowded, parents and teachers pressing about Miss Mousse, who, white and frightened, was being supported somewhat gingerly by Mr. Blassingame.

"I—I saw him, I tell you! I just—just ran up to get Miss Franklin's pocketbook—she'd left it on her bureau—and as I—I opened the door I heard a noise! Then I saw him! He j-jumped out of the door into the bedroom, I saw him, I tell you—I saw him!"

"But my pocketbook, Moussey! My pocketbook!" Miss Franklin was wailing. "Did you get it, Moussey—did you get it?"

"It—it was gone, Miss Franklin! He got it!"

"Oh, he can't; he can't, Moussey! It contains everything ——"

"Then he's still up there," Mr. Blassingame said, and Miss Mousse screamed and fainted at the idea.

The hall hummed with excitement. "Somebody ought to go up there!" Did Miss Franklin have a pistol in the house? Good lord, no! "You can't go up there against an armed burglar—it would be mad!" Mightn't it all be Miss Mousse's imagination? Who ever heard of a burglar entering a house filled with people? Somebody better telephone the police at once! Somebody ran for the phone.

"Oh, he mustn't get away—he mustn't!" Miss Franklin continued to wail. "It's got all of my jewelry in it! You've got to catch him! Oh, please, somebody do something!"

"So," Mrs. Whiting was whispering to her husband, "they arrested the dinner burglar this afternoon ——"

"Hush!" He glared at her fiercely. Then, with a firm "One side, please!" he was making his way importantly through the crowd to Miss Franklin and Mr. Blassingame. Once more the hero of the Spanish-American War, he strutted perkily to the center of activity, glowering haughtily up at those slow to give him passage.

"Well," he said crisply and in a manner that immediately gave him charge of the whole affair, "we've got to work quickly, men."

Mr. Blassingame and Miss Franklin stared down at him uncertainly, but Mr. Whiting exuded that matchless confidence which can come only to one secretly possessed of the knowledge that in all likelihood there is no danger whatever. Mrs. Whiting watched him curiously.

"We've got him trapped. We've got to keep him trapped until the police come." He hesitated and then said again, "We've got to work quickly, men."

He glared around again. Mr. Blassingame seemed on the point of objecting to

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this sudden assumption of authority, but Mr. Whiting, a field marshal already, was disposing of his troops in a strategy which, whether he liked its source or not, Mr. Blassingame was unable to think for the moment how he could better.

"Blassingame, take the front door!"

"Good!"

His manner commanded obedience. One by one he dispatched his guards, selecting them with many ominous and important frowns and pulls at his thin mustache. Once he stole a glance at Mrs. Whiting, and could scarcely restrain a smile of satisfaction.

"Huntington, take the front gate. Medford, the side gate. You other men watch around the rear of the house. It isn't likely that anything will happen; we simply want to be in position to grab this fellow if he tries to get out before the police come."

He laughed indulgently. "My, my, my, but I've given everyone a post but myself! Well, I'll stick around ——"

"The garden gate!" exclaimed Miss Franklin.

"Eh?" he said in some consternation.

"The gate in the wall at the back of the garden," she explained. "Somebody ought to be there."

He figured quickly; it was extremely unlikely that the man—if there was a man—would get by the guard in the rear of the house. It seemed safe.

"Good!" he said suddenly. "I'll take it myself! Now all we've got to do is wait until the police arrive."

He strutted out to the porch to see that his men were all at their posts, and then, with a nonchalant wave to the assemblage of women left in the hall, he started around the house for the garden gate. He heard, as he turned the corner of the mansion, a murmur which he guessed was a murmur of admiration. He smiled in the darkness.

"Papa! Papa!"

Junior came running down the path, panting and stumbling. Mr. Whiting stopped to wait for him.

"Son, you mustn't come down here. Go back to mamma."

"No, sir, I want to be with you. Mamma said I might. I'll keep quiet."

Mr. Whiting looked down the garden. It seemed very dark and menacing down there. Nothing could possibly happen, but he might just as well take the child. He took his hand and they walked together through the shoulder-high hedges to the end of the garden. There was an old-fashioned wooden door set in the wall.

"Well, old boy," he said to Junior, "this is our post. We mustn't let anybody out, because there's a man up there who's got Miss Franklin's pocketbook, and we can't let him have that, can we?"

"No, sir!"

"Certainly not! Now keep very quiet."

The house seemed very far away, somehow. He wondered if he hadn't been a bit hasty about selecting this remote station. If anything should happen, it would take minutes for help to arrive. A bush crackled and he jumped nervously. He peered into the darkness; suppose the fellow did get past those guards! The notion sent him into a cold sweat.

Minutes passed. Certainly the police should have got there by now. Junior's hand pressed in his, and he returned the grip. Another bush crackled and a bird's wings fluttered excitedly in a tree; sinister noises that sent Mr. Whiting into what is known as all of a twitter. He couldn't stand, he felt, much more of this.

Then, with the abruptness of fate, a man was running down the path from the house—a man wearing a soft hat; a man running with a suggestion of force and desperation that congealed Mr. Whiting's blood. He ran silently until he neared the gate.

"You shout, you squirt," he called softly, "and I'll drill you, so help me!"

Shout! Mr. Whiting's throat was paralyzed. He couldn't, at that moment, have raised a whisper. All he could do was to stare goggle-eyed. Even Junior was forgotten—Junior clutching his leg suddenly.

The left hand ominously hidden in his back pocket, the man slackened his pace to a walk, strode directly to the quivering guardian of the gate. "Beat it!" Looming large and fearful in the moonlight, he plucked Mr. Whiting from his path by the somewhat contemptuous means of thrusting two large fingers into the Size 12½ collar and jerking him forward suddenly. A cry escaped Junior.

"Papa! Papa! Stop him!"

To Mr. Whiting this advice came as being as nearly incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial and, indeed, downright foolhardy as any he'd ever heard. The thief was giving him not even the tribute of another glance. He wrenched at the rusty latch while Mr. Whiting, the matter of further intercession being practically the last thing in his mind, struggled to loosen his tightened collar and tie before strangulation set in. It was with a feeling of the deepest relief that he saw the gate open finally and the man start out.

"Papa," Junior wailed, "he's got Miss Franklin's pocketbook! Oh, papa, aren't you going to stop him?"

Mr. Whiting had just about decided that the only proper thing to do in such a case as this was, for everyone's good, to render the child completely unconscious in some instantaneous and effective manner, when Junior, still wailing unhappily, suddenly released his hand and darted after the departing stranger. With a gasp of dismay, Mr. Whiting took a step toward the gate.

"Junior!"

"Come on, papa! Come on!"

"Junior!"

Reluctantly and much against his better judgment, he passed through the gate. Before him stretched the little grove of trees, dim light flickering through the leaves; and a dozen yards away he saw, with a shock of the keenest anguish, Junior, already successful in his share of the venture, tugging at the man's coat skirts.

He tugged but briefly. With a curse the man turned, drew back a broad open hand, and plap! sent Junior sprawling to the ground.

No effort will be made here to account for or to explain Mr. Whiting's conduct from the instant of that slap on. Contrary as it may seem to his normal disposition, it stands, nevertheless, as a fact—a fact which must be taken on faith. At the sight of the blow, at the snap of palm on cheek, he went first white, then red, and then crazy.

With a strangled cry, vaguely like that of an emu in agony, he sprang into action. The harassed burglar knew only that there was a flutter of crackling twigs behind him and that the next instant a hurtling little body, gibbering hysterically and incoherently, landed squarely between his shoulder blades and clung there around his neck, scratching, clawing and pulling his hair.

Only one comprehensible sequence of words could the startled victim of this simian attack discern:

"You—hit—my—child! You—hit—my—child!"

Obviously regarding this as no excuse whatever, the man wrenched around sturdily, caught Mr. Whiting's head in the crook of his arm and, with an adequate heave, tossed the squealing, clawing assailant approximately ten feet away. Then he started to run again.

He had gone five yards when again there was the flutter of crackling twigs and again an insane little body sailed through the air and struck him squarely in the back, perching once more like a monkey on his neck and once more squeaked and clutched and scratched and sobbed miserably.

"You—hit—my—child! You brute, you you hit my child!"

And once more the by now somewhat apprehensive victim wrenched Mr. Whiting loose and, this time with a blow that sent blood spurting from the little man's nose, hurled him away. Mr. Whiting struck the ground with a force that burst

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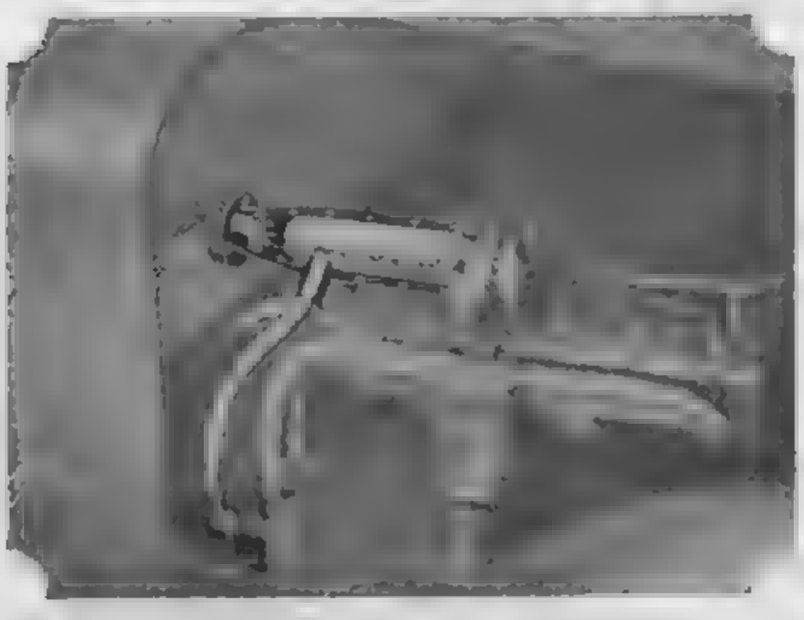

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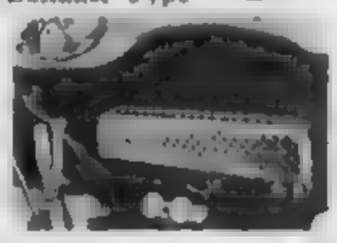

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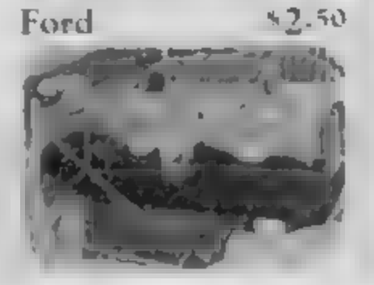

a deep grunt from his lips, scrambled dizzily to his feet, and set out again after the fleeing burglar.

He could scarcely see for the tears that flooded his eyes. If the blow had hurt, or the falls, he did not know it. He knew only that he wanted to kill the man, to hurt him, strangle him, tear his eyes out, rip his mouth, tear him limb from limb.

Forgetting his sniffles, Junior's eyes widened. A clear awe came to his face as again his father scampered like a rabbit, bleeding and sobbing, after the running man. Once more he leaped blindly, once more cried and mumbled and scratched and clung precariously about the struggling marauder's neck. Then Junior lifted his voice:

"O-o-o-o, papa! O-o-o-o!"

Mr. Whiting heard, cried even more miserably, and then a hard fist crashed against his mouth. The man had turned, furious and frightened, and struck and struck and struck again and again.

Mr. Whiting stopped crying; his body shook with the blows. His face was bloody and his eyes blinded. He felt his hold weakening.

"O-o-o-o!" The wail lifted again.

The man tried desperately to rake the clinging leech off against a tree, in vain. But slowly Mr. Whiting was weakening. He slipped down the man's body, clutching and clawing still, but silent now. Then he was down to the knees, and the man fell.

He held then. A stick beat against his head and face. Blows fell like rain on him, but he held. He couldn't remember why he was doing it; he felt little or no pain. Everything in his mind was black and chaotic, but he held, and with weakened jaws started biting the knee nearest his mouth. He bit as hard as he could.

Then people came. The man was suddenly struggling with someone else. But he didn't struggle long. The policeman's nightstick arranged the little detail of giving up that particular struggle. The man went limp and Mr. Whiting stopped biting and rolled over. Faintly he realized that Mrs. Whiting was holding his head in her lap then, and sobbing and wiping the blood from his face.

"He—he—hit—Junior," he explained weakly.

Mr. Whiting ached all over. The room smelled like a hospital, and the bandages which mumbled his voice permitted him, anyway, to see from one eye. He ached in every joint and yet, somehow, he was vaguely, pleasantly happy.

His wife fussed about the pillow, and Junior, wide awake at eleven o'clock, leaned over the foot of the bed, a solemn and abiding awe and reverence in his eyes.

"Dot," Mr. Whiting mumbled, "did I blub-blub-blub ——"

"What, dear?"

He made a greater effort. "Did I tell you about how he wouldn't stop when I ordered him to at first and ——"

"Yes, dear," she said gently; "three times. You mustn't talk, dear; try and go to sleep."

"My, but he was a blub-blub-blub," he soliloquized with some difficulty. "Junior can tell you, Dot, how I went right after him and blub-blub-blub ——"

Junior spoke thoughtfully. "Papa had another fight, mamma," he said. "A chauffeur pushed papa's face."

Mr. Whiting caught his breath. Now why on earth had the child brought that up? Good Lord, but wasn't one good fight enough in an evening? He turned his face over, hot and disgusted. There would be no use, he knew, in trying to stop the child.

"Papa wouldn't pay his taxi fare," Junior explained. "The chauffeur pushed papa and pulled papa's hat down over his nose. The man pushed papa all around. Papa didn't do anything. I don't reckon papa was feeling well."

Mrs. Whiting looked curiously at her husband. His eyes were closed and a crimson flush had spread over what part of his face could be seen. Her mouth twitched tenderly.

"Junior," she said, "you must go on to bed now. It's eleven o'clock. Run on, and don't argue."

"The chauffeur," Junior insisted, "pulled papa's derby down over papa's eyes. He said he'd hit papa if papa didn't ——"

"Junior!"

Mr. Whiting had lifted himself on one elbow and his one eye gleamed like that of a Cyclops.

"Junior," he mumbled hoarsely, "when papa gets better you and I are going out and look for that chauffeur. Papa never forgets a face, never! You'll see papa fix him up just like papa fixed up that burglar. You want to see papa do that?"

Junior at the door studied him earnestly a moment before speaking. Then he shivered excitedly and turned to Mrs. Whiting: "My, but I'd hate to be in that ol' chauffeur's shoes, wouldn't you, mamma? I'll bet James' papa couldn't lick a burglar."

"Go on to bed, dear."

She closed the door after him and then stood smiling sympathetically at the bandage-swathed warrior. She went over to the bed and lay down by his side, curling one arm about his head. Mr. Whiting stirred.

"He was a blub-blub-blub ——"

"What, dear?"

"He was so big, Dot; but I'll get him! I'll look him up. I never forget a face, Dot, and I'm going to ——"

She hugged him gently. "Yes, yes," she whispered. "Mamma's biggest boy's going to get him sure enough!" She kissed the visible eye softly. "He's mamma's brave boy, he is, and mamma's proud of him. Dear, dear, sweet little boy!"

Mr. Whiting warmed. "Dot," he mumbled presently, "did I tell you about how he started hitting me with a stick and I ——"

"No," she lied; "tell me, dear. Tell me all about it from the beginning. Mamma wants to hear it all from the beginning again."

A Letter of Explanation

CASTLE DOORN, July 19, 1927.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: After reading the revised proofs of the story of My Life written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in collaboration with Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, I note that some errors have crept into the account of the tragedy of November 9, 1918.

Recent investigations and publications shed a new light on the events of that fateful day. I refer, among others, to the recent book of the last Imperial Chancellor, Prinz Max von Baden. A new book by Colonel Niemann, to be published before long, will lift many veils and explain much that seemed inexplicable heretofore.

Will you be good enough to bring to the attention of your readers the fact that the chapter was written before more complete information was available, and that in its present form it no longer reflects my opinion?

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AMERICAN POLICY IN NICARAGUA

(Continued from Page 21)

they could only hope to obtain a fresh fair start through outside assistance in supervising the conduct of their polls. The Liberals, being out of control of the government machinery, were even more emphatic than the Conservatives in demanding that the supervision should be thorough and effective, and that if undertaken by Americans, they should be given sufficient police power to prevent fraud and intimidation on the part of the authorities.

In their recognition of government-controlled elections as the fundamental evil in their system, these Nicaraguan leaders were in agreement with thoughtful students of Central American politics, and that they should thus unite upon this basic problem was in itself an encouraging feature of the situation. On the other hand, the difficulties and dangers of such supervision were manifest. A year previously I had made a personal study of the American attempt to supervise the plebiscite in Tacna-Arica and was thoroughly familiar with the way in which the patient and earnest efforts of General Pershing and General Lassiter to hold a fair election had been thwarted by the fact that the police power over the territory was all in the hands of one of the parties, and that the American commissioner had not sufficient authority to maintain order and prevent intimidation. I was determined therefore not to recommend to President Coolidge that he assume any responsibility for such supervision unless at the same time the American representatives who conducted the election were given sufficient power to make good.

In applying the problem of holding a fair election to existing conditions in Nicaragua, certain requirements were clear: There must first be peace and general amnesty. There must be then a complete disarmament, so far as possible, of the entire population, and at that time every man was going about with his hand metaphorically on his pistol pocket. Finally a new and impartial police force must be created to take the place of the forces which the government was in the habit of using to terrorize and control elections. These forces included both the army and the old local police. The government in Nicaragua is so centralized that it not only controls the national army but its power reaches directly down into every department and municipality and controls the local police.

Ballots for Bullets

An effort had been made, two years ago, to establish an impartial national constabulary under the instruction of a retired American officer recommended by our Government. The effort had failed, and under the Chamorro régime the constabulary had been debauched and diverted from its nonpartisan status largely because the power of the American officer had been limited to instruction and not command. Under the existing situation it was clear that to render impartial and effective service in protecting the polls such a constabulary must be created, instructed and temporarily commanded by Americans who, being members of our active military forces, had their future record to consider and were above local temptation. This meant practically that it should be so instructed and officered temporarily by men of our Marine Corps. Fortunately several precedents for the success of such a constabulary exist in the Philippines and in Haiti.

These conditions were drastic, but they were demanded by a drastic situation. They pointed out the only road by which a bloody and devastating revolution could be stopped and ballots substituted for bullets in determining whether Conservatives or Liberals should hold the reins of government. Furthermore it was legitimate to hope that if a generally admitted fair election could once be held, it might serve as a guide and pattern toward which the minds of the Nicaraguan people might turn in the future, and that having been shown by Americans that such an election was possible, they would be encouraged in the future to adopt permanently a system of free elections with their own efforts. The saving of a nation from anarchy; the termination of a century-old political vice which had destroyed its attempted democracy; the setting of that nation upon the road to a possible orderly self-government—all seemed to me to be a goal worthy of every possible effort.

Of course, such a plan must be based wholly upon the assumption that the Nicaraguan Government itself would request this assistance and would itself enact the Nicaraguan laws under which Americans, whose names would be suggested by our President, would be appointed by the president of Nicaragua to the various positions of supervision and control.

The Diaz Peace Terms

If those conditions were fulfilled, many international precedents authorized the rendering of such assistance to a sister nation on the part of our Chief Executive. In fact, an already existing law of our own Congress, under which we have frequently acted in the case of Latin-American nations, authorizes the President of the United States to detail officers of the Army and Navy to assist other nations in their military and naval establishments.

In reaching all these conclusions I had the invaluable help and coöperation of Mr. Eberhardt and Admiral Latimer—as, indeed, was the case throughout my stay in Nicaragua. No step was ever taken or decision reached except after full discussion among us three, and every step taken I think without any exception met the approval of all.

Before taking the steps hereafter narrated, I had, of course, cabled to Washington our views as to the importance of American supervision for the 1928 election as an essential element in obtaining a peaceful settlement, and received a cable indicating that the President would be willing, on the request of the Nicaraguan Government and under Nicaraguan law, to recommend a commission for the supervision of this election.

All these matters were fully discussed with President Diaz and members of his cabinet and met with their concurrence. On April twenty-second President Diaz placed in my hands the following memorandum of peace terms which he was willing should be suggested to the Liberals:

1. Immediate general peace in time for the new crop and delivery of arms simultaneously by both parties to American custody.
2. General amnesty and return of exiles and return of confiscated property.
3. Participation in Diaz's cabinet by representative Liberals.
4. Organization of a Nicaraguan constabulary on a nonpartisan basis commanded by American officers.
5. Supervision of election in 1928 and succeeding years by Americans who will have ample police power to make such supervision effective.
6. Continuance temporarily of a sufficient force of marines to make the foregoing effective.

Liberal leaders in Managua had already communicated with Doctor Sacasa at Puerta Cabezas and suggested that he either come himself to meet me or send delegates for that purpose. I thereupon handed to them a copy of those proposed peace terms, telling them that I felt confident that President Diaz would make a settlement on that basis and that I thought it was a fair and generous proposition. At

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the same time I told them that it was postulated upon Mr. Diaz remaining in office until the completion of his present term in 1928, and this fact, together with the peace terms, was then cabled to Doctor Sacasa by the Managua Liberals.

Mr. Diaz himself, in one of his conferences with me, expressed his own readiness to retire voluntarily, if such retirement were essential to a peace settlement. The result of my investigations, however, convinced me that only through his remaining in office was an immediate peace settlement possible. Under the Nicaraguan Constitution he was ineligible to be a candidate in the election in 1928 to succeed himself. The situation in his case, therefore, could not be complicated by personal ambitions.

He was so convinced of the necessity of American supervision for that election that in order to make it entirely fair he was ready to surrender all the traditional power of the presidency which had been heretofore used to influence and control election results. He was willing to disband the army; he was willing to take the necessary executive and financial steps to establish an impartial constabulary and to appoint as the officers thereof Americans recommended by our President. He was ready to advocate legislation—and in Nicaragua presidential advocacy of legislation usually means the enactment thereof—to provide for boards of election with American chairmen who should preside over the ballot boxes and command the services of the constabulary to prevent disorder and intimidation. In other words, in order to secure a fair election, he was ready to withhold the traditional powers of his office and make himself a virtual figurehead in respect to election control.

All these matters had been fully discussed with him, and his intelligent approval and cooperation were assured. His record in international relations with us showed that his word could be relied upon. We could be sure of these essential conditions in no other way than through Diaz remaining in office.

Suggestion has been made that the proper course to have followed would be to have both Mr. Diaz and Doctor Sacasa retire in favor of some neutral substitute. That suggestion is based upon complete ignorance of Nicaraguan conditions. No such neutral existed or could possibly exist in Nicaragua. For days I sat listening to suggestions of substitutes for Diaz and found behind every candidate suggested an ulterior expectation of partisanship. Neutrality might be achieved by the appointment of an American or other foreigner as chief executive—or, in other words, by the establishment of what would amount to a foreign receivership of the government—and some critics have not hesitated to suggest that course. But obviously it would have both violated the Nicaraguan Constitution and transgressed the executive powers of the American President to appoint such a man.

Generous to His Enemies

Our peace settlement must necessarily be carried out under the Nicaraguan Constitution, and to obtain any substitute for Diaz under that constitution would have involved fatal delay and created immediately new political controversies even worse than those which had arisen over the legitimacy of the Diaz presidency.

Under the Nicaraguan Constitution, any successor to Diaz must be elected by the congress. The legally reconstituted congress which had elected Diaz in November, 1926, had expired by limitation of term in December, 1926; and owing to the revolution, congressional elections had not been held in several of the most important Liberal districts during the year 1926. The surviving membership of the old congress, where terms of office had held over, was therefore necessarily strongly Conservative in political complexion. To attempt to elect a successor to Diaz by that rump congress would inevitably bring violent and just objections from the very Liberals who opposed Diaz. To hold new elections to fill the vacancies was impossible until there should be peace.

Therefore, in any attempt to change, we would have been held powerless in the grip of inexorable conditions. In the meanwhile, with every day that passed, anarchy crept nearer.

At any moment a crisis might arise under which our marines might be drawn into a clash with one side or the other and the situation immeasurably complicated.

It seemed to me clear, therefore, that the only way out was to follow the straight and simple course of driving at the main object of securing a fresh and fair start in 1928 and not to try to play politics in the meanwhile.

This was all the more clear in that the retention of Diaz did not really constitute a source of danger of oppression to the Liberals. In conversation with me, Liberal leaders freely admitted his magnanimity to his political opponents. This characteristic went to an extent which in the eyes of his own party constituted his conspicuous political weakness. Liberal leaders told me over and over again that Diaz was the Conservative most acceptable to their party.

But they had been fighting him; the Diaz issue had become a political slogan. Their honor, they said, prevented them from voluntarily signing any settlement which retained him even temporarily. The climax of their argument was reached when an earnest Liberal, who had been quite zealous and useful in attempts at a compromise, suggested seriously that if Mr. Diaz would only change his name the whole difficulty would be solved!

The Liberal Attitude

On April twenty-seventh I received word that Doctor Sacasa, though declining to come himself, had appointed Dr. Rudolpho Espinosa, Dr. Leonardo Arguello and Dr. Manuel Cordero Reyes as his delegates and that they were on their way from Puerto Cabezas on the American destroyer Preston. Espinosa was Sacasa's Foreign Minister and chief adviser, Arguello was a well-known Liberal leader, and Reyes was Sacasa's private secretary. The Preston made a record-breaking trip of less than three days round through the Panama Canal, and the delegates were landed at Corinto and reached Managua late in the evening of April twenty-ninth.

During the two following days Mr. Eberhardt and I were in conference with these delegates. The atmosphere of the conference was friendly and cordial. I outlined my views as to the situation and the suggested peace terms. They expressed general concurrence in my diagnosis of the evil of government-controlled elections and in the proposition for a supervised election in 1928 as the remedy.

They vigorously disclaimed any anti-American feeling on the part of Liberals or any hostile understanding with Mexico. They asserted that their party recognized that the United States had a legitimate zone of interest and influence extending as far south as Panama and that they considered this fact natural and beneficial in its results to Nicaragua. But they were absolutely silent as to the single point of President Diaz's unexpired term, and at the close of two days I came to the reluctant conclusion that they would not or could not expressly agree to that indispensable condition. The fact, however, that they had come to confer with me with full notice as to my own position on that point, as well as their cordial attitude on all other questions, rather inclined me to the belief that Sacasa's opposition to this one point might, in the last extremity, prove to be only formal.

At the close of the second conference they told me they thought we had progressed as far as we could without conferring with the Liberal commander in the field, General Moncada, and asked me if I

could put them in communication with him.

I welcomed this as an opportunity for a conference with Moncada myself, and told them so; and that if they desired it, I would try to get into communication with him; and that if he was willing to confer between the lines of the contending forces, I would go myself with them and after their conference with him would be glad to talk with him myself.

Accordingly they wrote a letter to Moncada, asking either for a conference or that he would send a representative to meet them. Admiral Latimer selected three American officers to take this message through the lines to Moncada, and I reenforced it by sending also a copy of the Diaz peace terms which we were discussing and an urgent invitation that General Moncada should come himself and meet us all personally.

Major Humphreys, Lieutenant Commander Moran and Lieutenant Frisbie, who carried these messages to Moncada, had a difficult and dangerous mission. Passing through the lines of Central American armies in actual combat is not without hazard, but they succeeded in reaching Moncada's hitherto unknown headquarters, delivered their message and persuaded the general to return with them to the conference. A forty-eight-hour truce between the contending armies was arranged for that purpose. On the afternoon of May thirteenth I received a message that he would meet me at Tipitapa early the following morning. Accordingly, early the next morning, with the Sacasa delegates and with Latimer and Eberhardt, I drove out to Tipitapa.

I felt that much depended upon this conference. Moncada represented the vital force of the revolution and for many months he and his army had been in the mountains and virtually out of communication with the world, including even his nominal chief, Sacasa. For many years he had been an outstanding figure in Nicaragua both as a soldier and as a man of letters. Though a Liberal, he had not hesitated to oppose the Liberal tyrant Zelaya in 1909. He had been a friend to United States influence in Central America, and now, as a man of fifty-six, he had won the respect of all military observers by conducting this difficult campaign at the head of his troops through the jungles and mountains that separated his present position from his point of departure on the Atlantic Coast. I also felt that having personally shared the sufferings and losses caused by the revolution, he might be less technical in approving a substantially just compromise than the civilian leaders of his party. I was not disappointed.

America's Help Needed

When in the early morning of May fourth we drove into Tipitapa, Moncada and the three American officers met us there. They were a bit weary from a difficult journey down from the mountains which had lasted until late into the night, but the general was at once ready for business. I turned over to him the three Sacasa delegates and told him that I should be glad to have a conference with him myself after he had finished with them. In about fifteen minutes he came out of the little inn where they had conferred and was ready to meet me.

He and I sat down under a large blackthorn tree near the dry river bed. He spoke English with unusual simplicity and directness, so no interpreter was needed. In less than thirty minutes we understood each other and had settled the matter. He had read the peace terms and fully approved them—all except the unexpired term of Diaz, which he said he could not in honor ask his army to accept, as it had been fighting against Diaz all winter. But though he might outmaneuver and sometimes beat Diaz's armies, he frankly admitted that neither he nor any Nicaraguan could, without the help of the United States, end the war or pacify the country; so that the situation would necessarily grow worse each month. If I would assure him that we insisted on Diaz as a necessary condition to our supervision of the election, he would not fight the United States. He said he did not wish a single life to be lost on that issue between us. If I would give him a letter to that effect, he would use it to persuade his army to lay down its arms.

In short, the gist of the situation was that while he felt he could not, in view of past history, voluntarily make such a settlement, if our Government was ready to accept the invitation of the Nicaraguan Government to supervise the election of 1928 and insisted on Diaz finishing out his term as a condition of that acceptance, he would yield to that decision and do his best to persuade his army to do so.

I then and there dictated the following letter, which was given to him:

TIPITAPA, May 4, 1927.

GENERAL JOSÉ MARIA MONCADA,
TIPITAPA.

Dear General Moncada: Confirming our conversation of this morning, I have the honor to inform you that I am authorized to say that the President of the United States intends to accept the request of the Nicaraguan Government to supervise the election of 1928; that the retention of President Diaz during the remainder of his term is regarded as essential to that plan and will be insisted upon; that a general disarmament of the country is also regarded as necessary for the proper and successful conduct of such election; and that the forces of the United States will be authorized to accept the custody of the arms of those willing to lay them down, including the government, and to disarm forcibly those who will not do so.

Very respectfully,
HENRY L. STIMSON.

Forehanded Forgiveness

I included the last sentence not as a threat to Moncada's organized and loyal troops, who, I was confident, would follow their leader's direction, but as a needed warning to the bandit fringe who were watching for any sign that we were not in earnest in order to indulge their taste for pillage once the government troops had laid down their arms and there remained no force in the country other than the Americans able to restrain them.

On Moncada's suggestion, the Sacasa delegates were called in and told of my decision. After a few moments' consultation, they told me that Sacasa would not resist the action of the United States. Moncada soon afterward returned to his army and in a few days informed me by message that he had been invested with full authority to conclude our negotiations.

In the meanwhile, without waiting for this message, President Diaz had taken certain steps which greatly aided the successful termination of the settlement. On May fifth he proclaimed an immediate general amnesty and permitted all his political enemies to return freely to the country. He proclaimed the freedom of the press and gave to Moncada express permission to issue through the press a general proclamation to the Liberals. He gave public notice that the membership of the supreme court, which had been illegally disrupted by his predecessor, General Chamorro, would be restored to its original status. He agreed to appoint Liberal *jefes politicos*, or governors, at the heads of the six Liberal provinces of the country in place of the Conservatives who then occupied those positions. Subsequently he appointed several of Moncada's former generals to those positions.

On May eleventh we met Moncada again at Tipitapa. He asked me for assurances on several points that had been raised by his army and I then dictated and gave him the following letter:

TIPITAPA, NICARAGUA.
May 11, 1927.

GENERAL JOSÉ MARIA MONCADA,
TIPITAPA.

Dear General Moncada: I am glad to learn of the authority that has been placed in you by your army to arrange for a general disarmament. I am also glad to make clear to you and to your army the attitude of the President of

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the United States as to this matter. In seeking to terminate this war, President Coolidge is actuated only by a desire to benefit the people of Nicaragua and to secure for them a free, fair and impartial election. He believes that only by such free and fair elections can permanent peace be secured for Nicaragua. To insure this in 1928 he has consented to the request that American representatives selected by him shall supervise the election. He has also consented to assign American officers to train and command a nonpartisan national constabulary for Nicaragua which will have the duty of securing such a fair election and of preventing any fraud or intimidation of voters. He is willing also to leave in Nicaragua until after the election a sufficient force of marines to support the work of the constabulary and insure peace and freedom at the election.

As further evidence of the good faith of the American Government and of the present Nicaraguan Government in this matter, I am glad to tell you what has already been done. It will answer the questions contained in the letter of your soldiers which you have shown me. General amnesty has already been granted by the president of Nicaragua. I have recommended to Pres. Diaz that the Supreme Court be reconstituted by the elimination of the illegal judges placed in that court under Sr. Chamorro. Pres. Diaz has already called upon those judges for their resignations and I believe that those resignations will be obtained. I have already advised that the Congress be reconstituted by the holding of special elections in those Liberal districts where elections were not held in 1926, under conditions which will insure that the Liberal voters will be amply protected in their rights. I have also recommended that members of Congress illegally expelled by Sr. Chamorro, whose terms have not yet expired, be reinstated. I have been assured that this will be done.

I have recommended that Liberal *jefes politicos* be appointed in the six Liberal districts of Bluefields, Jinotega, Nueva Segovia, Estoli, Chinandega and León. I have been assured that this will be done.

In short, I have recommended that steps be taken so far as possible to restore the political condition as it existed in Nicaragua before the Chamorro *coup d'état* and I believe that so far as possible it will be done.

I hope that these steps will assure you and your army of the fairness of the United States Government and its desire to see peace, justice and freedom reëstablished in Nicaragua without any unfairness or favoritism toward any party, but being regardful of the rights of Liberals and Conservatives alike.

Very respectfully yours,
HENRY L. STIMSON.

A Protegé of Villa

He assured me that this letter would be fully satisfactory to his army and then himself formally dictated the following statement:

The Liberals cannot believe that the United States Government, through the personal representative of President Coolidge, will give a promise which it will not fulfill.

Once again the Liberals place their confidence in the United States. The leaders of the army will try to convince their men that this promise of fair elections will be fulfilled. The central point which the army wishes to be assured of is that the United States will do its best to give Nicaragua a fair election in 1928.

He then returned to his army and on the following day I received a telegram signed by him and by all his chieftains except Sandino formally agreeing to lay down their arms and asking that American forces be immediately sent to receive them and "guarantee order, liberty and property." This was done. Within a week more than 9000 rifles, 296 machine guns and nearly 6,000,000 rounds of ammunition were turned in to the United States marines from both Conservative and Liberal forces.

The semi-independent bands of guerrillas followed Moncada's example and turned in their arms. The only exception was Sandino, one of Moncada's lieutenants, who, as Moncada told me, having promised to join in the settlement, afterward broke his word and with about 150 followers, most of whom he said were Honduran mercenaries, had secretly left his army and started northward toward the Honduras border. I was told that Sandino had lived in Mexico for twenty-two years, where he served under Pancho Villa, and only came back to Nicaragua on the outbreak of the revolution in order to enjoy the opportunities for violence and pillage which it offered.

A force of marines and of the new constabulary constituted under the peace settlement were subsequently sent out after Sandino into the wild country of the north. On July sixteenth Sandino's force, augmented by other lawless individuals who had drifted in the interval to him, attacked a much smaller group of marines and constabulary at Ocotal, near the Honduras border, and were repulsed with severe losses. Later cable dispatches from our Minister indicate that Sandino's following has now practically dispersed.

Evidence of Good-Will

In contrast with the sensational statements of some of our own press, the following public statement issued by General Moncada after the affair at Ocotal fairly describes the Sandino incident:

Existing on money from both natives and foreigners and merchants at Jinotega, as he had done before under threats of pillage and bloody reprisal, he—Sandino—interned in the mountains, took foreigners in the army and dedicated his time to murdering his enemies, both Conservatives and Liberals. He proved extremely cruel to prisoners, to whom life was never pardoned. I will not approve such a kind of war. I will never accept it. . . .

In order to defend the cities of Jinotega, Esteli and Ocotal, the American command sent marines and soldiers of the Nicaraguan National Guard. Eighty-seven men of these mixed forces existed at Ocotal when it was attacked by Sandino and an overwhelming force. Sandino threw himself against them with all his army. The defenders resisted heroically for sixteen hours. . . .

Sandino suffered great losses, exceeding 400 men. This, of course, has not been murder. There was an armed conflict in a legitimate defense. We Liberals are greatly sorry for the death of our brothers, but it is our duty to deny all contact with mercenaries, censuring such a war lacking in ideals. In Nicaragua the Liberals greatly desire peace and are confident of the word of the President of the United States given to us through his personal representative, Mr. Stimson. All the other Liberal chiefs except Sandino complied with their duty.

The final announcement of our settlement met with general demonstrations of joy and satisfaction in Nicaragua. Of course, a few extreme politicians on each side were displeased. Some Conservative leaders thought Diaz altogether too generous; some Sacasa extremists thought Moncada a traitor. But there was no mistaking the general feeling of the people. There was an immediate rush of the peasants in both armies to get back to their farms in order to be in time to plant the new crop.

In Managua, when Moncada entered the city, after his troops had laid down their arms, there was a popular demonstration of Liberals as to a victorious general and the Conservatives good-naturedly stood aside and permitted the festival. There were also general manifestations of gratitude to the United States. Far from being the victim of any hostile demonstration, I received marked expressions of their good-will from both sides.

The University of Granada, a hotbed of conservatism, conferred an honorary degree upon me, while on the same day, by invitation, I addressed the assembled chiefs of the Liberal army.

These generals, side by side with their former bitter enemies, the Diaz cabinet, were at the railroad station to bid our party farewell when we left Managua on May sixteenth.

Coupled with these incidents were many little evidences of friendly good-will from both sides, which only a warm-hearted Latin-American people know how to give. As we sailed away there remained with me as an earnest of the hopeful future of Nicaragua the memory of two patriotic men, one a Conservative and one a Liberal, each willing to sacrifice personal ambition and party interest to the higher welfare of his country and each willing to trust in the honor and good-will of the United States—Adolfo Diaz and José Maria Moncada.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Stimson. The last will appear in an early issue.

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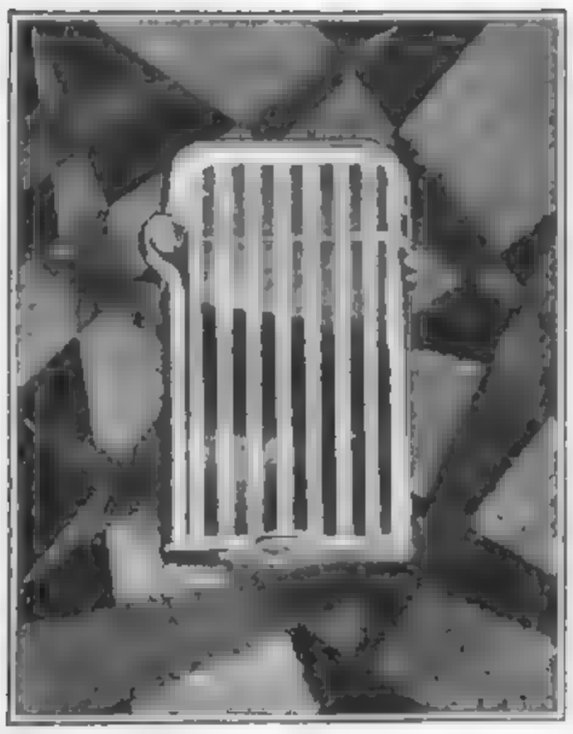

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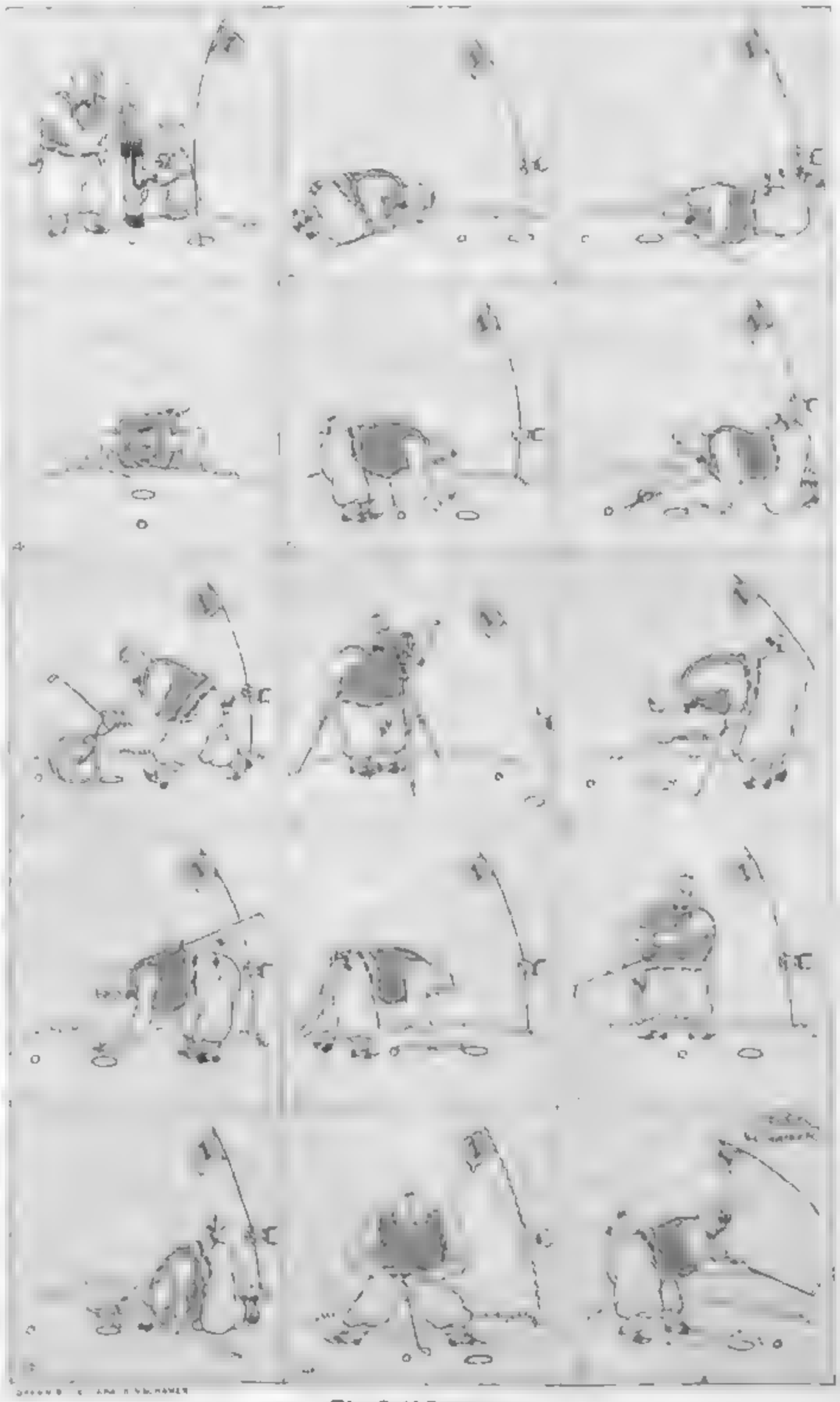

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Fox-Sterlingworth features include a three-piece lock, with integral firing-pin and hammer of nickel-steel; a rotary taper bolt that automatically compensates for wear, so that the gun will never "shoot loose;" coil springs throughout; stock and fore-end of fine American walnut, with weatherproof Duco finish; and a simplified construction that uses fewer working parts than any other make of double-barrel hammerless gun.

The Sterlingworth is made in correct types for every kind of shooting, in 12, 16 or 20 gauge, with barrels 26 to 32 inches in length and any desired boring.

Other Fox Guns are priced at $52.50 and upward, and may be custom-built to the purchaser's specifications. They afford the finest possible examples of modern gunsmithery.

Theodore Roosevelt said of his Fox, "No better gun was ever made."

Choose your Fox at your dealer's. Write us today for the Fox catalog and the booklet, "How to Buy a Gun."

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4750-60 North 18th St. Philadelphia

FOX PLAY GUN

"Just like Dad's big Fox" is this true-to-life miniature for the youngsters—but absolutely harmless. The only double-barrel, breech-loading play gun. Looks and works like a real gun, but it's safe for even a four-year-old. Won't even break glassware. At all sporting goods and toy departments. Send for folder.

FOX GUNS

FFB DIAMOND VELVET has a fibre bearing at the top of the socket—where the load rests—and at the bottom where side strain is encountered. Outwears any other form of bearing. Fitted with Feltoid wheels to insure against marring and gouging.

How easily it rolls on Bassicks

The very particular housekeeper has learned through bitter experience that casters, not price, determine the life span of furniture.

When furniture rolls and turns easily—smoothly—quietly—as it always does on Bassicks—there is no strain on furniture—or floors. Thus does house-cleaning lose much of its terror.

On good furniture—in good hardware stores you will always find Bassicks.

Bassick Casters
The BASSICK CO.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A Division of Vickers Warner
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

For thirty-one years leading makers of Better Casters for home, office, hotel, hospital, warehouse and factory

WATCHDOGS OF CRIME

(Continued from Page 47)

of continuances to stick out like a thumb print on white paper. When, therefore, continuances now become noticeable in any case the operating director of the Crime Commission steps briskly out of the office and pays a call on the state's attorney and on one or two judges. He calls attention to what is going on in a calm and reasonable voice, and possibly even mentions the matter to the newspapers. The continuances immediately stop. The Crime Commission has found attention-calling to be one of its most effective weapons. It calls the attention of the police, of city officials, of state officials and of the newspapers to anything that needs attention, regardless of the politics, race, creed or previous condition of servitude of the person to whom attention is called.

The Crime Commission made an excursion into the deep and treacherous waters of pardons and paroles and of probations, with results that were not only lasting but that were nerve shattering in the extreme to crooks and law flouters of all sorts. As an outcome of its fight on unwarranted pardons and paroles, a member of the Crime Commission, Hinton G. Clabaugh, was made Supervisor of the Division of Pardons and Paroles.

A Way of Escape

Every parole asked for in Cook County is now submitted to the Chicago Crime Commission for a report, and the report gives the man's complete criminal record, instead of his record in the case under consideration—a proceeding that would have been extremely difficult prior to the time when the Crime Commission installed its own criminal records.

A judge who owes his position to the votes of the people sometimes finds it difficult to refuse the requests of a politician who controls, or claims to control, the votes of a large part of the electorate that voted him into office. This is true not only in Chicago but in many other American cities. In the normal course of events, when an influential politician comes to a judge and complains that a crook is being persecuted and requests that he be released or leniently treated, the judge has the alternative of acceding to the request, against his wishes and his better judgment, or refusing it and being accused of ingratitude to the persons or party responsible for his election—an accusation that is very likely to result in his defeat at the next election.

With an organization like the Chicago Crime Commission perpetually on the job, however, Chicago judges have learned that they can escape the importunities of politicians if they wish to do so, no matter how influential they may be. The Crime Commission is nonofficial, impersonal and independent. It asks no favors and is entirely impartial, unbiased and fearless. There are Chicago judges, accordingly, who smile benevolently when approached by influential politicians, and say, in reply to their demands, "I shall be delighted to do what you want. It is doubtless true, as you say, that this poor young man is entitled to mercy, so I will telephone to the Chicago Crime Commission and tell it what you have told me. The commission will have all the records on the case, and they will doubtless confirm what you tell me, which will relieve my mind of all fears that an injustice may be done."

Politicians have learned that any such call from a judge to the Crime Commission results in a highly distressing burst of activity on the commission's part. Public attention is called to the case, the judge is upheld in whatever disposition he wishes to make of it, and the politician is embarrassed by a number of rude, pointed questions and a large amount of unfavorable and hide-piercing publicity. Consequently importunate politicians, when politely reminded of the Crime Commission by judges, unobtrusively fade out of the picture and leave the judges to their own devices.

Occasionally the Crime Commission is obliged to work almost single-handed against the sentimental individuals and organizations who forget the victims of criminals and expend their maudlin sympathies on the criminal himself. It once found itself in the unfortunate position of having to oppose great numbers of prominent persons who appeared before Governor Lowden of Illinois to ask clemency for a boy of eighteen who had been condemned to hang on his birthday for killing a policeman in the discharge of his duty. It was not pleasant to be the only agency to urge that an eighteen-year-old boy be hanged on his birthday, but the Crime Commission representative argued that one must consider society as a whole, and that if a nation could send boys of eighteen overseas to die for their country, it ought to be able to hang a boy of eighteen for committing the crime of which he had been guilty. Lowden refused to grant clemency.

Owing to the Crime Commission's persistence in giving out Chicago criminal statistics, there is usually a hearty guffaw from outlanders at the mere mention of any agency engaged in the difficult task of speeding up justice and reducing crime in Chicago.

An examination of the facts shows less ground for laughter than one would naturally expect to find. The murder situation is sour, but the conditions as regards burglary and robbery show steady improvement since the Crime Commission began to operate in 1919.

The number of burglaries in Chicago in the past eight years were as follows: 6108 in 1919; 5495 in 1920; 4774 in 1921; 4301 in 1922; 3019 in 1923; 2136 in 1924; 1147 in 1925 and 897 in 1926. The number of robberies in Chicago in the same period were 2912 in 1919; 2782 in 1920; 2558 in 1921; 2007 in 1922; 1402 in 1923; 1755 in 1924; 1702 in 1925 and 1298 in 1926.

Some of the reduction is due to the fact that many burglars have abandoned the burgling profession and gone in for the less dangerous and more profitable pursuits of bootlegging and hijacking. And a great deal of it is due to the persistence with which the Crime Commission watches the administration of justice in criminal cases and makes the criminal's evasion of justice more and more difficult.

A Word of Broad Meaning

The murder situation in Chicago gives the Crime Commission a severe pain. The Crime Commission records show that there were 330 murders in Cook County in 1919, including the large number of killings in the race riots of July, 1919; 194 in 1920; 190 in 1921; 228 in 1922; 270 in 1923; 347 in 1924; 394 in 1925 and 366 in 1926.

The commission classifies as murder every case in which a coroner's jury returns a verdict of murder. Cook County coroner's juries take the Illinois statute pertaining to murder literally. They return verdicts of murder in cases where women are sacrificed by illegal operations, where infants are abandoned to die, where motorists flee after striking a victim to death, and in murders followed by suicides.

Other cities, as a rule, do not include these classifications. When these are eliminated from Chicago's figures its murder rate is not so high as it is sometimes thought to be by outsiders, though it is still too high to please the Crime Commission.

"Chicago's murder problem," says the Crime Commission, "is real and urgent. Its murder record indicates that the protection of life in this community is not adequate. Civil administration which does not assure security of life to all citizens cannot be depended on to protect property.

(Continued on Page 217)

Getting Poor Reception

10-1 It's Your Aerial

THE chances are you have looked high and low for the trouble. Your batteries have plenty of juice your tubes are O.K. no loose connections in the set. Then what's wrong . . . . . *Look to your aerial* See whether it is worn out. Grimy, soot-covered wires and insulators, a leaky lead-in wire or a defective

ground connection will rake the life out of any radio set—regardless of make or price.

Replace your aerial today with an

S-H AERO KIT

—a complete antenna outfit designed for quick, neat and efficient installations.

The kits come in a wide range of assortments, priced from $2.50 to $4.00. If not at your dealer's, write to us.

An Indoor Aerial Kit Also

Where impossible to install an outdoor aerial—as in apartment houses—the AERO *Indoor* Kit is available. It contains everything you need for a quick installation and top-notch results. It's a big improvement over all other tapes and cords. The insulation forms a low-loss covering.

Price $1.00 per pkge.

reduces static to almost zero and gives vastly better local reception than you have ever enjoyed. It allows for four different connections to adjust the antenna to the capacity of your set

Just plug it into the nearest light socket, using your house wiring for an aerial—but without using any of the current. Price $1.00

Ask your dealer about these products. If he hasn't them, get in touch with us.

SWAN-HAVERSTICK, Inc.
Trenton New Jersey

S-H

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate

RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION

First frost—time for the *anti-freeze* that *won't* evaporate

MANY motorists have been in the habit of disregarding "first frost" as a danger warning to guard their motors with anti-freeze. It is clear to see that they fear the rapid loss of their anti-freeze solution by early evaporation.

Radiator glycerine cannot evaporate. If your motor is glycerine-tight, every drop of it you put into your radiator now will be there next Spring. Follow the simple servicing instructions below and you are assured of season-long protection.

And that means protection even when the mercury drops to 30 degrees below or lower, because glycerine is *sure* protection. What is more, as radiator glycerine has a higher boiling point than that of water, it permits higher and more efficient winter operating temperatures for the motor, with no danger of overheating.

Harmless

The U. S. Bureau of Standards in its Letter Circular 28 (dated December 1, 1925) describes the many advantages of radiator glycerine, stating among other things that it is harmless to all the materials of the cooling system, including rubber. It is equally harmless to the new lacquer body finishes.

Just one word of caution: In order to enjoy the full benefit of this remarkable anti-freeze, be sure to follow carefully the instructions below.

GPA

Look for this label. Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

Glycerine-tight — *have your service man follow these instructions*

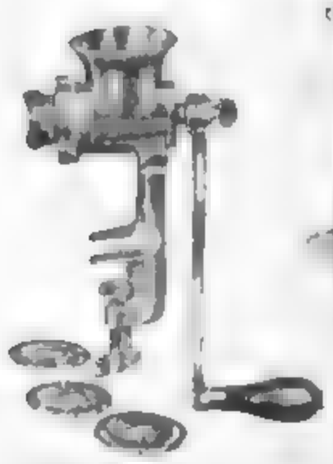
Glycerine cannot evaporate. Only by leakage or overflow can it escape. Therefore it is vital to see that the cooling system is glycerine-tight.

Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets and pump packings, so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

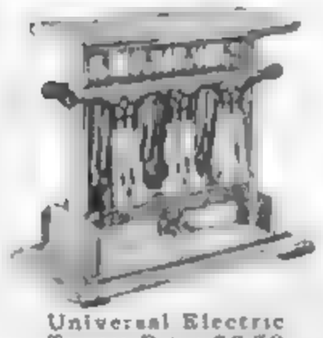
Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Booklet Now Available

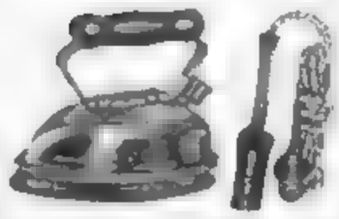
The Glycerine Producers' Association has prepared a booklet which tells the complete story of radiator glycerine, listing approved brands and giving correct instructions for their use. Send for a copy. Address: Dept. A1, Glycerine Producers' Assn., 45 East 17th Street, New York



Winchester Food Chopper, **Price $2.50**



Universal Electric Toaster, **Price $6.50**



Winchester Sad Iron
Price $5.00

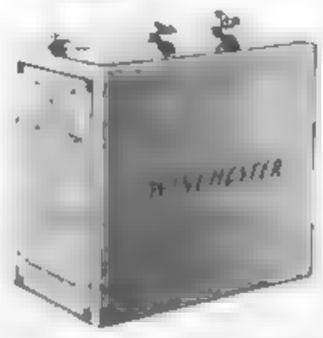
Winchester Stainless Steel Slicer
Special 59c

O-Cedar Oil Mop
Special 69c

Winchester Stainless Steel Paring Knife
Special 19c

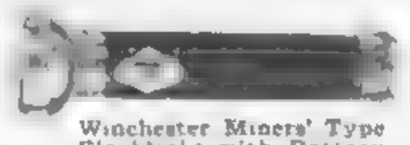
Winchester Stainless Steel Butcher Knife
Special 98c

Winchester Roller Skates
Boys', **Special $1.79**
Girls', **Special $1.89**



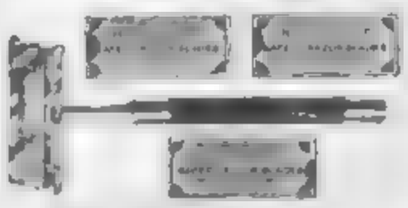
Winchester "B" Battery
Special $3.98

Winchester Flashlight with Battery
Special 89c

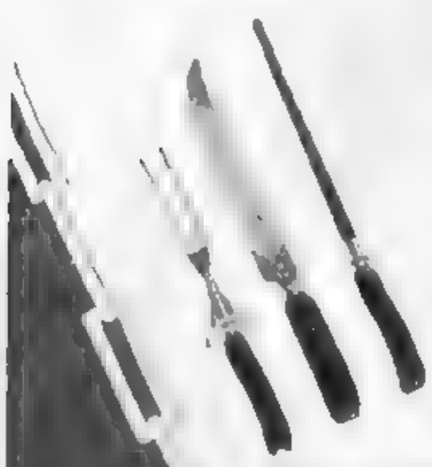


Winchester Miners' Type Flashlight with Battery
Special $1.49

Cunningham Radio Tube, C X 3 0 1 A
Price $1.75



Winchester Razor FREE with three packages of blades, **Special $1.05**



Winchester Carving Set in Stainless Steel, **Price $7.25**

Winchester Penknife
Special 89c

Winchester Boys' Wagon, WS-1
Price $6.50

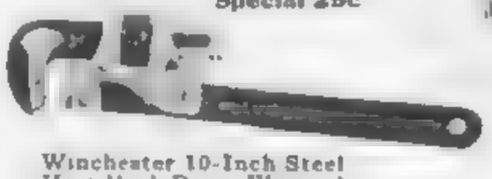
Boys' Watch
Special 98c

Winchester Screw Driver
Special 29c

Winchester Oil
Special 19c

Winchester Linemen's Pliers, **Price $2.60**

Winchester Hammer
Special 98c



Winchester 10-Inch Steel Handled Pipe Wrench
Special 98c

	Regularly	Special
Six-Foot Step Ladder	$1.90	$1.69
Five-Sewed Broom	.65	.49
Pioneer Folding Ironing Board	3.50	2.89
Aluminum Cake Pan	.15	.09
Aluminum Pudding Pan	.15	.09

	Regularly	Special
Family Scales without Scoop	$1.35	$1.19
Dover Pattern Egg Beater	.25	.19
10-Quart Galvanized Pail	.25	.19
Dust Pan	.15	.09
Floor Brush	1.50	.98

	Regularly	Special
Alarm Clock	$1.25	$ .79
Boys' Jack-Knife	75	.49
Attachment Plug	15	.09
Pull Chain Socket	50	.23
Plug and Cord	50	.39
Regulation Football	1 50	.98

ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

THIS great nation-wide sale—the first of its kind—is proof of the co-operative action of Winchester Agents throughout the United States—members of a national chain of 6300 individually owned Winchester Hardware Stores. It's a "get-acquainted" sale to familiarize you with the quality merchandise and real values to be found at the Winchester Store. Check your requirements and locate the nearest store in your community that displays the Winchester Sign. You have an eight-day golden opportunity. Take advantage of it!

THE Winchester Store regularly offers, under the Winchester brand, quality products in this great variety—Tools, Cutlery, Lawn Mowers, Wheelbarrows, Farm and Garden Tools, Food Choppers, Electric Irons, Vacuum Bottles, Radio Batteries, Flashlights, Coaster Wagons, Hair Clippers, Fishing Tackle, Athletic Goods, Ice Skates, Roller Skates and Paints. All of these are *"as good as the gun."*

"One Winchester item makes you want another"

NATION-WIDE
WINCHESTER
STORE SALE

October 7th-15th

(Continued from Page 214)

Protection of life and property is the fundamental reason for the existence of government. Robbery and burglary have been cut approximately in half during the past five and one-half years, and there was a consistently downward trend in murder from 1919 to 1921. Since that time the trend has been consistently upward."

The commission found that in the six years ending December 31, 1926, there were 1795 murders in Chicago—or more properly in Cook County—while during the same period only 1154 individuals were tried for murder in the criminal court. Seven hundred and thirty-two of these 1154 were discharged. Only 422 suffered any penalties whatever, and only 24 were hanged

In 1920, pursuing its theory that delayed justice was a crime encourager and that quick justice was the greatest of all crime deterrents, the Crime Commission inaugurated a murder drive. There were 135 persons awaiting trial for murder when the drive started. Some of the cases were five years old, and 104 of the 135 were out on bail. The docket was clogged and murderers were getting away. The Crime Commission enlisted the support of four courageous and prominent Chicago judges, Marcus Kavanagh, Kickham Scanlan, Theodore Brentano and George F. Barrett, and as a result four judges tried murder cases exclusively for sixty days.

In one month twelve men were sentenced to death. At the end of the sixty days twenty death penalties were returned. Eighteen were hanged within two years. Many were sent to the penitentiary for sentences ranging from fourteen years to life. The result of these activities was felt in Chicago criminal circles as nothing had ever been felt before.

Inexpensive Protection

The Chicago Crime Commission operated in 1926 on $68,000—which is approximately the amount of money that was recently raised to defray the trial expenses of some criminals. Certified public accountants attested that the commission had accomplished a maximum of results at a minimum of expense. Its membership in 1927 had grown to 140 of Chicago business leaders and it is attempting to raise $160,000 from Chicago business men for its work in 1927. With this it proposes to do all that it has done in the past, extend its activities to the careful watching of municipal-court cases, as well as criminal-court cases, carry on a campaign for changes in the criminal code of Illinois, and maintain a surplus for special investigations of big criminal cases—like, for example, the Leopold-Loeb case

Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, a specialist on homicide records for the Prudential Life Insurance Company, has declared: "The evidence is incontrovertible that we are slowly drifting toward a degree of acquiescence in crime and criminal traits which, if not sternly dealt with, will permeate all strata of our American society. A point has been reached in our national life where no one is safe anywhere at any time Murders are committed with fiendish cruelty and often with superhuman ingenuity which baffles the authorities and defeats the ends of justice. Every day the press accounts contain a larger chronicle of capital crimes than would be met with in British or Continental newspapers for a month."

A Steady Business

"Sometimes, during the course of a year, murder is set forth with alluring attractiveness in countless cheap publications which cater to a morbid and depraved appetite. Murder is encouraged by long-delayed trials and the uncertainty of conviction and severity of punishment."

President William B. Joyce of the National Surety Company has estimated that the direct financial loss due to crime in the United States -losses, that is to say, paid by individuals, firms and corporations—amounts to $3,000,000,000 annually, or the cost of a large-sized modern war. The bulk of this loss is due to crime that is as steady a business as the automobile industry—a business that is centralized, organized and commercialized in many of the large cities in America. It has nothing to do with waves of crime or any other sort of waves, and is the result of neither hard times, poverty nor cold weather, but is deliberately chosen as a trade, vocation or profession by most of those who indulge in it. Those who engage in it, furthermore, are always on the job They take no vacations unless forced to do so.

To American business men, therefore, who understand the value of organization and who realize the baneful effect of the annual loss of $3,000,000,000 to the people of the United States, this sketchy narrative of the activities of the Chicago Crime Commission is offered by way of showing that there is always a way of getting results, provided anyone is sufficiently eager to get them.

"Since 1845 the Choice of Gentlemen"

The nationally known slogan of Banister Shoes ably paraphrases a truth of 82 years' standing. These famous shoes have, indeed, been carried to the heights of public and private life by the men who wear them.

The Essex Rubber Company has the signal honor of supplying rubber heels for Banister Shoes. Heels identical with TITE-EDGE. They differ only in one respect: the name "Banister Shoes" is stamped upon them instead of TITE-EDGE

Wearers of Banister Shoes are assured the same fine quality when replacing their rubber heels with TITE-EDGE Wearers of all shoes will profit by asking their repair men for TITE-EDGE Rubber Heels—the choice of America's leading shoes.

ESSEX RUBBER CO.
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

TITE-EDGE HEELS

The Carter Rocker Spring Clip

Two Points to Remember

Its flexible, osmiridium point yields to the slight pressure, natural with the writing hand — it lets you think and write without fatigue. Compare this with stiff, unyielding pen points.

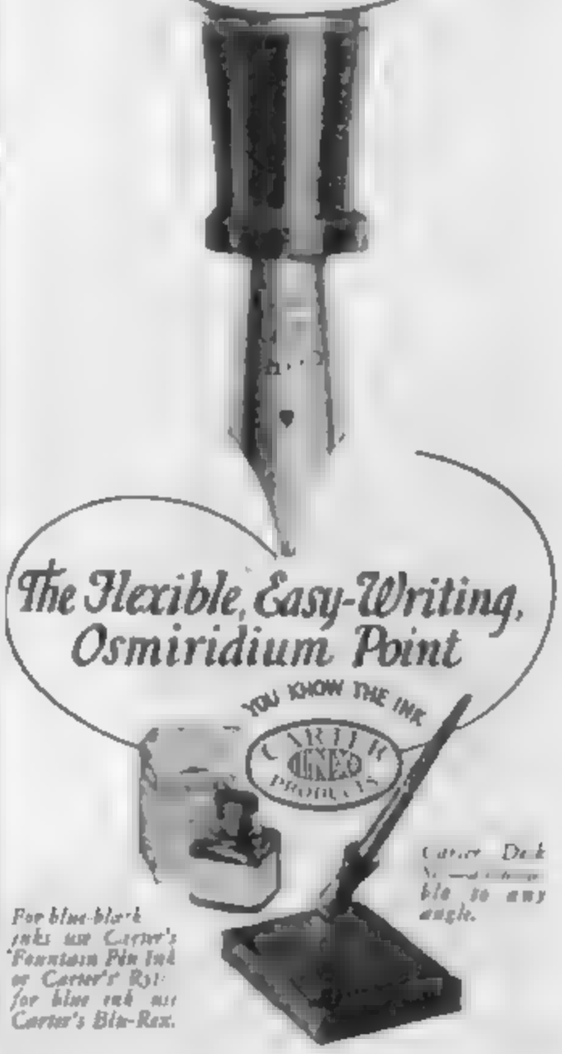
The Carter Rocker Spring Clip puts a stop to frayed pen pockets. A slight pressure on the spring of this *built-in* clip opens it—pen is removed and replaced without *pulling* or *jamming* the pocket

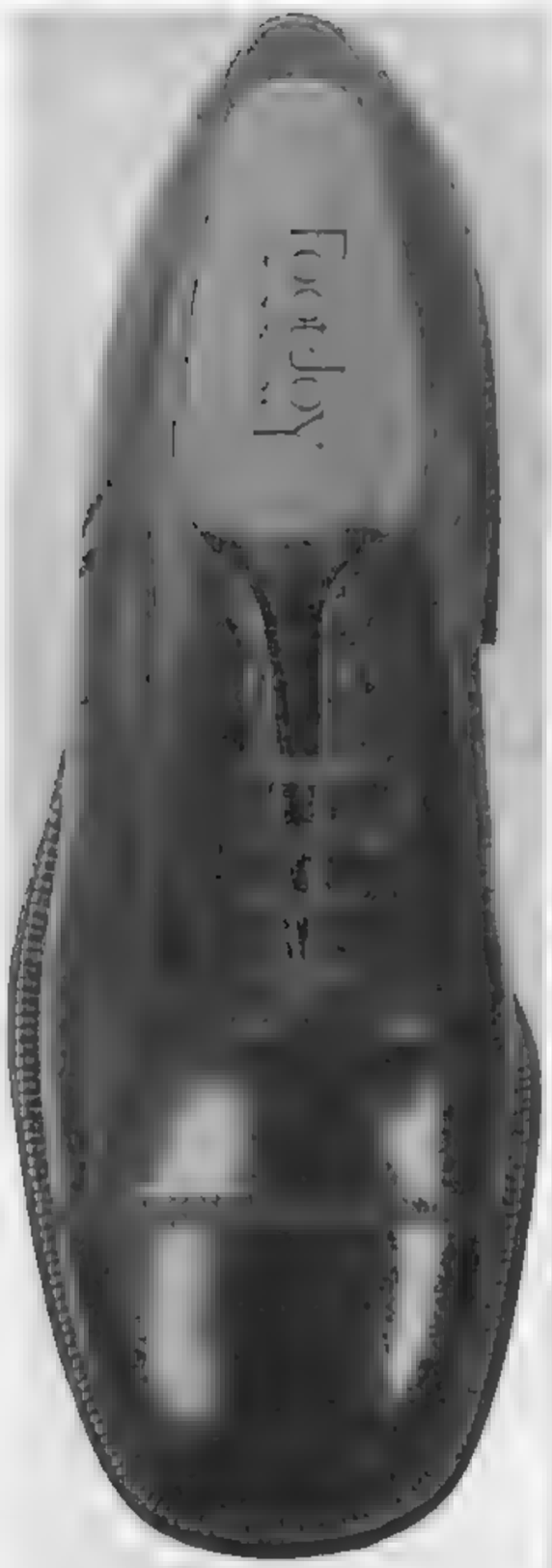
Step in and try this wonderful pen—or write for dealer's name $3.50 to $7.00.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston — Montreal
New York — Chicago

The CARTER PEN


The Flexible, Easy-Writing, Osmiridium Point
YOU KNOW THE INK
CARTER'S INKS
Carter Desk
For blue-black inks use Carter's Fountain Pen Ink or Carter's Rx; for blue ink use Carter's Blu-Rex.



Foot-Joy

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Shoe that's Different

HERE is a modern shoe, smartly styled, which has the proper foundation to carry a man's weight in comfort and keep the hundreds of nerves and muscles of the human walking mechanism happy.

All your weight is on the bottom of your feet. And when you walk you pound this weight against the unyielding surfaces of concrete, tile or cement, on which practically all walking today is done.

You can walk all day in comfort, with none of the 5-o'clock tiredness so many men feel, by wearing Foot-Joy Shoes. Made in styles for all occasions, street, sport or evening wear. Write us and we will send you our catalogue in color showing smart styles in Foot-Joy, "The Shoe that's Different."

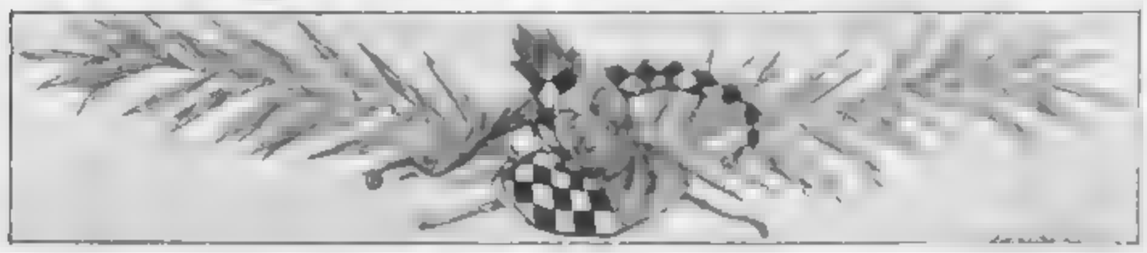
FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name

Address..... SEPT.

Songs of the Cities



By BERTON BRALEY

Woonsocket

A Near-East Ballad

THOUGH low land and high land
Are both in Rhode Island,
The state is exceedingly small,
But cities are plenty—
Some fifteen or twenty
If I were to speak of them all.
This song will endeavor
To mention, however,
Not several cities, but one,
And from the whole docket
I'm picking Woonsocket
The city where worsted is spun!

CHORUS:

Three cheers for the town of Woonsocket;
It's better to boost than to knock it,
For better—for worsted,
In song I have bursted,
With notes that go up like a rocket.
The yarn of this town—you can't crock it,
And it's the best worsted to buy;
So three rousing cheers for Woonsocket
Three cheers for Woonsocket, R. I.

Woonsocket weaves cotton
That isn't so rotten,
It fabricates clothes wringers, too,
And bobbins and shuttles
And stove lids and scuttles
And silks that are lovely of hue;
But chiefly Woonsocket's
Industrial pockets
Are filled with the worsted that's sold;
With those facts before us
Let's all sing the chorus
And see that this story is told:

CHORUS:

Oskaloosa, Iowa

A Ballad Written With the Aid of the Encyclopedia Britannica

NOW I'll tell you of a city that I haven't ever seen,
Which is snugly situated in the Middle West's demesne.
The Britannica describes it as "Mahaska's County Seat";
And it has a Quaker College where the Quakers yearly meet;
And its name is Oskaloosa—Oskaloosa, Ioway;
And with that much introduction I will say:

CHORUS:

Oskaloosa, Oskaloosa
Is a building-brick producah,
And it also makes cement, to be exact.
In the country all about it
There are coal mines—do not doubt it—
The Encyclopedia states it as a fact.
The Rock Island, Burlington,
And I-OW-a Central run
Through this city that's the subject of my lay.
Settled first in '43,
It's still on the map, you see,
And it's known as Oskaloosa, Ioway!

Though I've never seen this city, I can very briefly state
That it bears its name in honor of an Indian chieftain's mate,
That besides the railroads mentioned in the chorus of this song,
There are also interurban lines which serve it right along;
I guess that's just about as much as I have got to say
Regarding Oskaloosa, Ioway!

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1927.

State of Pennsylvania,
County of Philadelphia } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

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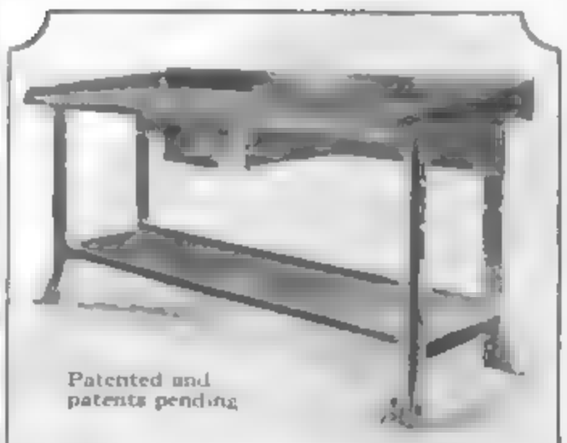

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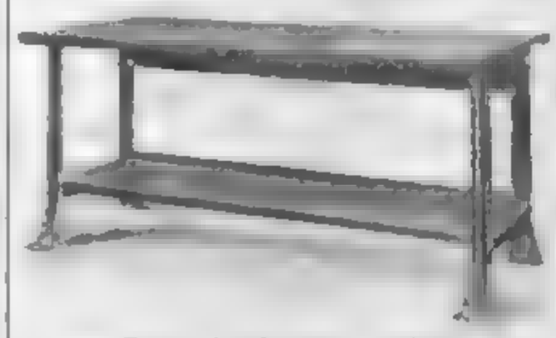

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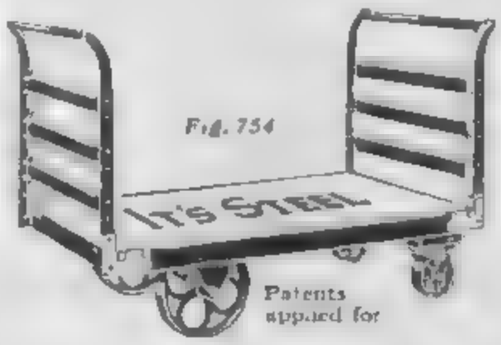

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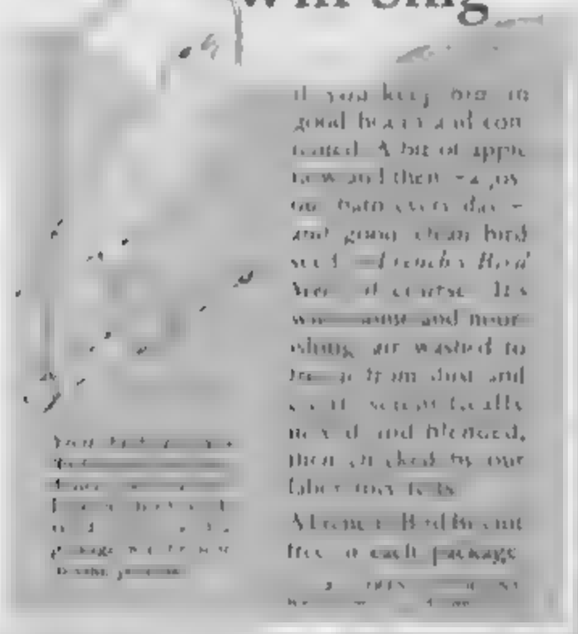

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THE INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

(Continued from Page 37)

documents were prepared for use at the conference. Some of these were formal documents, largely informative in character, issued by the committee as a whole; others were monographs on special topics prepared by individual experts. This extensive preparation was the result of the sad experience of the ill-fated economic conference held at Genoa in 1922, which was a fiasco, in part for reasons of inadequate preparation.

Although the American delegation did not speak for or bind the Government, the Government placed its facilities at the disposal of the delegation. An outstanding group of experts, contributed by the Departments of State, Commerce, Agriculture, Labor and the Treasury, accompanied the delegation as an advisory staff. The several departments of the Government lent direct assistance in the shape of collections of statistical material. The representatives of the Department of Commerce, stationed in the various capitals of Europe, were summoned to Geneva for first-hand information on conditions in the countries in which they were located. The consul of the United States at Geneva served as secretary to the delegation. The presence of expert advisers and the possession of collections of up-to-date data were of invaluable assistance to the delegation.

In a Guide to the Preparatory Documents of the Conference, issued by the secretary to the League of Nations, in an interpretive introduction prepared by Sir Arthur Salter, is a statement of the causes of disequilibrium in the world economic position:

"The major causes may be summarized as follows:

1. Maldistribution of fixed capital:
   Increased plant for war needs; plant laid down by neutral countries which could not obtain supplies during war; industrial nationalism—the idea of national self-sufficiency.
2. General impoverishment of Europe after war reduced savings, and various secondary results of inflation handicapped industries not producing for immediate consumption.
3. The war increased the tendency for raw materials to be manufactured in the countries in which they are produced.
4. Scientific discoveries have changed the type of material required and hence the seat of the industry.
5. Further normal development of industries in semi-industrialized countries outside of Europe.
6. Change of demand through technical development; hydroelectric power replacing coal; artificial silk replacing cotton and woolen yarn, and so on.
7. Tariffs are higher, more numerous, less stable and more complicated.
8. The movement of persons has been restricted by immigration laws, passport regulations and restrictions on the right of foreigners to carry on their business.
9. Currency instability.
10. Difficulties peculiar to Europe; need of reconstruction; adjustment to new frontiers, and permanent change of trade routes in certain cases; the extreme fluctuations of currencies and prices.

Dislocations and Destruction

Strictly stated, as a broad proposition, all the above are true. For consideration by the International Economic Conference, however, the disabilities persist largely for Europe. The countries outside of Europe have for the most part faced their liquidations, absorbed their losses and effected reconstructions and forward-looking adaptations. The objective of the conference was to deal with the disabilities of Europe, not with the disabilities of countries outside of Europe. Had Europe accomplished, in the direction of reconstruction, anything comparable to what has been accomplished outside of Europe, the conference would never have been called. Among the major causes cited are developments that did not originate in the war, such as the tendency for countries producing raw materials also to manufacture them, the influence of scientific discovery and transport improvements on the location of manufacturing industry, and the substitution of one material for another, as result of technological advancements.

In a sense Europe may be said to be suffering from decentralization of production in the world. Disabilities resulting from war and disabilities resulting from competition were sometimes confused in the discussions in the conference. The war influenced the expansion of cotton mills in Japan and India, to the injury of British textile plants; but the war did not create the current fashion for silk and artificial silk that has also injured British textile plants. If one is to appraise the transactions of the conference one must keep in mind that the conference was called primarily to consider the economic difficulties of Europe, and that these economic difficulties are multiple; some due to the war, but many not due to the war. That the dislocations caused by the war were more serious than the destruction during the war was generally recognized.

The Conference Machinery

The membership of the conference consisted of delegations from forty-seven countries, nearly two hundred in number, accompanied by numerous experts and advisers. The president of the conference, Monsieur Theunis, of Belgium, was selected by the League of Nations. Several days were occupied with plenary sessions, during which numerous—almost innumerable—delegates delivered set addresses. These addresses, delivered in English or French, had been previously translated, and were available on paper in both languages. The set addresses had different purposes. Some were devoted to the exposé of the troubles of the Continent of Europe; others were devoted to the troubles of particular countries; some were topical in character; some undertook to forecast the work of the conference; some seemed designed to serve the political ambitions of the speakers; some were obviously designed for home consumption. Following several days of oratory the conference divided into three main sections, or committees, devoted to agriculture, commerce and industry.

Each of the committees had a chairman and held plenary sessions, during which again much oratory was expended. These committees then divided into subcommittees and drafting committees, where the actual work of the conference was accomplished. The several drafting committees brought their deliberations to head in the form of preliminary commatic drafts. The several drafts were then coördinated, and when necessary, conciliated. Finally each main committee was reassembled to consider the formal set of resolutions, which were adopted paragraph by paragraph.

Precisely here was displayed the League policy of securing unanimity of resolutions. In the original drafts, in the revised drafts, in the coördinated drafts and in the conciliated drafts, the tacit policy was to secure unanimity of support; or if not unanimity, delegations unable to support the resolutions should absent themselves from the ballot. Before the three committees adopted their resolutions, care had to be taken that these did not conflict—in other words, the resolutions of the three main committees had to be coördinated before they were finally passed. After the resolutions of the three main committees had been accepted in their plenary sessions, the conference as a whole was reassembled in plenary session, the resolutions of the three committees adopted and the work of the conference reviewed in a concluding address by the

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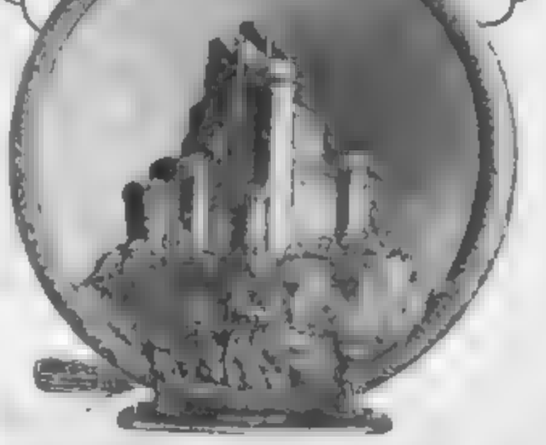

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president. The resolutions were then transmitted to the Council of the League of Nations.

The personalities attending the conference were of widely differing characteristics. There were many familiar faces—men who had been prominent in war work, in peace negotiations and in international gatherings since. Some countries seemed to regard the questions before the conference as the direct continuation of war problems, and the delegates were selected on the basis of a continuing contact with these problems. Other countries apparently went on the theory that a fresh outlook was desired, and sent delegates corresponding with that view. In some instances the delegates represented contesting groups in the countries concerned. The desire to have labor adequately represented was evident in most of the European delegations, resulting in the presence of a number of socialists who sat side by side with the capitalists of their countries. As conferences go, the membership of this conference was both representative and competent.

The British Empire—in the larger sense—was represented by eight separate delegations sent by Great Britain, the Irish Free State, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Egypt and India. This suggested packing the conference. But it did not take the delegates from other countries long to learn the literal truth of the autonomy of the various parts of the British Empire. A spiritual bond binds the various parts of the empire, and it is a strong bond in matters of Imperial political interests; but in matters of production and trade each part of the empire is a law unto itself. In many respects the attitudes of the delegations of the dominions were quite like that of the United States.

Geneva was an excellent place for such a meeting. Living in a dozen closely situated hotels in a small city, the delegates were in position to make contacts such as would have been impossible in London or Paris. The contacts, the intimate discussions and the direct appraisals of views brought together a set of influences which, though intangible in detail, were of outstanding importance in the aggregate.

The section on industry was presided over by Hodáč, a well-known expert in the School of Polytechnics in Prague. In conformity with the general policy of the conference, the deliberations of the section on industry were practically confined to two questions: *Rationalization of business* and *international cartels*. Since these questions were both controversial, even as applied primarily to Europe, and afforded scope for rather wide differences of opinion, the discussions in this section were lively, though more animated than conclusive.

Expressing an American Fact

The term "rationalization" has been adopted by Europeans to express an American fact. Among the preparatory documents was one on rationalization in the United States prepared by David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture and of the Treasury during the Wilson Administrations. The discussions soon indicated that rationalization was up for dissection rather than for demonstration. Included in rationalization of production are simplification, standardization, elimination of waste, scientific management in the application of machinery, substitution of machine for manual labor, coadaptation of manual and machine labor, and the persistent striving to combine a high wage level with a low labor cost. Europeans in general did not seem aware that American success in rationalization is largely in production, that our practices in distribution—outside of transportation—stand far behind those in production, and that a reform in distribution, with elimination of wastes connected therewith, is the immediate problem of the country.

In the practice of rationalization, employers and employes must work together, both convinced that commercial interest and social improvement are to be attained. There is in the United States more of the pioneer spirit, of inventive talent, than in Europe. Industries, of course, vary from country to country, some being highly advanced, others dragging behind; but if it be permissible to compare production in Europe and in the United States as units, enterprise in the United States is certainly more inclined to change than in Europe.

To Americans an impressive feature of the discussions on rationalization were the attitudes of employer and employe. For the most part, the labor representatives on the European delegations were socialists, prominent in political life in their own countries; for example, Pugh of Great Britain, Eggert of Germany, Jouhaux of France, Weber of Switzerland, and Mertens of Belgium. Labor in Europe inclines to political action rather than to collective bargaining. More attention seems given to the subject of capital levy, the redistribution of accumulated wealth, than to the progressive practical problem of relations between employers and employes designed to give employes a larger share of new wealth to be created through new efficiencies. This is just the opposite of the current attitude of labor leadership in the United States. It is this difference that warrants one in saying that labor leadership in Europe looks backward while labor leadership in the United States looks forward. There are, of course, exceptions in individuals on both sides, but it seems substantially correct thus to state the two positions.

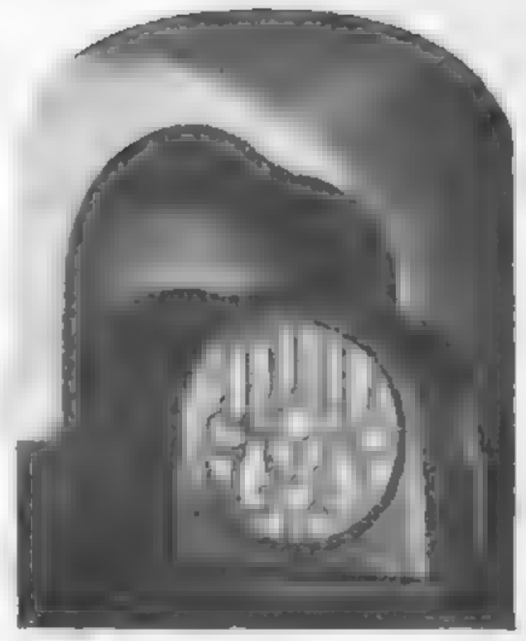
Soldiering on the Job

In the discussion of rationalization the labor leaders expressed the fear that programs for rationalization included opportunity for exploitation of the working class, and thus would occur unless legislative safeguards were thrown up. "Ca'canny" was held as justified and necessary in self-defense. Ca'canny means restriction of outturn, soldiering on the job. Until proved to the contrary and safeguarded by agreements and legislative controls, the position of the European workers was that the profits of rationalization would go to capital. To an extent surprising to Americans, European workers cling to the fear that better machinery means unemployment. This apprehension extends toward scientific management, simplification, standardization, and elimination of waste. European labor leaders stated that generations of experiences with what they regard as exploitation prevent them from taking the American manufacturing program at its face value for Europe; they did not believe European manufacturers would put into effect the enlightened labor policies that are included in rationalization in the United States.

The attitude of employers displayed in the discussions was equally divergent from American practice. To a surprising extent employers in Europe seem still to stand upon the old view of labor as an out-and-out commodity. Deplorably enough, the ca'canny attitude of the worker is matched by the acquisitive attitude of the employer. That new wealth should be shared, that collective bargaining has a social as well as a competitive basis, that improvement in the standard of living is an indispensable element in wage policy seemed foreign to a surprisingly large number of employers in Europe.

Deplorably lacking in Europe is the idea that the standard of living should be expanded in all classes, and that one of the objectives of rationalization is to increase the purchasing power of the domestic market through enlargement of income. To a surprising extent employers in Europe professed to believe that consumption standards were relatively fixed in social classes and that workers and families could not, and would not, broaden their lives if they received larger incomes.

Again and again, alike by representatives of employers and employes, the fact



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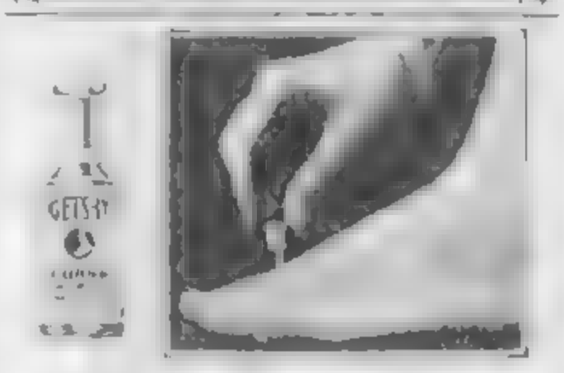

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was stressed that in Europe workers could not shift from place to place and from occupation to occupation. There has long been migration of agricultural workers and coal miners in Europe; but when one comes to industries making large use of machinery, European workers are surprisingly immobile, as the combined result of insularism, class consciousness, rigidity of labor organizations and unadaptability of management.

To the writer the discussion on rationalization had a significance deeper than was revealed in the resolutions. Contrasting the discussion on trade barriers in the section on commerce with the discussion on efficiency barriers in the section on industry, it was impossible to resist the conviction that Europeans relatively exaggerate the inimical effects of trade barriers—though this is in itself scarcely possible—and underestimate the deep-seated and far-reaching obstacles to efficiency in production. Indeed, representatives of the employer class from different countries frankly stated that Europe could not follow the United States in mass production, but must, for the most part, content herself with the manufacture of specialties. This seemed to be the direction in which sentiment in the British steel trade was moving, while German steel producers still believed that they would be able to compete with the United States through perfection of mass production.

Perhaps the reactions of an American are too extreme to be justified. Perhaps the writer took at their face value statements on both sides that were maneuvers in a political battle. Perhaps the representatives on both sides, in the section on industry, were playing two rôles—in part discussing the problem of rationalization, in part engaging in political controversy for home consumption. Certainly if the attitudes of labor and capital in Europe, as revealed in the discussion on rationalization, are taken at their face value, the industrial situation in Europe is quite as controversial as the nationalist situation.

Incidentally remarked, one of the interesting features of the conference was the attitude of the Russian delegates toward the socialists of Western Europe. Apparently the communists of Russia regard the labor leaders of Western Europe as scabs and traitors to the class, who follow political programs less for the sake of the working class than in the interest of labor-party politics. One of the Russian delegates bluntly stigmatized the movement for rationalization as a "new set of chains for the enslavement of the working classes."

International Trusts

International Trusts. The discussion on cartels, prolonged beyond expectations, brought interesting developments. Even the definitions were disputed. The conference adopted the term "international industrial agreements" to cover the postwar international successor to the prewar cartel. Possibly the agreement between the steel producers of Germany, Luxemburg, Belgium and France is the best illustration of an international cartel. Viewing other rubber-producing countries as participating in the Stevenson Plan for rubber control set up by the British Government, the existing rubber control amounts to an international cartel.

On behalf of such European organizations, it was urged that they were justified by the demoralization of marketing practices in Europe—in other words, they were held to constitute at least a partial relief from trade barriers; a method of securing, through coöperation of producers in different countries, a freedom of movement of goods that could not be secured through legislation or political agreements. If the steel manufacturers of Europe were to agree on the requirements of the domestic markets, on the quotas of domestic requirements to be reserved to the manufacturers of each country, and on the requirements in foreign markets and the quotas for proportional participation in foreign markets to be accorded to producers in the several European countries, this would resemble a customs union, so far as Europe is concerned; it would be an allocating trust so far as the foreign markets are concerned.

Viewed from the side of European producers, such international cartels might be employed to stabilize conditions, to prevent trade wars, with consequent demoralization of prices, and to restrict production. Obviously, however, the possibility of undue monopolistic control is inherent in such organizations. The danger of monopolistic control exists both in respect of prices to consumers and of wages to workers. From the standpoint of business policy such agreements involve also another danger—namely, the continuation of high-cost production units—and there is little difficulty in convincing oneself that this has been the case in most cartels.

A House Divided

The longer the discussion continued the more clear it became that international cartels are still in the experimental stage. There was much more business theory than proved practice to show. Indeed, the participants in existing cartels were divided in their interpretations of their own accomplishments and in their forecasts of the future scope of such undertakings. Is rationalization a prerequisite to cartelization, or may rationalization obviate the need for cartelization? Cartelization was urged almost in the same breath as method of defense and of offense. Also, there was wide difference of opinion as to whether cartelization should or should not include government participation, which has, in fact, frequently been the case. Consumers in importing countries would react to a natural monopoly based on localization of resources, differently than to an artificial monopoly based on governmental participation in an industry that did not enjoy effective natural control.

The question of provision for correction of abuses that might develop in consequence of cartelization received an unusual amount of attention. To whom should the consuming public appeal for correction of abuses? The extreme wing of pro-League proponents urged that the League of Nations set up a juridical organization for supervision of international trusts. The conference, however, was unwilling to make any such recommendation, regarding "the establishment of an international juridical régime" as "impossible in view of the divergencies between the measures which various countries have considered it necessary to take in the matter, and on account of the objections of principle which a number of states would feel on national and constitutional grounds to any such system." The wisdom of this position was confirmed not only by the internal evidence on trusts revealed in the discussion but by the fact that the legal status of international cartels in the United States is at present before our courts and corresponding trials are developing in other countries.

Because of the long history of antitrust legislation in the United States and the fact that international cartels are pending before our courts, also because of the conviction that such agreements are still in the experimental stage and might be expected to involve governmental participation, the American delegation could not find itself in position to approve even such international agreements in Europe as might in themselves seem adapted for the time being to the relief of trade abuses and to the stabilization of industry.

The guarded language of the report on international trusts was to some extent the result of insistence by representatives of labor that existing trust agreements contain inadequate provisions for protection of workers. The consumers of Europe were well represented at the conference and the weight of their influence was added to that of the representatives of labor. Just how little really remained of the idea of the

(Continued on Page 226)

Speed Way

Hammer drills

SPEED WAY Hammer Drill users save from 70 to 90 percent of the cost of handwork drilling in stone, concrete and brick.

Contractors and [illegible] drilling, [illegible] where each hole used to be [illegible] drill steels provided for bush hammering, drilling for explosives, [illegible] repairing, [illegible] Bubr stones, scaling paint and rust on condenser tubes, on ships, buoys, etc

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Type No. 4 [illegible] for [illegible] Weighs 25 lbs. at [illegible]

Type No. 9 [illegible] Heavy duty [illegible] Strikes [illegible] Adapted for [illegible] drilling [illegible] trees, [illegible] ideas.

SpeedWay Hammer Drill [illegible] operation of [illegible] [illegible] Snow, Dept. [illegible]

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Next the S.O.S. A city of warehouses at Gievres. Making bread. Making the roads. Rest camp and laundry day.

Taking wounded to first aid dressing station

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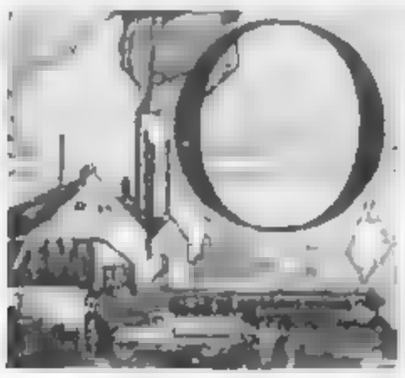

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Light as a Feather • • • Strong as Steel

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ALUMINUM · IN · EVERY · COMMERCIAL · FORM

(Continued from Page 222)

international cartel may be left to the reader after he has perused the concluding paragraph of the report on International Industrial Agreements:

It consequently appears to the conference that it is entirely necessary that agreements should not lead to an artificial rise in prices, which would injure consumers, and that they should give due consideration to the interests of the workers. It is further necessary that they should not, either in intention or effect, restrict the supply, to any particular country, of raw materials or basic products, or without just cause create unequal conditions between the finishing industries of the consuming and producing countries or other countries situated in the same conditions. Nor must they have for their object or effect any reduction in the economic equipment which any nation considers indispensable, nor should they stereotype the present position of production, whether from the point of view of technical progress or of the distribution of industries among the various countries in accordance with the necessities imposed upon each by its economic development and the growth of its population.

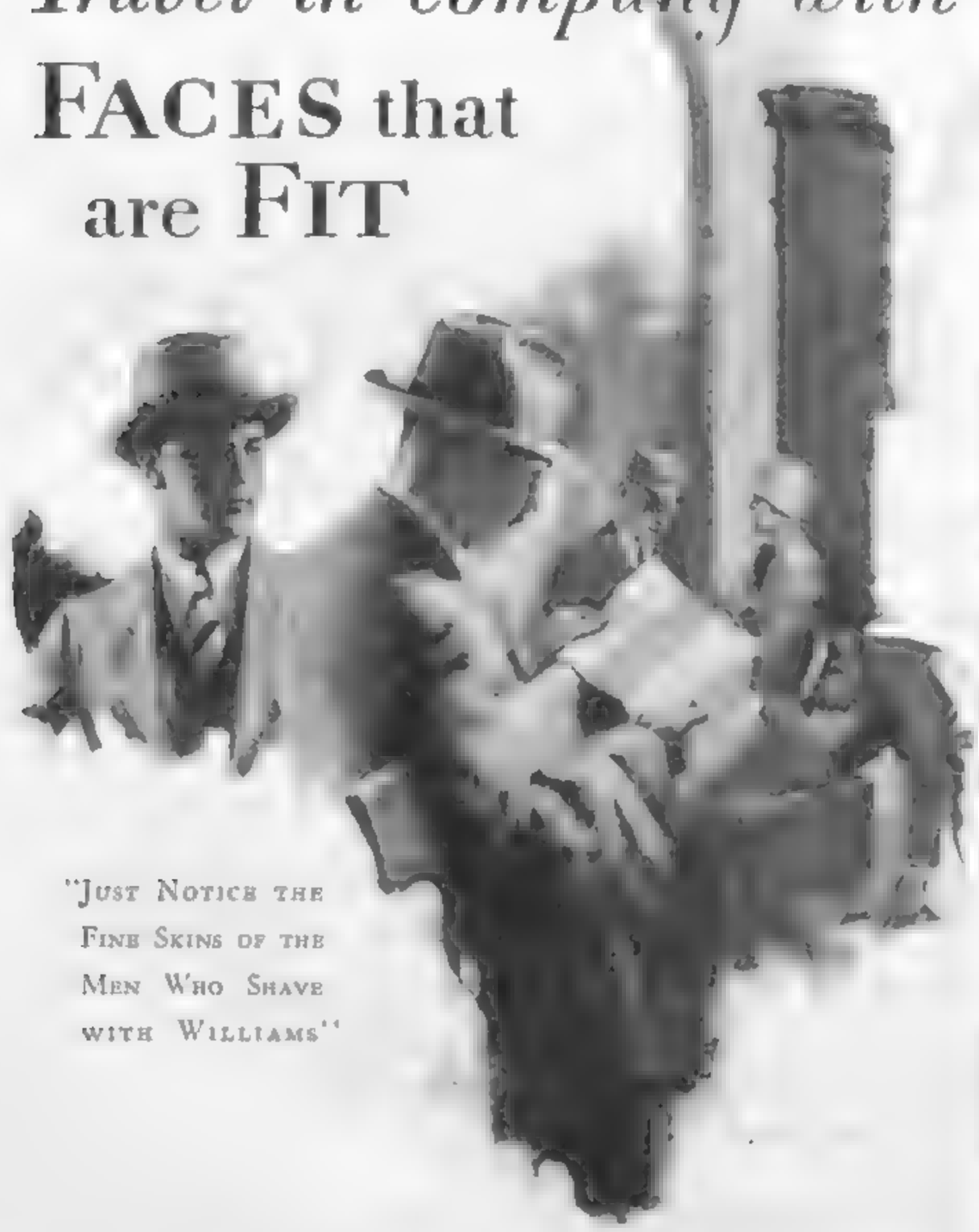
Possibly there might have been a somewhat different tone to the discussions had the British steel producers been sympathetic instead of antagonistic to the Continental steel trust. Also, indecision was favored by the realization of the difficulty in cartelizing standardized goods while leaving specialties free. To the American delegation probably the strongest conviction was in respect of the undesirability of governmental participation. Indeed, the proponents of cartelization in the Continental countries freely expressed the fear that government participation in trusts, originally sought by producers for reasons of protection, might easily expand in the direction of nationalization of resources. In other words, the discussion developed the fear that the border line between governmental participation in trusts and Fascism in industry might easily be erased.

Reviewing the transactions of the section on industry, these were empty of results in terms of resolutions capable of being put into immediate or early application in the different countries of Europe. They were, however, fruitful in clarification of the subjects of rationalization and cartelization and, with the preparatory documents submitted on these subjects, constitute notable contributions to the existing literature on the subject. The discussions in the section on industry illustrated, finally, the importance of separating disabilities arising from war from disabilities not originating in war. The disabilities of Europe sought to be corrected through rationalization and cartelization did not arise out of the war, though they were intensified by it. They had their origin in prewar conditions in European society.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Taylor. The second will appear in an early issue

Travel in company with

FACES that are FIT



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THE old saying goes—"A man is known by the company he keeps." And today good "company" is the man whose outward appearance is neat and attractive—whose skin is clear, fit and well-conditioned.

Your skin, for instance. With Williams Shaving Cream you can give it the best possible care, yet with no extra effort. Apply Williams and shave. And while you shave, the Williams lather—lather from an absolutely mild, absolutely pure, absolutely uncolored cream—thoroughly cleanses the pores, conditions the skin texture, and leaves your face buoyantly, youthfully *Fit*.

Based upon 87 years of specialized study, Williams is used by millions of men who know the full value of a fit, well-conditioned skin.

Ask the drug clerk. He'll tell you: "Oh, yes—sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

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please!

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address:

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If you don't like to bother with samples, buy from your nearest drug store; two sizes 35c and 50c

Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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—to say nothing of water damaged ceilings and furniture. Or rusty trickles from clogged pipes.

*Authoritative figures show this comparison in costs between rustable metals and rust-proof brass pipe. The average residence installation of rustable pipe and its removal when rust-clogged would be about $1300 over a period of 35 years. This would figure about $935 more than Anaconda Brass Pipe over this period or approximately $26 more per year.

BRASS PIPE offers two advantages: economy and peace of mind.

The pocketbook appeal can be reduced to actual figures, showing the annual economy.

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Anaconda Brass Pipe *cannot* rust. It stays permanently new-like and sound, year after year.

Look at the pictured difference between brass and rustable pipe after 4 years.

Imagine the constant annoyance of a mere trickle of rusty water from faucets—a red bath! Stained laundry! Unappetizing drinking water!

* * * *

In considering brass pipe, learn also about two other ways to save money in home maintenance—ways to resist rust.

Gutters, leaders and flashings of Anaconda Copper afford economies and freedom from worry.

They, too, come under the modern understanding and nation-wide acceptance of rust-proof construction.

Copper lasts indefinitely. Many old Colonial homes have perfect installations today.

AFTER four years, these pieces of pipe were taken from water lines installed in the same building at the same time. At the left is brass pipe—at the right, pipe of rustable metal. The brass pipe couldn't rust, the other pipe was clogged with cakes of rust and pitted on the outside.

Rustable gutters and spouts even if coated or painted, need constant repair, periodic replacement.

Leaks rot the wood under gutters, water flows down the side of the house, striking at the life of the sills. Ofttimes streaks of discoloration mar the appearance of the house, requiring repainting.

Leaky gutters and leaders are a nuisance as well as an annual expense.

Copper may cost a little more than makeshifts, but the difference is quickly absorbed.

* * * *

Screens of Anaconda Bronze (bronze is strengthened copper) cannot rust, cannot sag.

They give long, indefinite service—no need even to paint them yearly.

Contrast bronze with iron or steel screens. The latter rust. Holes appear, inviting flies.

Every spring one must overhaul such screens, replacing rusted screen wire. An annual inconvenience and expense.

Bronze screens are being widely adopted—freeing home owners from former troubles.

* * * *

Whether you already own a home, or plan to build or expect to buy a house already built:

—learn how to make your home rust-proof.

Learn about Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze—how little more they cost originally, how quickly they pay for themselves, how soon they return you an annual saving.

Just mail the coupon for an informative booklet.

ANACONDA COPPER
BRASS ANACONDA BRONZE

S-41

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me booklet "Rust-proofed"—telling how to rust-proof the home.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

The JUNK PILE

Here is good machinery—good, but for certain important parts ruined by rust, corrosion, erosion! Here are good boilers, good tanks, good valves, good equipment—now on the junk pile because these great enemies of ordinary metals—RUST, CORROSION, EROSION—have made them worthless.

What a price industry pays! Think of the depreciation that must be charged to cover up these tremendous losses! Losses which in many instances could be greatly reduced and in cases even eliminated, if purchasers would pay the slightly increased cost necessary for equipment with important parts of genuine Stainless Steel. Here is a metal so superior in its virtues, so outstanding in its services that its use for most purposes where corrosion, erosion, acids, high temperatures, high pressures must be combated, would mean savings that can hardly be estimated—savings which directly or indirectly affect every purse string in the country.

You will do much to reduce the enormous size of this Junk Pile if you purchase equipment or products made from genuine Stainless Steel.

Write for FREE Booklets—"Stainless in Industry" or "Stainless in The Home."

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Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY
COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Pet Milk windows have become a mark of quality to women all over America.

Thoughtful women everywhere have received the message of Pet Milk, and have proved for themselves how it provides better-tasting, more wholesome food, at a lower cost, and with greater convenience, than can be had from any other supply of milk or of cream.

Pure milk · · more than twice as rich as ordinary milk · · always fresh and sweet · · protected by the sealed container from anything that can impair its freshness and purity · · rich enough to use as cream · · can be diluted to suit any milk need · · always absolutely safe and wholesome · · · *these are the outstanding qualities of excellence which recommend Pet Milk to every household for every use.*

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Back of her smile—so full of charm —is the brilliance of gloriously clean *teeth.*

Your smile will flash with added charm . . . because your teeth are sparkling clean . . . .

TEETH that flash and sparkle when you smile; teeth so clean you love to show them . . . you can have them quickly, easily, if you will use this simple cleansing method.

It is a scientific method, developed after thousands of experiments. It is a method that has been used by three generations. Today more dentists recommend it and more people prefer it to any other.

Choose a Dentifrice that cleans

Leading dental authorities now say that the one function of a dentifrice is to *clean.* They warn against relying on any dentifrice to correct diseased conditions of teeth or gums.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is based upon a scientific cleansing principle. It has a dual action. When you brush Colgate's on your teeth, two things happen. First, the finely ground calcium carbonate rubs loose the clinging food particles and safely polishes the enamel to a sparkling brilliance. Second, a delicious, aromatic foam sweeps over the teeth and gums, seeks out hidden crevices, rinsing them scientifically and removing the very causes of decay.

Keep your teeth "Colgate" clean; visit your dentist regularly, and you are doing the safest, most sensible thing in the world to keep your teeth healthy and beautiful.

Make this test—see teeth grow cleaner

Send today for the generous trial tube of Colgate's. Brush your teeth with it for a week and note the difference! You will be amazed at the brilliant cleanliness which this method brings.

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C L E A N

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason only—to keep your teeth *clean.* If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—go to your dentist at once.

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